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Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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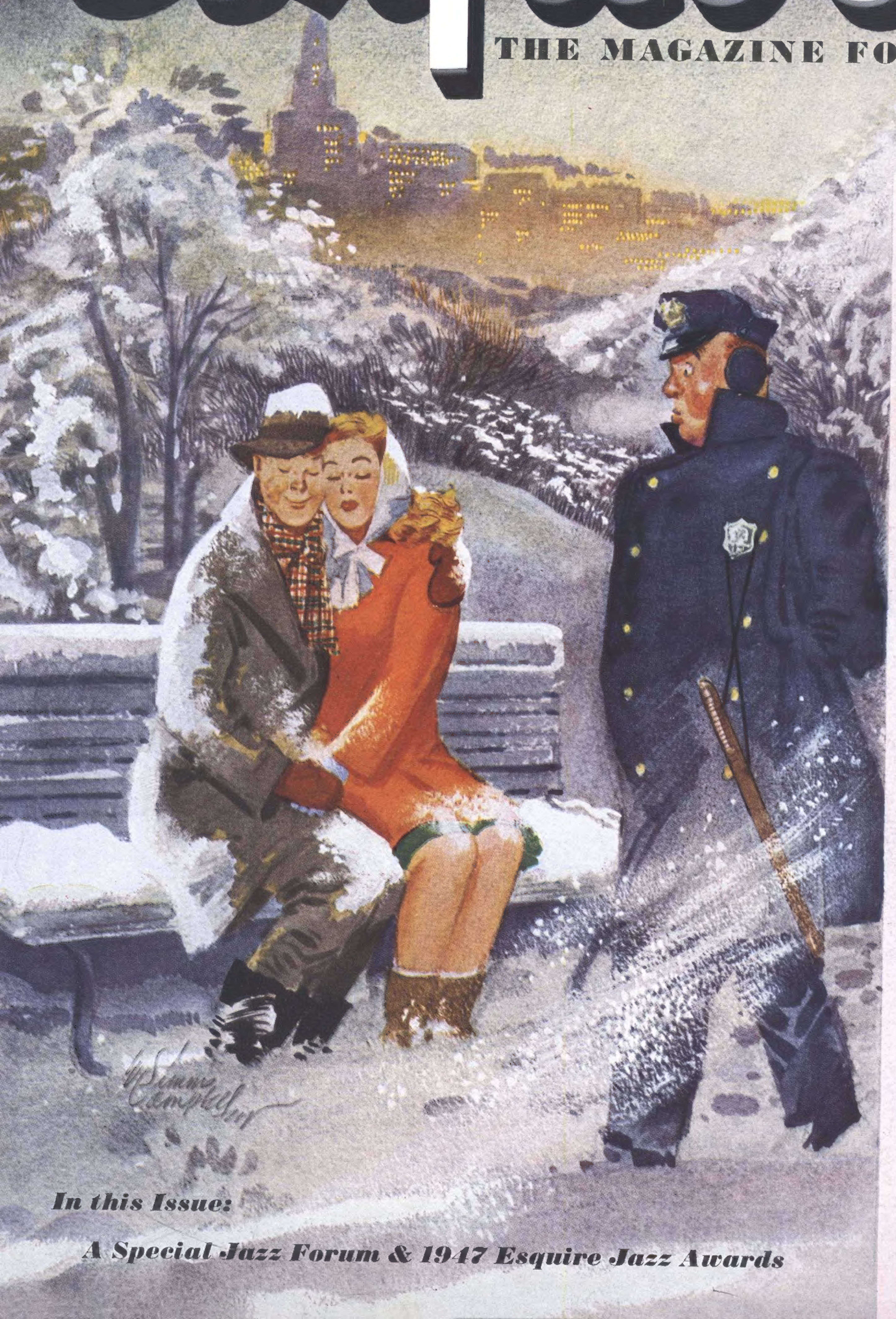

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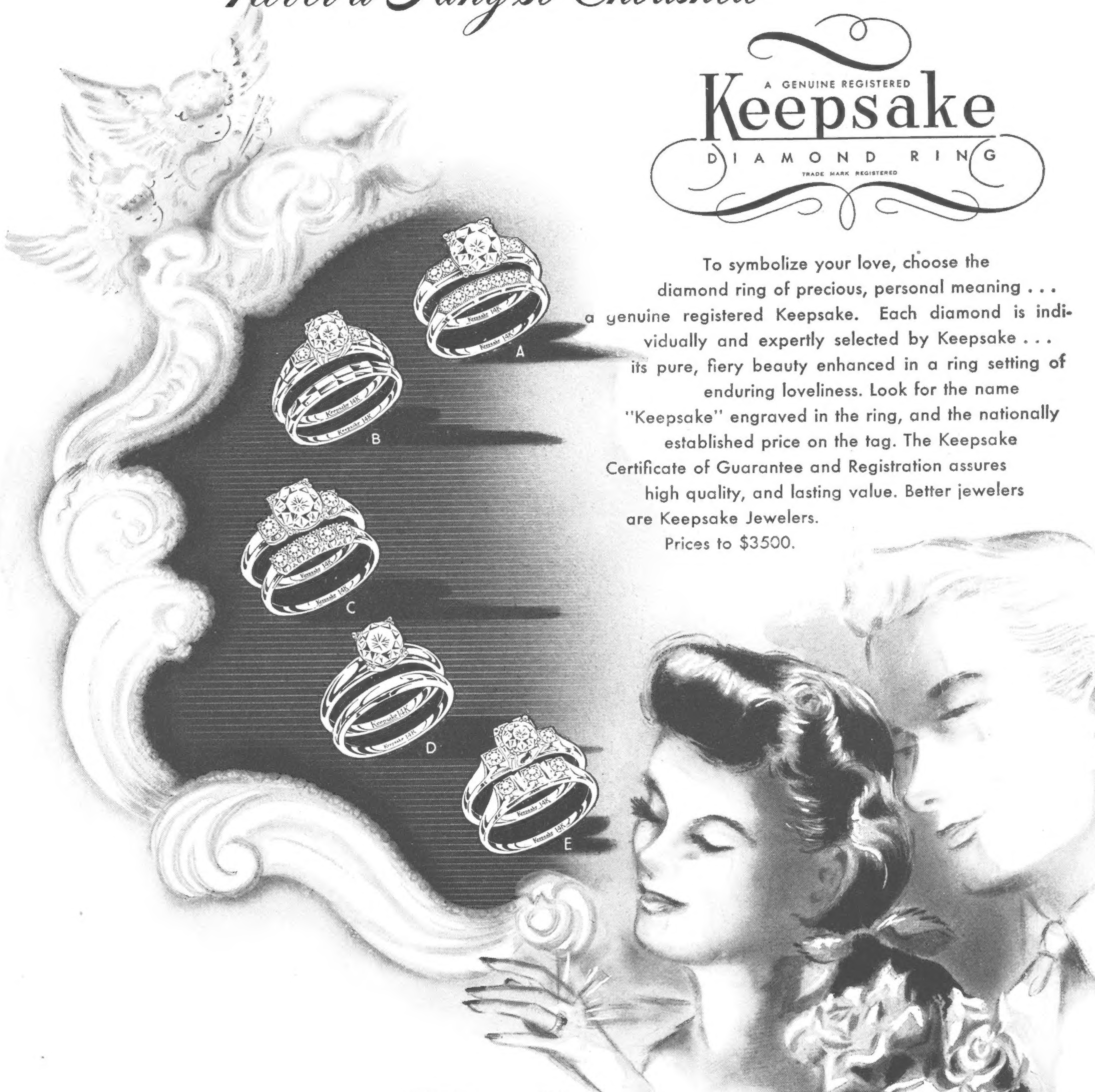

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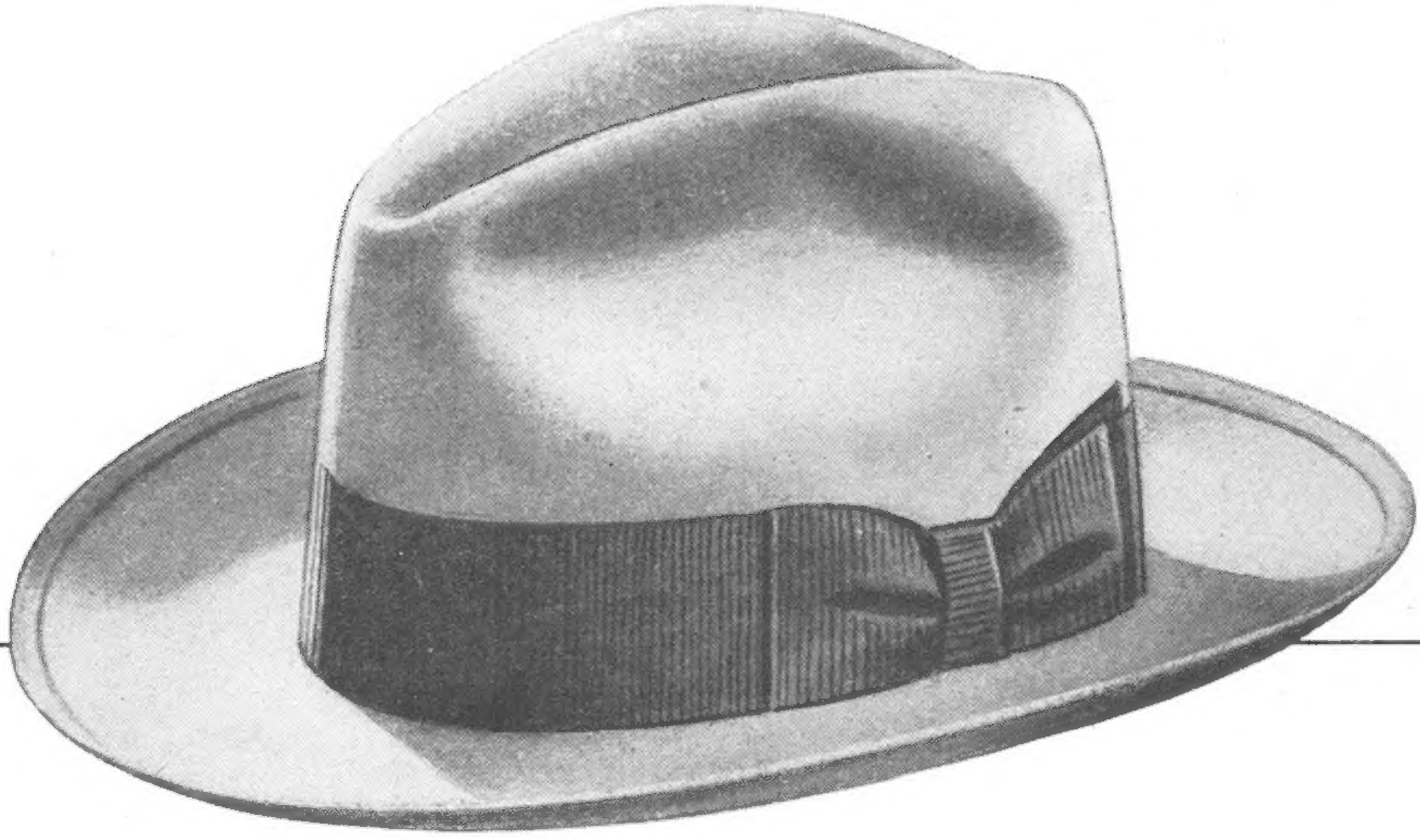

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Kanebreak

In this issue, once again Esquire carries two fine pieces of writing in a most encouraging contrast—that is, one is by an established author of international fame, the other by a newcomer published now for the first time.

We cannot help but be proud of this, each time that it happens, as a symbol of vitality and growth. It will be clear to you as soon as you read *The Trip to Granada* by Frederic Prokosch why we are cheered to have such a story in Esquire. This has beauty and a gentle strength which should be an inspiration to all writers, and perhaps to some in particular who may have mislaid their faith in the power of creative effort to be self-sufficient.

Our Discovery of the Month, and cause for further cheers, is Henry Kane, author of *A Glass of Milk*. This is his first magazine short story, and a fast breakaway it is.

Mr. Kane, you will discover, even as we did, is master of that truly difficult literary form, the self-contained short mystery story. The way he tied up his present effort complete with inevitable plot and with nary a clue, deduction or characterization missing, was so amazingly skillful that we couldn't wait to boast about him and about ourselves for finding him. He is now preparing more of the same sensational stuff for Esquire, and while you wait, we refer you to page 51 and Mr. Henry Kane.

—D.A.S

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Esquire

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T.M. REG.

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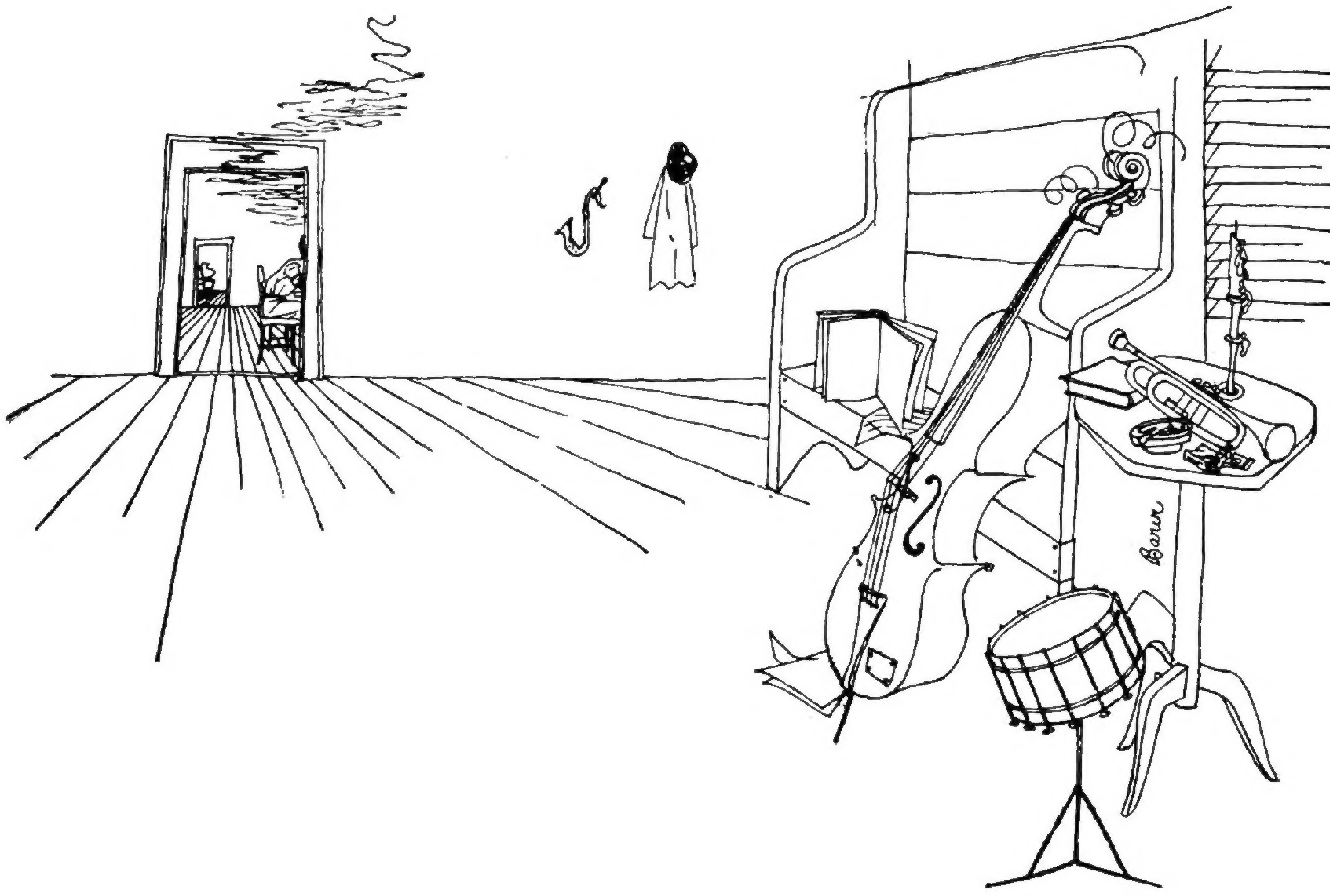
Editorial: The Jazz Scene



Once more comes February, the traditional time of Esquire's yearly twins—*Esquire's 1947 Jazz Book* and the Jazz issue of the magazine—and once more the voice of the Satchmo' is heard in the land.

The *Jazz Book* is always something of a busman's holiday for the Esquire people who work on it. For instance, there's a song in it this issue, a catchy jump tune with music by Joe Bushkin and lyrics by Johnnie DeVries, called *Man Here Plays Fine Piano.* It's our own Esquire ditty and the boys and girls in the office have been whistling it through their teeth for months, ever since they crowded around the manuscript on the day it first came in. You'll hear it soon, too, if you don't play it yourself straight out of the *Jazz Book.* Benny Goodman has recorded it for Columbia, taking the vocal himself.

This Fourth Edition of the *Jazz Book* has a tradition to uphold. The *Theatre Arts* Monthly has remarked that our *Jazz Book* is "fast becoming a classic in its field." The Philadelphia *Inquirer* says the little book "has become as much of an institution as the Herschel Brickell and Martha Foley short-story anthologies and Burns Mantle's perennial play collections." With such encouragement, or for that matter without it, we remain firm in our original conviction that jazz is a fine vital home-grown sprig sprung out of the American spirit, but like any growing thing, it has no constant form. The raging critical ground of jazz is a fearful no-man's land which the innocent and uninformed do well to skirt. Caught between the fire of the traditionalists of righteous jazz as offered by a Sidney Bechet and the reformation clique which can even find good in a Harry James ("Heresy" echoes the cry from New Orleans) the would-be neutral is doomed, and damned, written off before he can dust his keys. A review of the critiques penned by the judges who have voted on the Esquire Jazz Awards over the past three years, for instance, reveals a fierce loyalty of opinion, an esoteric brand of vocabulary, which the youthful bobby-soxer of the Sinatra school might find as indistinguishable and inexplicable as a Zulu witch doctor's handbook. Not so your true hepcat, to whom this is—and we admire it, mind you—all ritual and faith and hope. Yet, crass as we are, we cannot help noting that the jazz purists, in casting their votes, came up with names which, for the most part, are packing 'em in night by night in the dance halls, movie palaces, and juke-box corners across the U. S.—names like the Armstrongs, Ellingtons, Goodmans, Norvos, still lead all the rest.

Odd, we thought, as we played *The Happy Farmer* haltingly in the key of F. Maybe the bobby-soxers and the hepcats are one—the purists and the renegades-to-swing might have something to listen to together, even if they're not speaking. So we went to Messrs. Louis Armstrong, Benny Goodman, Count Basie, Gene Krupa, Leonard Bernstein, Johnny Mercer, Jimmy Lunceford, Jess Stacy, Dave Tough, George Wettling, Max Kaminsky and Rex Stewart. Look, we said, we've heard a lot from both sides on this jazz question, and it's never been dull, or if we may be so bold, never the same either. But this much is sure. What *you* say when you play is the true language of jazz. You've lived with it, you live by it. Jazz is the music in your soul. So why don't *you* tell us about it?

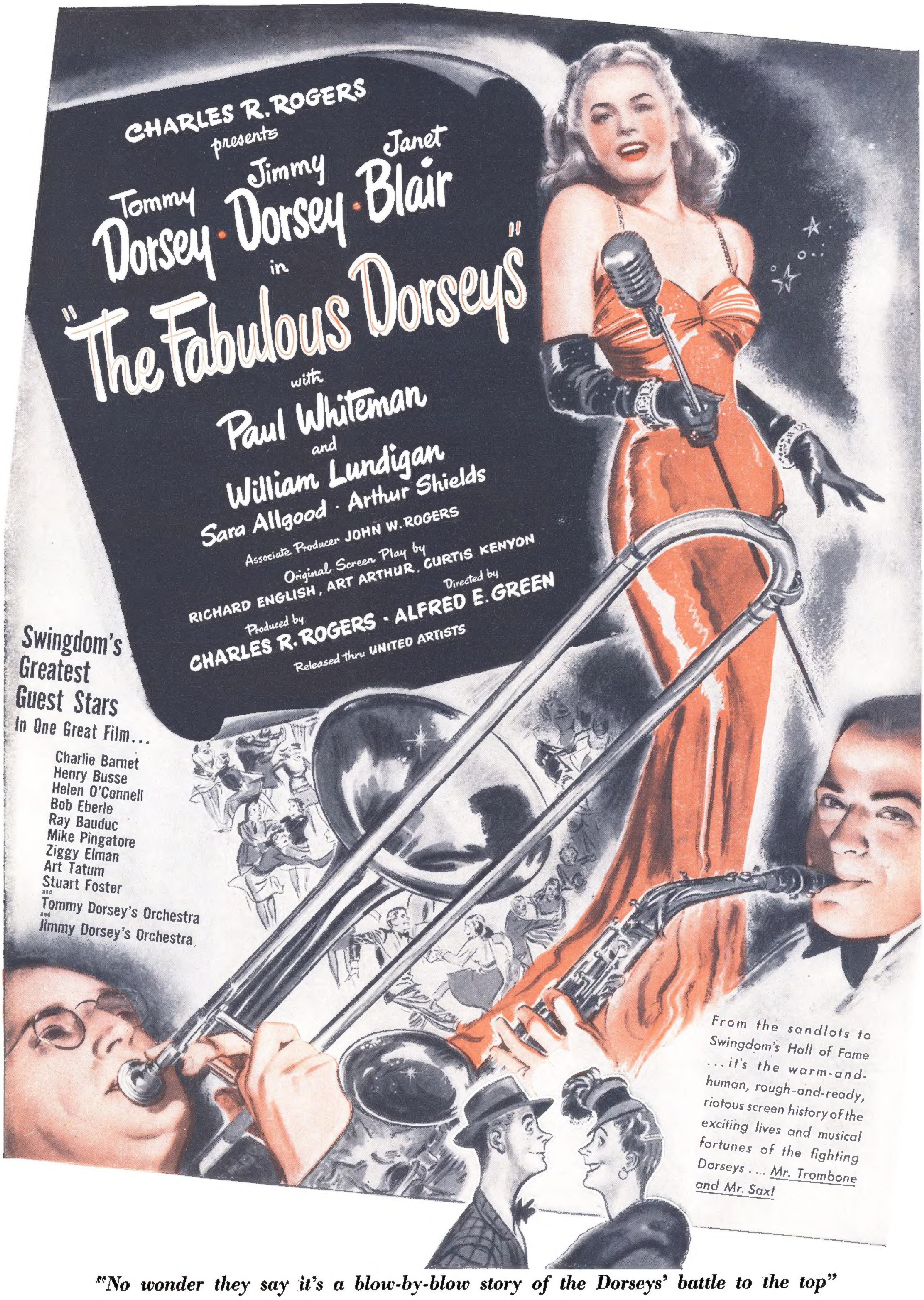
So they did. These are the greats of jazz who wrote your *Jazz Book* this year, hot off the bandstand. They're all there, the traditionalists, the swing kings, even Frankie boy, and some of the others who call them by their first names and argue the point over a 4 a. m. cup of coffee in Chicago, St. Louis, K. C., 52nd Street, or wherever else *Le Jazz Hot* is kept forever simmering on the back of the stove. The arguments wax loud and long enough to fill a library of hot platters. Great stuff, too, we think, but we got this *Jazz Book* straight from the trumpet's mouthpiece. As Ernie Anderson, the Editor of *Esquire's 1947 Jazz Book*, very neatly puts it:

"This book is not intended to provide a critical analysis of the year's hot music. You won't find mention here of 'subtle phrasing' or 'mellifluous tone.'

"What you will find here is the story of how the music happens and the stories of some of the people who make it happen.

"Fats Waller's expression on the subject is good enough for us. Once when asked by a culture-conscious matron, 'Mr. Waller, tell me, what is jazz?' Fats replied, 'Lady, if you've got to ask, you ain't got it!' "

As usual, this February issue gives a glad handstand to some of the high notes played in the *Jazz Book.* The lively and scholarly debate by Gene Krupa and Leonard Bernstein on the relationship of jazz and longhair music, which you'll read in this issue, is just a touch of the kind of thing running up the *Jazz Book* scoreboard. In this issue, too, you'll find the annual announcement of the Esquire Awards, with a bit of comment on the consistently brilliant performers who crashed through in 1947. There are old names, lovable ones, there: and new ones too, as jazz follows its destiny across the embattled years. Like an Oscar to the boys are the gold Esky statuettes presented to the top winners, silver Eskys to the runners-up, and bronze Eskys to the New Names winners. It is Esquire's great pleasure that the winners of these Awards proudly display them in their professional appearances as confirmation of the true musical genius of which the little horn-toting Esky is so spiritedly symbolic. Gentlemen of Jazz, we salute you for your gift of joy and rhythm to us all. May you cause more hearts to beat and more feet to tap than ever before. You're the guys who can do it—and thanks for telling us about it, too.



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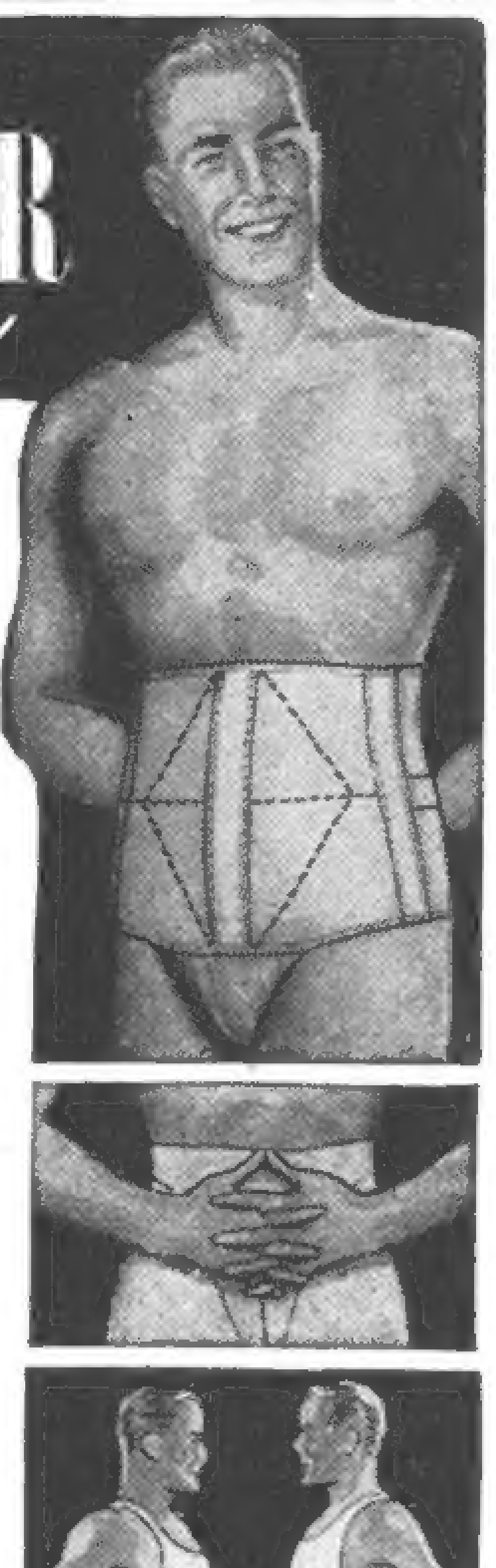

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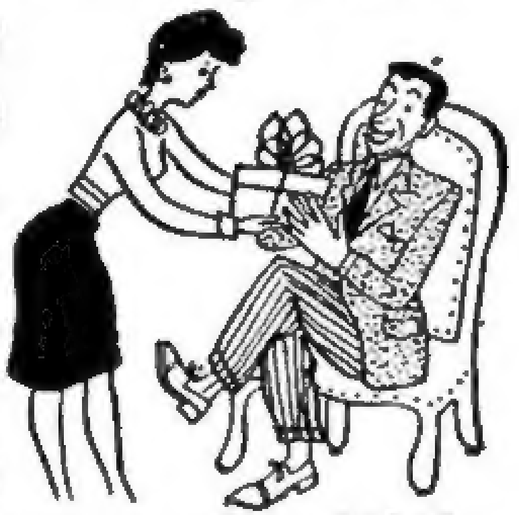
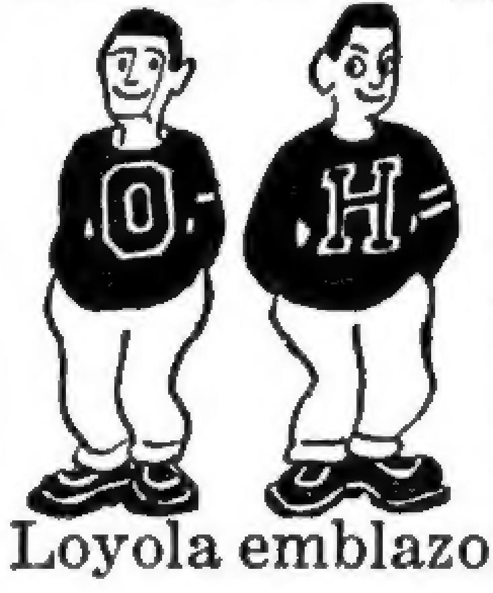
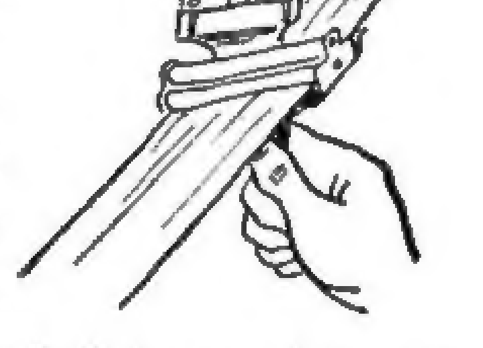


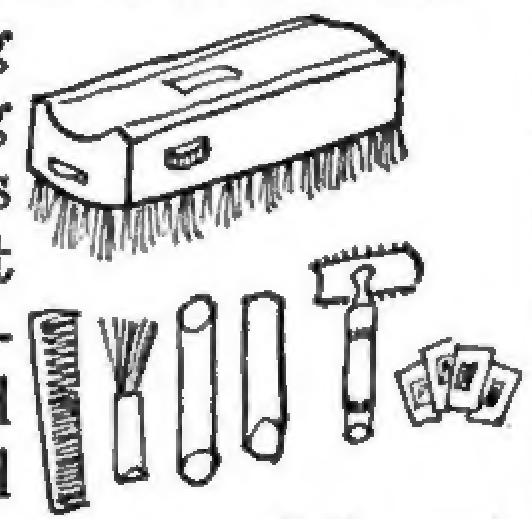
GLOVES FOR LOVE. We're heartily in accord with the U. S. glove industry in their effort to promote the idea that guys like to receive Valentine gifts, too. Accordingly, they are packaging a glove wardrobe for a man (3 prs) in a special box urging little ladies to glove their loves. With leather glove production up after the war years, glove men have come through with a bunch of nifties. Shorties in capeskins and pigs; sporty mochas stitched in heavy black baseball thread; chamois for dress, and even white glace to wear with tails. We must also mention a new glove for gents called "pig's whiskers" . . . rough and tough mottled rust color pig which looks like brushed suede. This to go with tweeds.



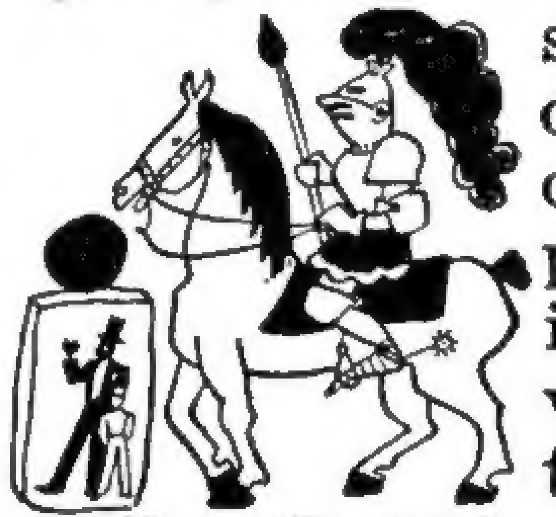
UNDERGRADS DELIGHT . . . a five inch tall figurine of a college letterman . . . sloppy sweater, slacks et al. Varsity Vic is cast in plastic and hand-painted in school and college colors. Every university letter from Harvard to Loyola emblazoned on Vic's chest.



STROP LIKE A PRO. There's a new razor stropper that's a honey. Mechanically simple, yet positive in action. It has a full-sized strop of specially prepared leather, with one side abrasive-filled for honing, the other side treated for finishing. An exclusive stropping feature allows you to make like your barber with those professional diagonal strokes. Strop accommodates all types of blades, single or double-edge, and by removing the stropping device, you can use straight-edged razors. Slogan of the maker (and we quote). "One dozen blades, one thousand shaves."



ALL THINGS TO ALL MEN. Traveling men will herald the return of the military brush which carries full shaving and grooming equipment in its top. You start out with a smart looking chrome and black enamel hairbrush; lift the top, and there, held firmly in place with no rattling, is a complete kit. Razor with 5 blades; shaving brush of badger hair with bristles set in hard rubber; shaving cream tube of untarnishable chrome and a bevelled edge mirror.



WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD. Another valentine gift a proud pretty can give her man. Shaving set in a grey box decorated with an old print of a couple knights jousting. Kit holds verbena soap in those generous rolls (British fashion) active ozone shave soap, and a cologne with a clean, fresh tang. Latest novelty packaging of men's toiletries includes a 3-pc. set called "Refreshants for men," bottles decorated with swagger figures of a man about town and a bellboy. A liquid deodorant bottle is shaped like a man's white shirt, collar and all. Ho hum.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed envelope enclosing 6¢ postage to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Shapes that please

THE SUPERFINE

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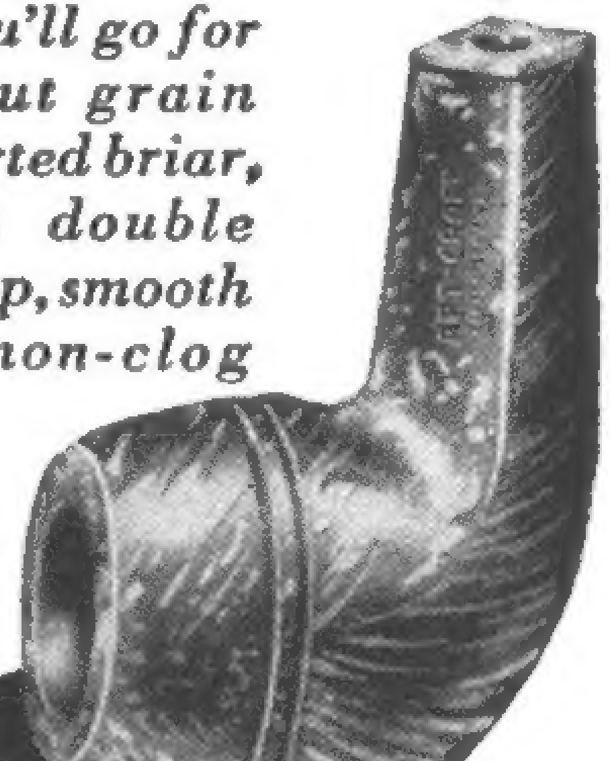

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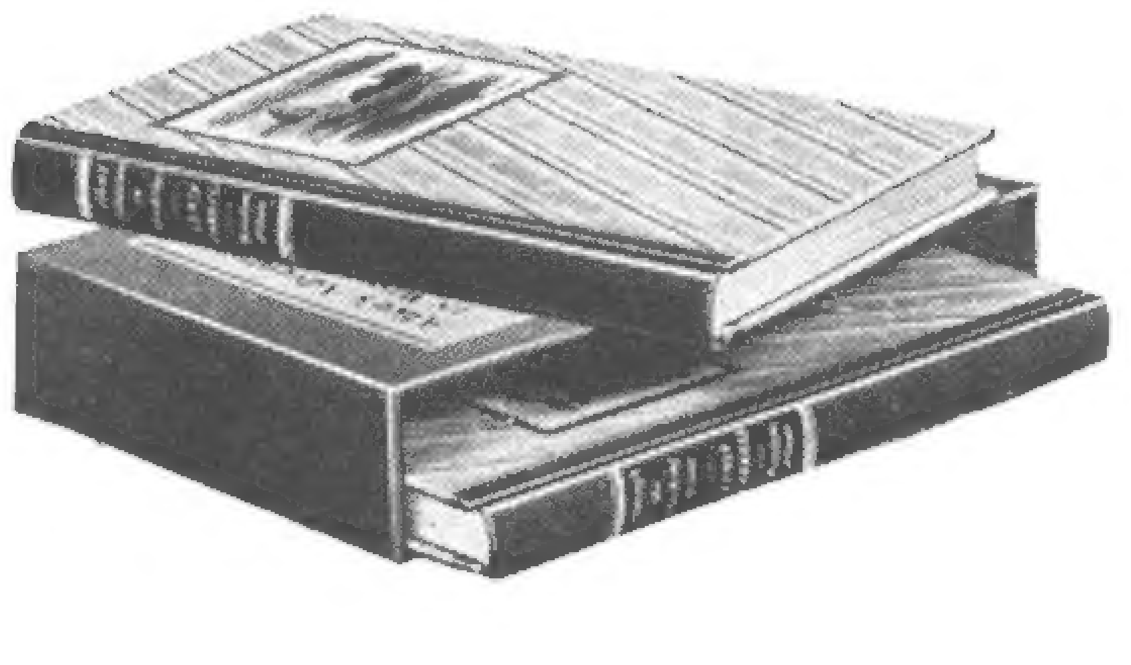

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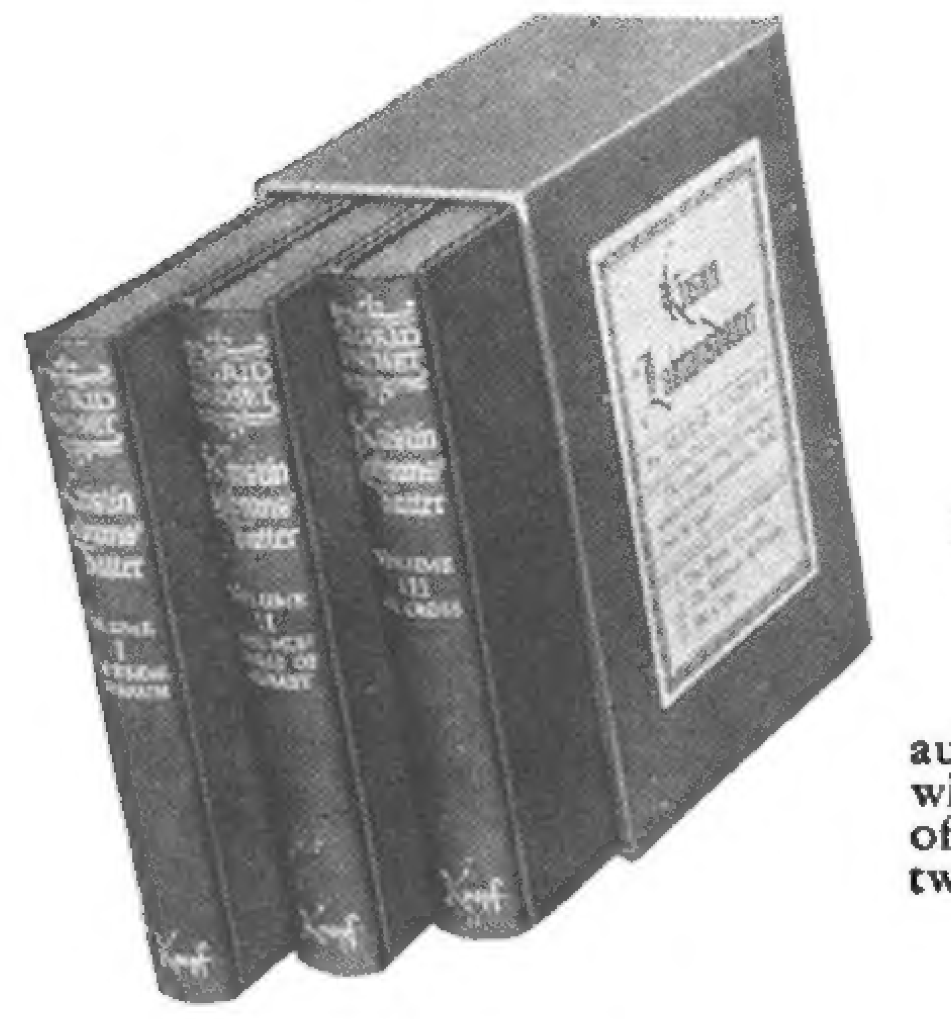

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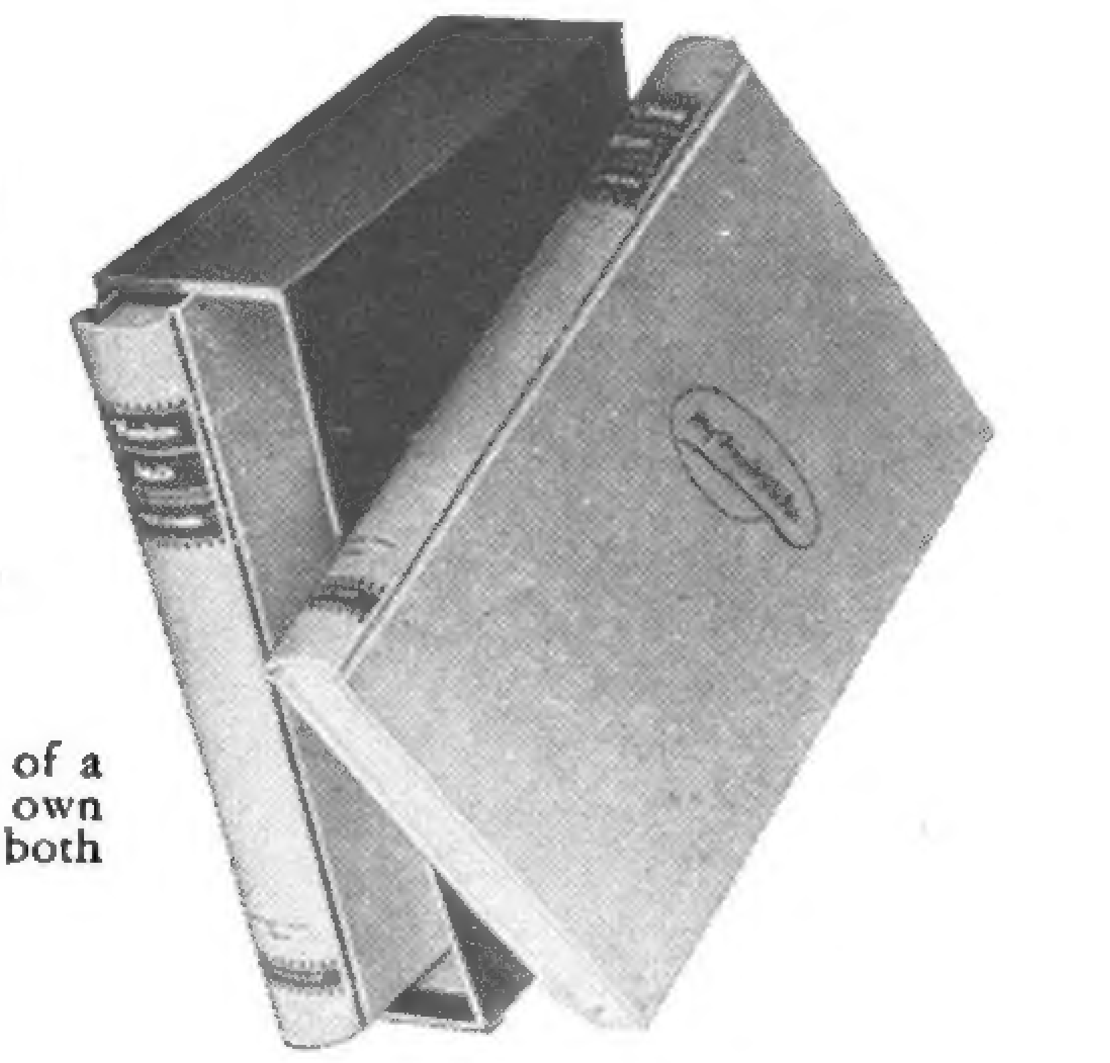

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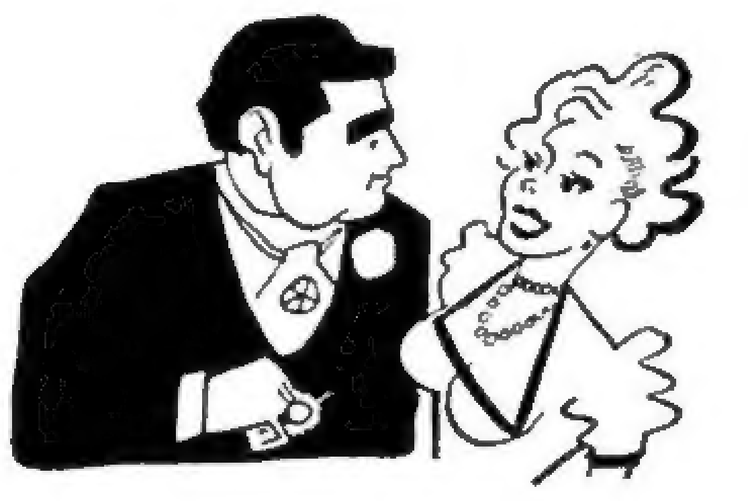
The Sound and the Fury

friendly reproof

During the war Esquire helped my wife keep smiling whilst I spent a year in the military hospitals at one place and another. She then sent them on to me; and I was able to get some privileges that others could not, by bribing the sisters and medicos with a read of the book, so it was useful as well as ornamental, and Esky's pictures now adorn rooms in hospitals ranging from Burma to Scotland, and back to Devonshire.

One grumble though, please, if you value your overseas sales, please get facts about us here in England, our ways and customs, dead right; the masses take mistakes rather seriously, more so if they are in print.

Yours very truly,
VICTOR STAFFORD
Plymouth, England



memories of Diamond Jim

The reminiscence of James Buchanan Brady, *Diamond Jim*, portrayed by J. Frederick Smith was very interesting. I was employed by Mr. Brady for 5 years and lived in his home at 7 West 86th St., New York City, and on his farm in South Branch, New Jersey. Miss Lillian Russell married Mr. Owen Moore and Miss Edna MacCauley married Mr. Jesse Lewishon whom I drove on their wedding tour. The first car Mr. Brady owned was a Woods Electric made in Chicago. When Gold Heels was raced at Sheepshead Bay and won the Suburban Handicap I had shoes made at Tiffanys, New York, of 14 carat gold. The shoes were attached to Gold Heels' hoofs by Mr. Case of South Branch, New Jersey, whose daughter, Anna Case later became a metropolitan opera star and then married Mr. Mackay. It was strange but on that country road three great personages lived—Diamond Jim, Anna Case and Doris Duke.

Sincerely,
JOHN W. FORGIE
Fairhaven, Mass.

America as Utopia

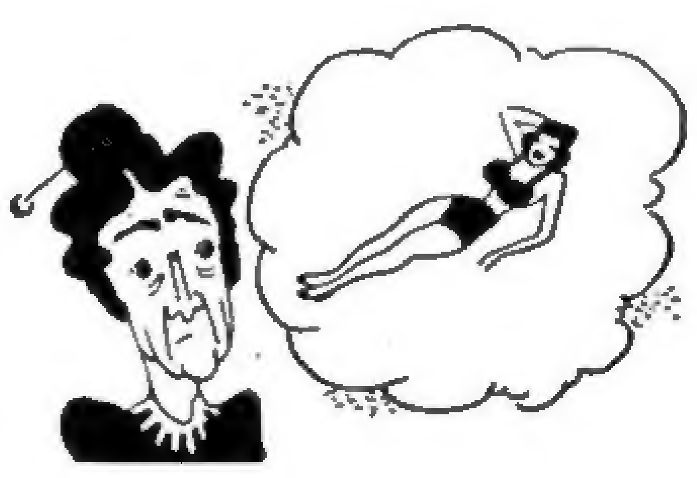
The cartoons of Dedini and the drawings of Frederick Smith are excellent. The fiendish expression on the faces of Dedini's characters are sufficient to make anyone laugh; and the girls of Frederick Smith are what I hope the American girl does look like.

I suggest that you include each month a short article about a well-known American place such as Yosemite National Park. I'm sure your overseas readers would enjoy such a series in order to learn more about your country.

If any American girl would like to write to me I'd enjoy answering her letters and would send her a few English magazines and papers if she wished.

I have approximately 14 months army service to do, but the day I'm waiting for is when I'm a civilian again and I stand on the deck of a ship, a one-way ticket in my pocket to America and the Statue of Liberty on the horizon welcoming me.

REG. R. KERSLAKE
Cardiff, Wales

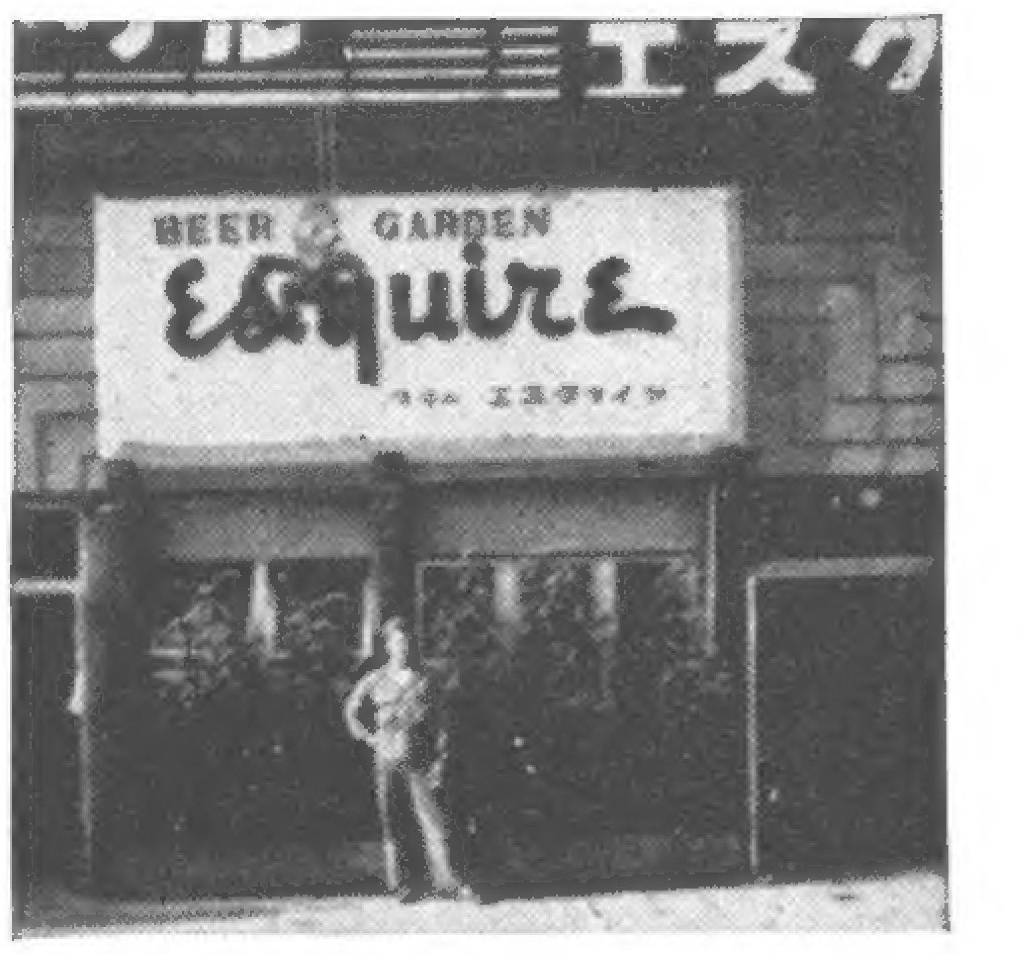


a paean to beauty

Every thought expressed in *Notes for a Letter* is like a secret ache from every one of the million who loved and left a beautiful woman, and who tried to see, through the ugliness and suffering, the beauty she represented.

May I also commend the J. Frederick Smith painting of Judith McGregor, who really is Thaïs, the girl at the cigar counter, and even the one with the glasses at the library, as they secretly might wish to be, at least once in a lifetime, and as we males, not so secretly, wish they would be, more often and with less artifice.

Sincerely,
JACK RICHESIN
Springfield, Mo.



sincerest flattery

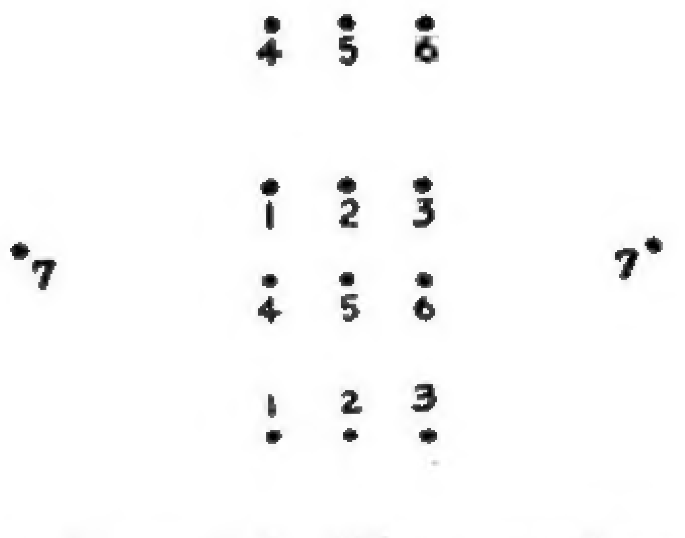
We are assigned to a signal outfit which is attached to the Fifth Air Force headquarters in Nagoya, Honshu, Japan. The outfit moved down here last May, but it has only been recently that we've been able to secure a picture of what we think is the paramount of Nip "copy-cat-ism." They are doing their darndest to advertise their wares with objects that they think are directly connected to our civilian atmosphere, and on the whole are rather unsuccessful. For once though, they've hit the proverbial nail on the noggin.

Incidentally, orchids to J. Frederick Smith's "Pictorial Interpretations." We found them soothing!

CPLS. JIM DEBALD & BOB KLINGER
Nagoya, Japan

Berchtold's bender

There are fourteen dots on a card.



The idea is to join like numbers without crossing any lines.

A. F. BERCHTOLD
York, Pa.

no moppet, Mahoffy

Is it possible Mr. Hess, the author of *Postgraduate Stuff*, hasn't read *The Little Prince*? I would rather believe him guilty of that omission than to think he read it and closed its covers firmly convinced that the boa constrictor swallowing the elephant was a hat. Of course, it isn't very important if Mr. Hess is too busy to get acquainted with a stray waif who had fled the feminine wiles of a rose with two thorns, but it is vitally important that he be deterred from blandly assuring people who just might understand about "the color of the wheat fields" and "care whether the sheep had eaten a rose—yes or no," that Saint-Exupery's *The Little Prince* is a children's book.

It is too bad the stars will never sing for Mr. Hess.

J. W. MAHOFFY
Chicago, Ill.

on with the show

To say I enjoyed the Groucho Marx Classic is putting it mildly. For the past 20 years I have been a fervent vaudeville fan and have gone to most of the vaudeville houses in New York City, including the famous Palace.

I feel that you've hit the jackpot with the idea of featuring real people in your cartoons.

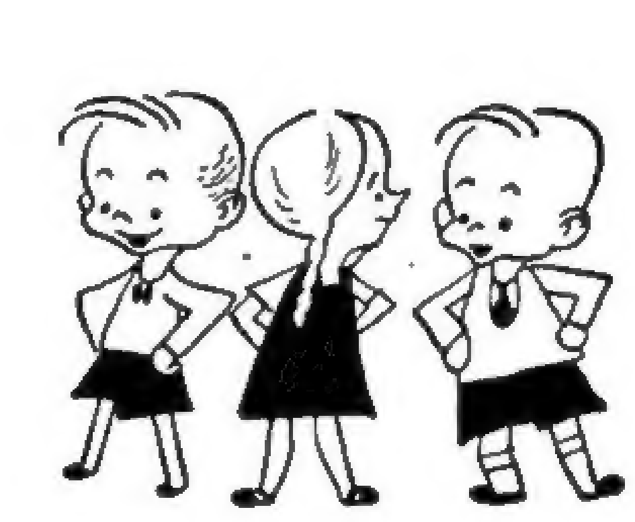
The Marx Brothers entertained millions with their antics in vaudeville for a good many years. It is my belief that cartoons such as these in Esquire prove that vaudeville is not dead.

JULES KAGEN
New York, N. Y.

the egg etc.

Before I go nuts, would you explain the following in your column? If 1½ chickens lay 1½ eggs in 1½ days, how many eggs would 6 chickens lay in 6 days? Yours for a speedy solution.

CHARLES L. GRAHAM
Bala-Cynwyd, Pa.



business as usual

While I realize that it is now ancient history I must protest against *Plateau of Despond* by Chester Morrison.

He speaks of our "disagreeable, spindly, white-faced children." Britain has now the finest generation of children in her history; during the war years no child has gone hungry or lacked the special concentrates necessary for building a healthy body. It is to our shame that this can be said for the first time.

And now to Mr. Morrison's condescending sympathy for our "tired and cynical people, who have hoped for the best and settled for less."

We are tired yes, tired of rationing of all things that make life pleasant, but this does not imply physical or mental fatigue as a lot of people seem to suppose, and to these people a great shock is due, if they expect to see the disintegration of the British people and through this the disruption of the British Commonwealth of Nations.

Our feeling is far from that of defeat, and our collapse confidently predicted since recorded history began is not even foreshadowed.

In conclusion I should like to say how much I like your magazine.

F. T. ROGERS
Weybridge, England

sportscaster browned

With reference to Robert Fouts' phrasing in the November Sports Poll, "Weak sisters—Buffalo, Miami, and Cleveland." May I ask why he writes such drivel? It is quite obvious that anyone with any degree of sincerity about his sports forecasting would not have placed the Cleveland Browns in the same bracket with the Bisons and Seahawks. They shouldn't even be in the same league.

The part that really hurts is that the Browns, aside from their prowess on the field, are probably the most moneyed club in the league.

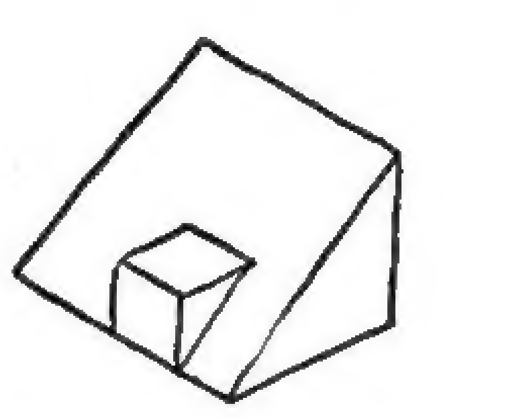
The Rams didn't leave town because they like California weather!! (I use the word weather loosely.)

ROBERT J. SCOUTTEN
Columbus, Ohio

land of the working bee

In the last three years I've made 300 scrapbooks for the USO, using over 200 copies of Esquire, from 1940 on. Now I need more Esquires. Could any of your readers in this vicinity send me their back issues? Their kindness would mean much to lonely servicemen.

W. R. KIMBALL
Ogden, Utah



Spector's snap

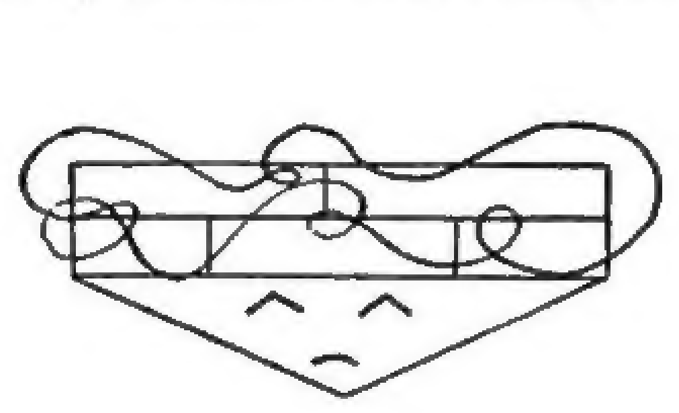
Above is one of *many* possible solutions to Ben Spector's "problem" in November. After 25 years of drafting, I do not recognize his term "¾ view"; would he settle for an isometric?

G. C. MCKINNEY
Fort Worth, Texas

P.S. Was Mr. Spector kidding? When I taught Engineering Drawing at North Texas Agricultural College, any freshman who couldn't have solved a dozen such "problems" in as many minutes would have been advised to take up law or medicine.

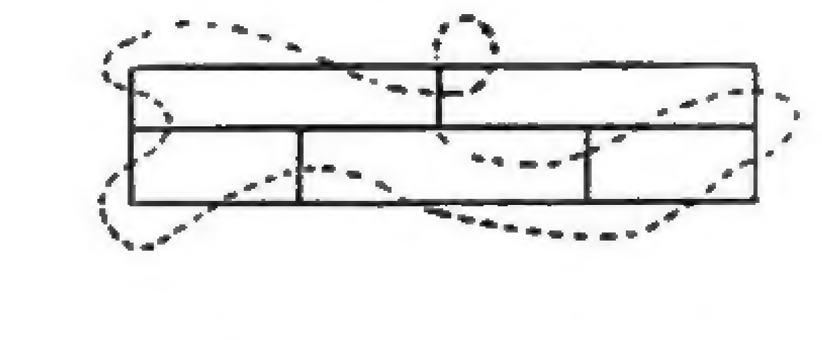
the trick's in tracing

Since the appearance of *Davison's enigma* in November Esquire, my friends say I look something like this:



I know I've been tilting at windmills and there isn't a real solution. Pfui on you, Sound and Fury!

EDNA SHIPMAN
Pueblo, Col.



EDITOR'S NOTE: *This one is a push-over—if a little tricky. Mr. Davison's solution is directly above.*

Continued in center of page 155

Portrait of America's most famous bouquet

OUR ARTIST—as you can see—decided to be *very* realistic in his portrayal of America's most famous bouquet.

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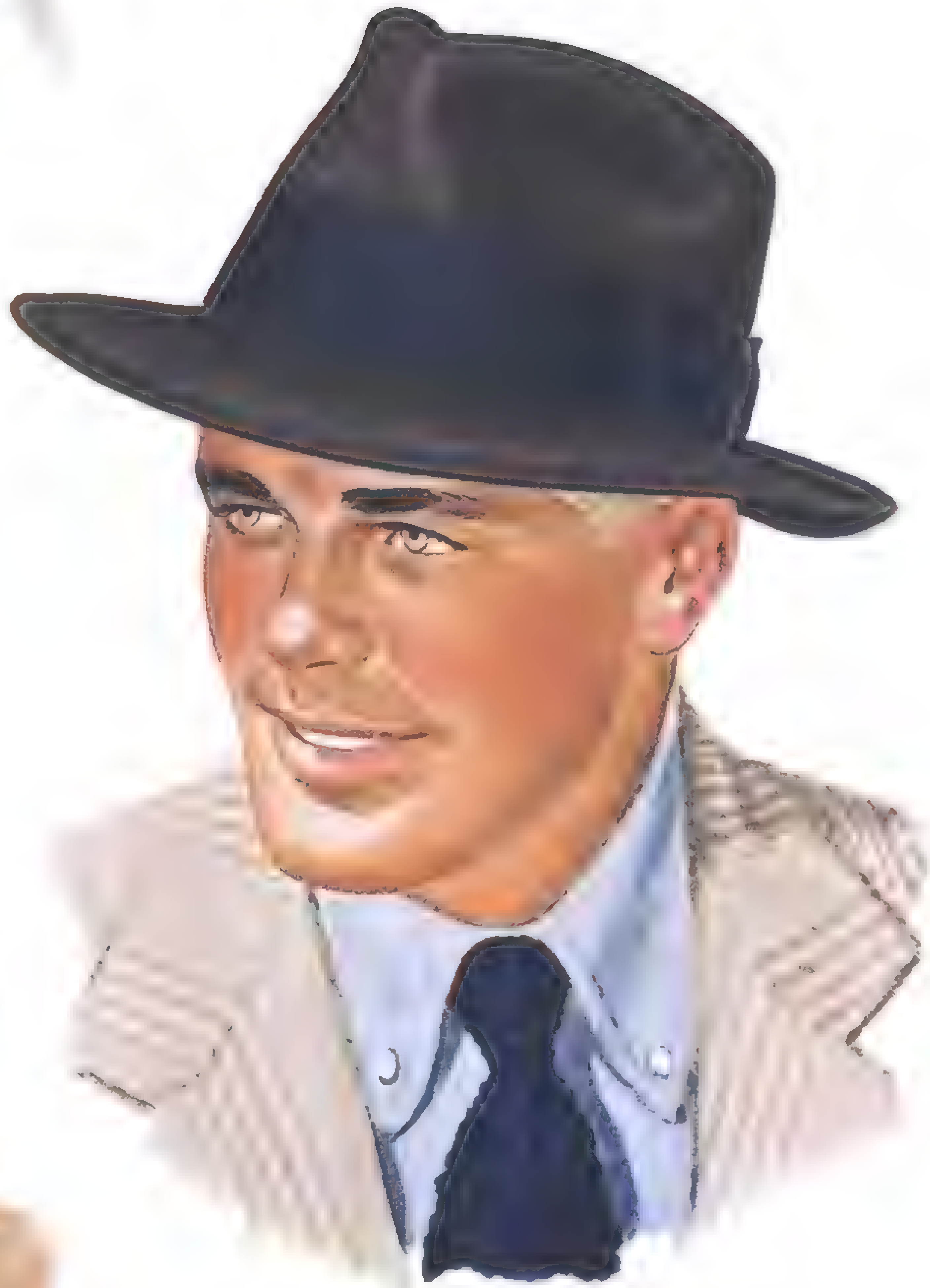
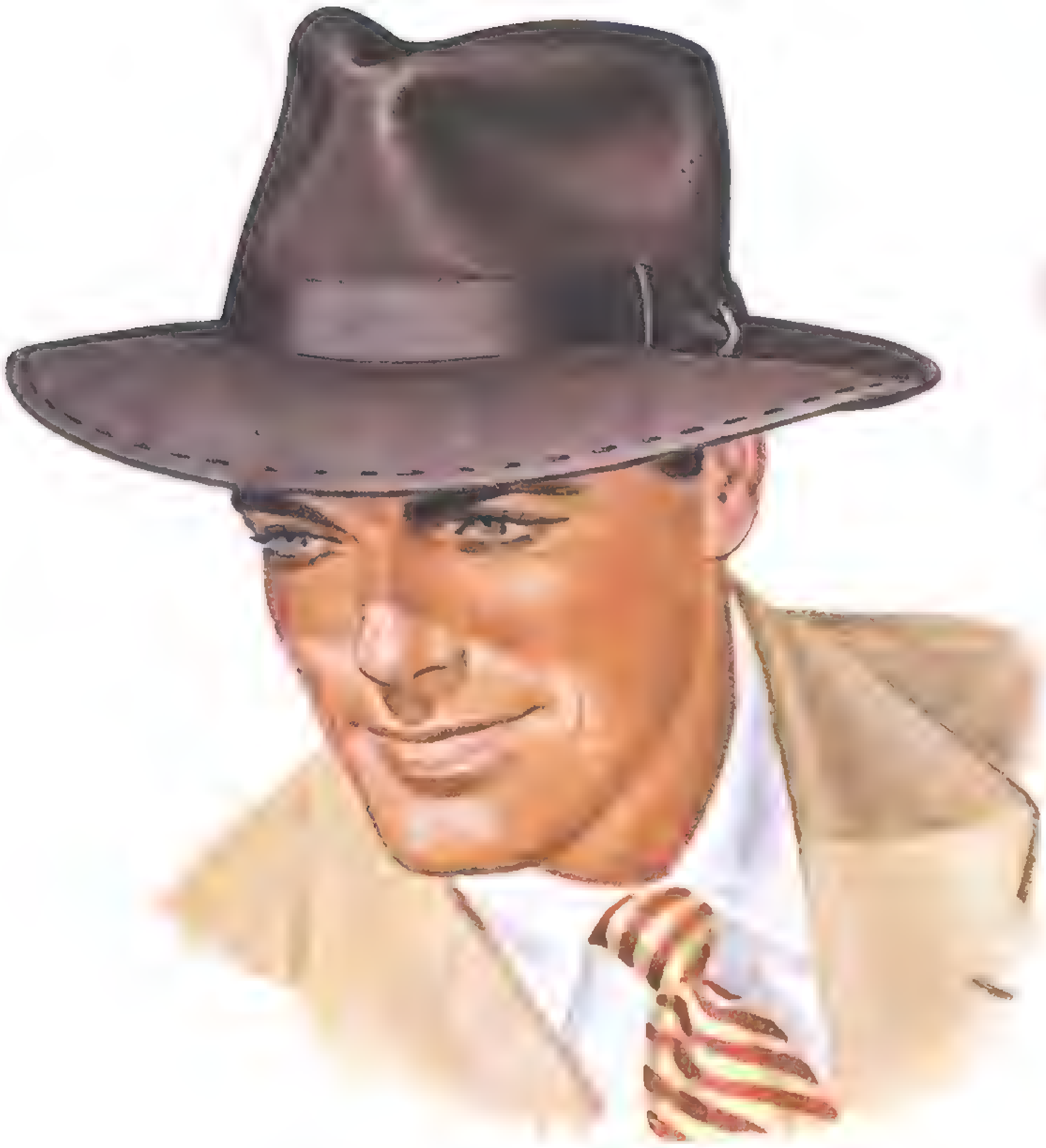


The Varsity **IN CRAVENETTE**

- A sophisticated, college-type model, with accent on the narrower brim. At your Mallory dealer's in a wide selection of the latest spring colors.



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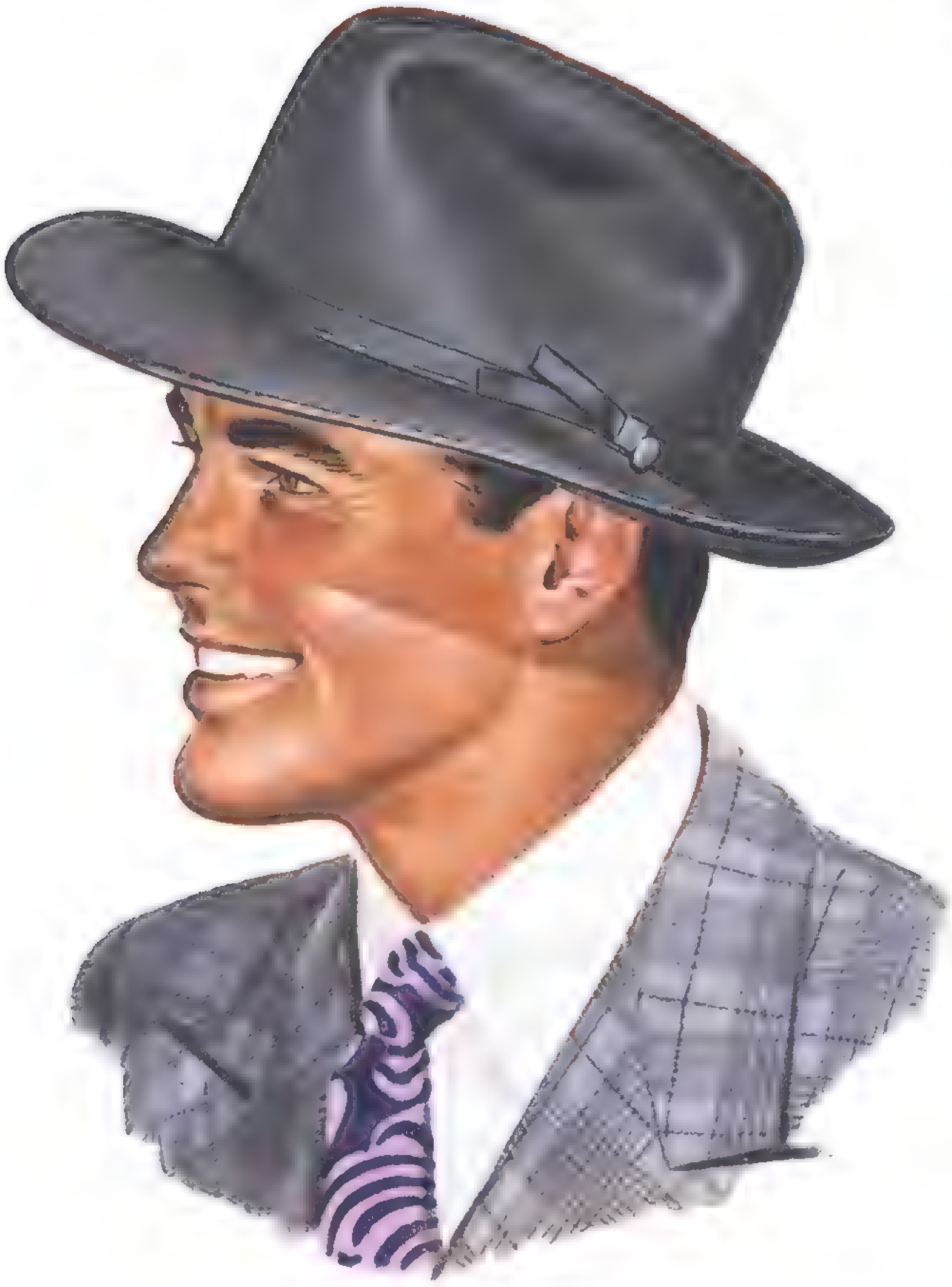
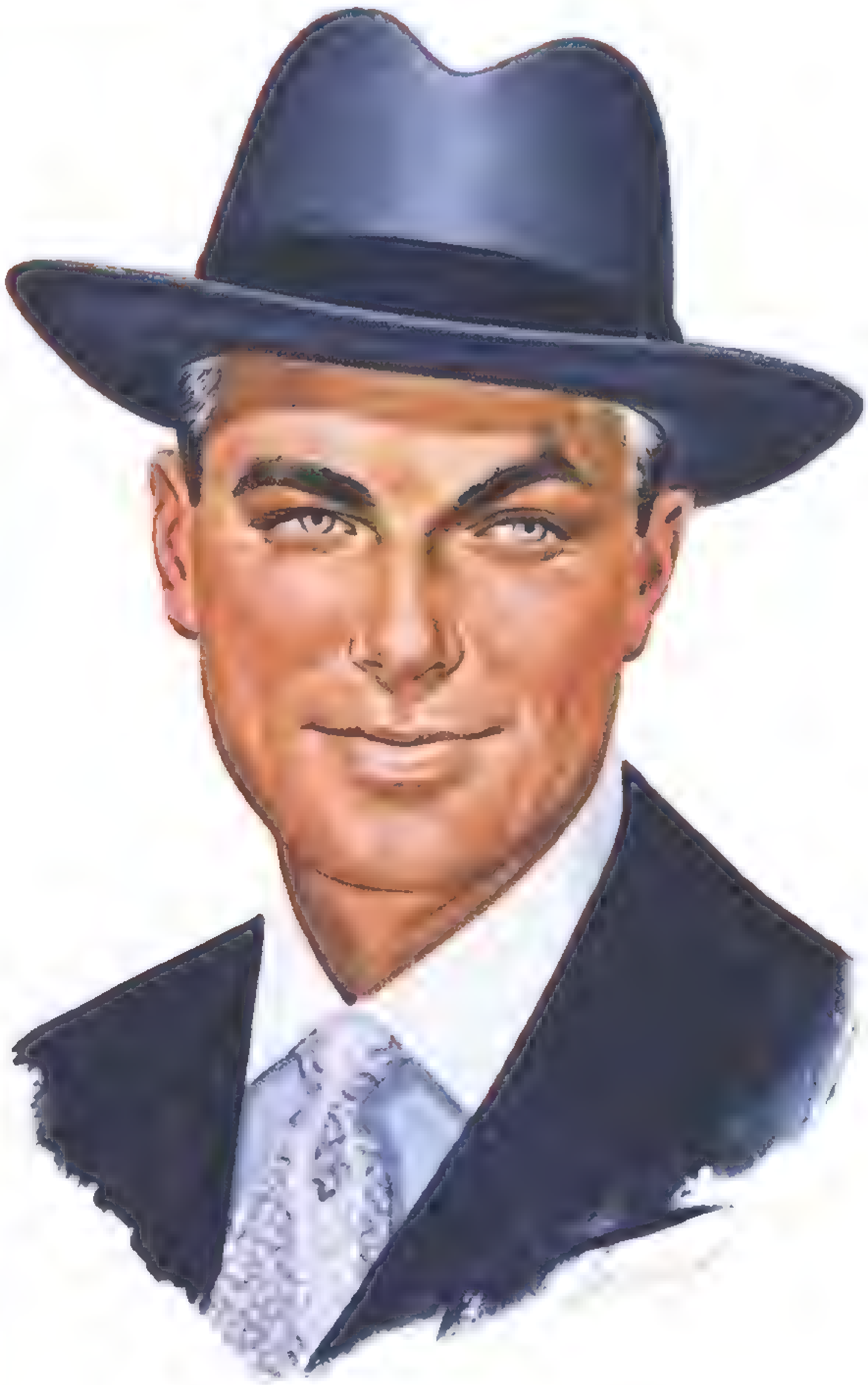


The Dallas

IN *PLIAFELT* AND *CRAVENETTE*

● The famous "All-American lightweight with a Texas accent." Its distinctive, casual touch is yours in all the favorite new colors for spring.



The Shore Drive **IN *PLIAFELT***

● Conservatively styled for the man-of-affairs who prefers to temper dignity with a touch of dash. Made in Mallory's exclusive *Pliafelt* process, it has that soft-as-chamois feel and amazing resilience.

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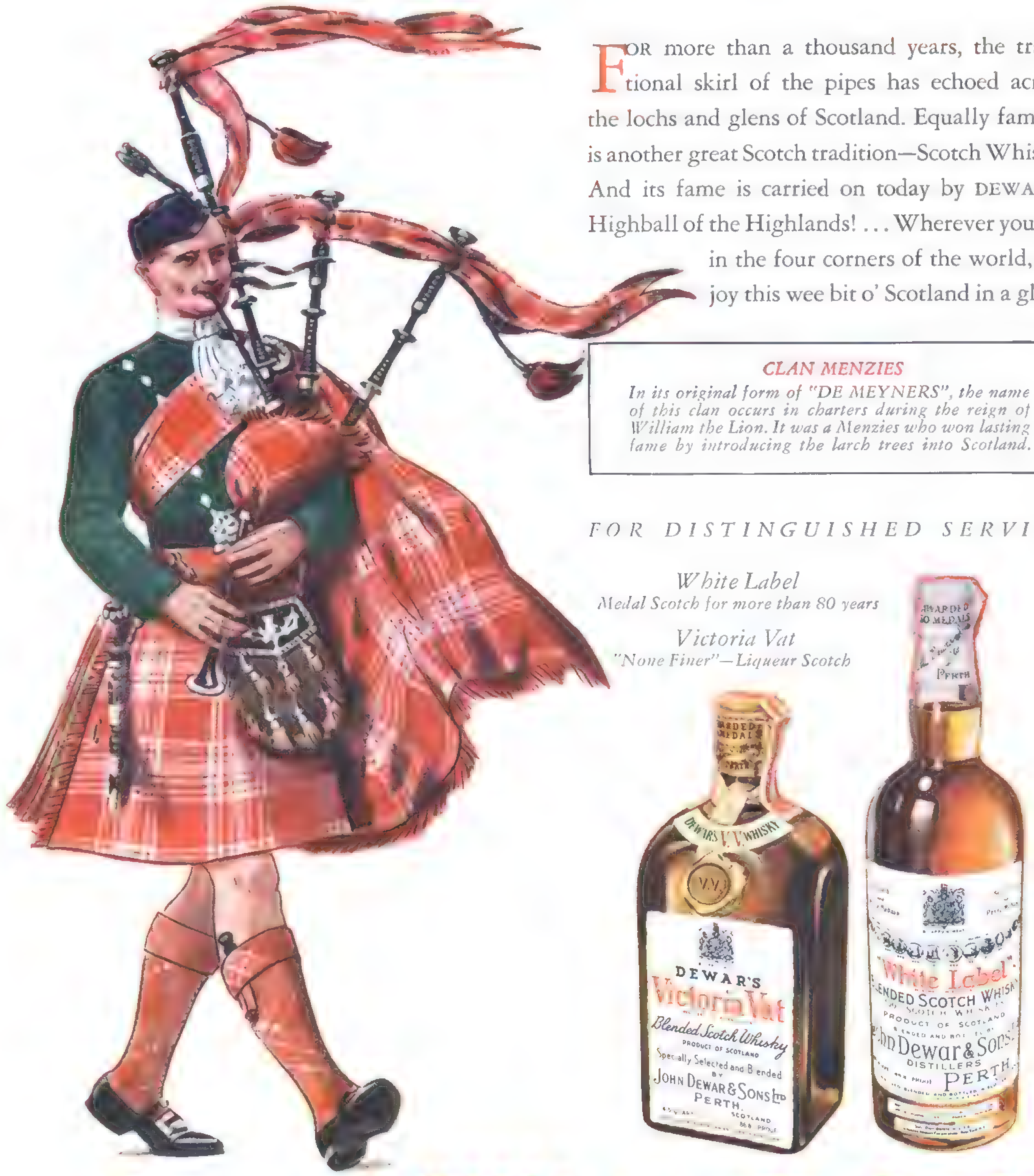
As Traditional of Scotland
as THE BAGPIPES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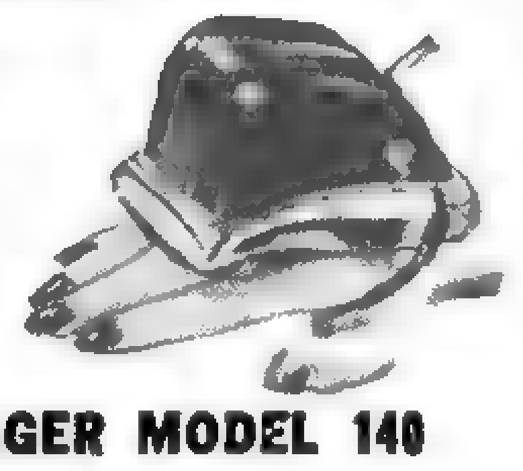

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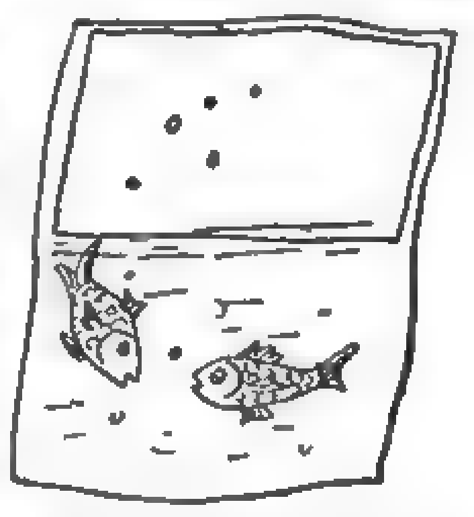
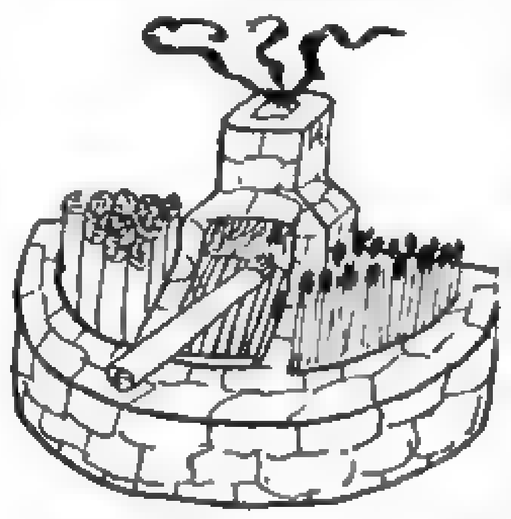
Talking Shop with Esquire

TRUE FISH STORY. There's a new tobacco pouch on the market, which, the makers claim, will keep tobacco moist and fresh *almost* indefinitely. Reason being, they figure, that the pouch is made of double thick plastic with seams all heat-welded instead of sewn. It seems that the average sewn tobacco pouch has an average of 496 needle holes, but the heat welded pouch has no holes. To illustrate this, a big Manhattan store displayed a giant pouch in the window, filled it with water and tossed real gold fish in to swim about. No leekee, no losee.

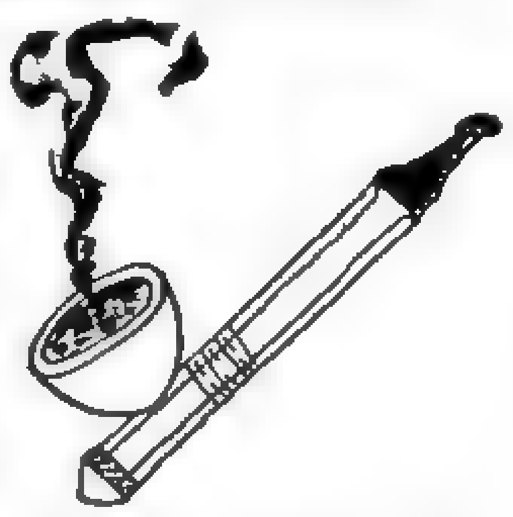


"THE SMOKE GOES UP THE CHIMNEY". The barbecue pit ash tray was originally dreamed up by an artist for a distillery's national magazine ad. But so many guys wrote in to ask where they could buy same, that the liquor lords had the trays manufactured so that anybody can buy. The ash trays are replicas of a barbecue. Cigs go in one side, matches in the other, and burning cigs rest on the center grating whilst the smoke wafts up the chimney. Great for rumpus rooms, bars and restaurants.

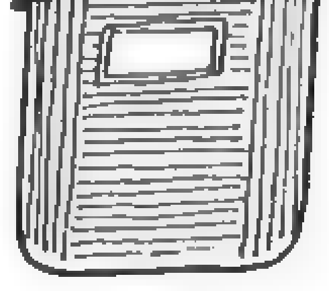


OF INTEREST TO INSOMNIASTS. De-caffeinated coffee now comes in powdered instant form. All you do is add boiling water. The new product is said to be 97% caffein free.

TWO BOWLS ONE STEM. Latest approach to pipe smoking comes with an aluminum pipe equipped with two bowls which can be alternately screwed into the shank. Theory being to permit smoker to change off bowls every other day, thus achieving a sweeter smoke. Bowls are molded from genuine briar root, ground. They reduce the briar to a flour, eliminate foreign materials, then form briar into a perfect bowl. Porosity of the bowl gets rid of excess heat created by burning tobacco and prevents it from being drawn into the smoker's mouth. Ergo, a cooler smoke.



PRECIOUS GOLD LIGHTER. Those famous windproof lighters which were our constant companions during stress and strife during the war, now emerge as a luxury item done up in 14 kt. gold or sterling silver. Cases engine turned or plain. Typical tycoon stuff. Pipe smokers in this same class should have a gold filled pencil with a top which serves as a tobacco tamper. Tamper folds up and fits in top of pencil.



VALENTINE JEWELRY. A famous milliner puts out golden arrow jewelry (an arrow but no cupid). Necklace made in a bent arrow shape, bracelet, even a wide suede belt with two golden arrows for decor.

Ranger

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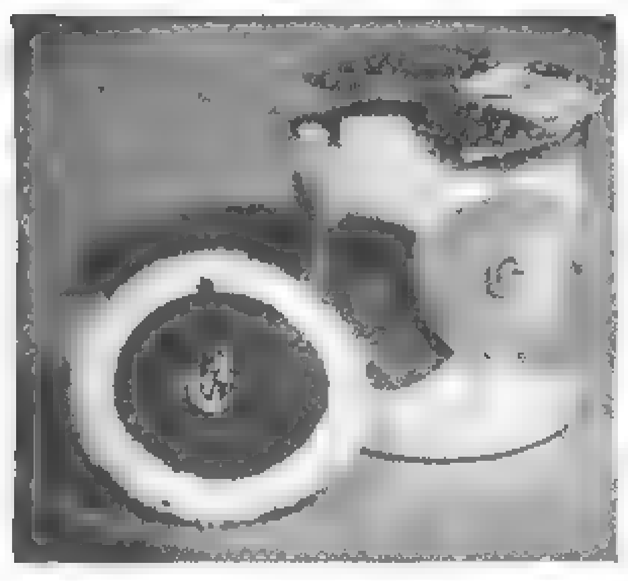

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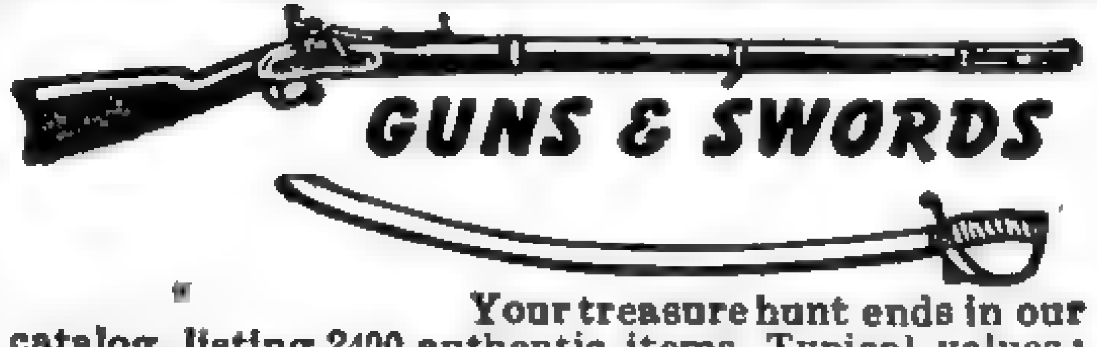

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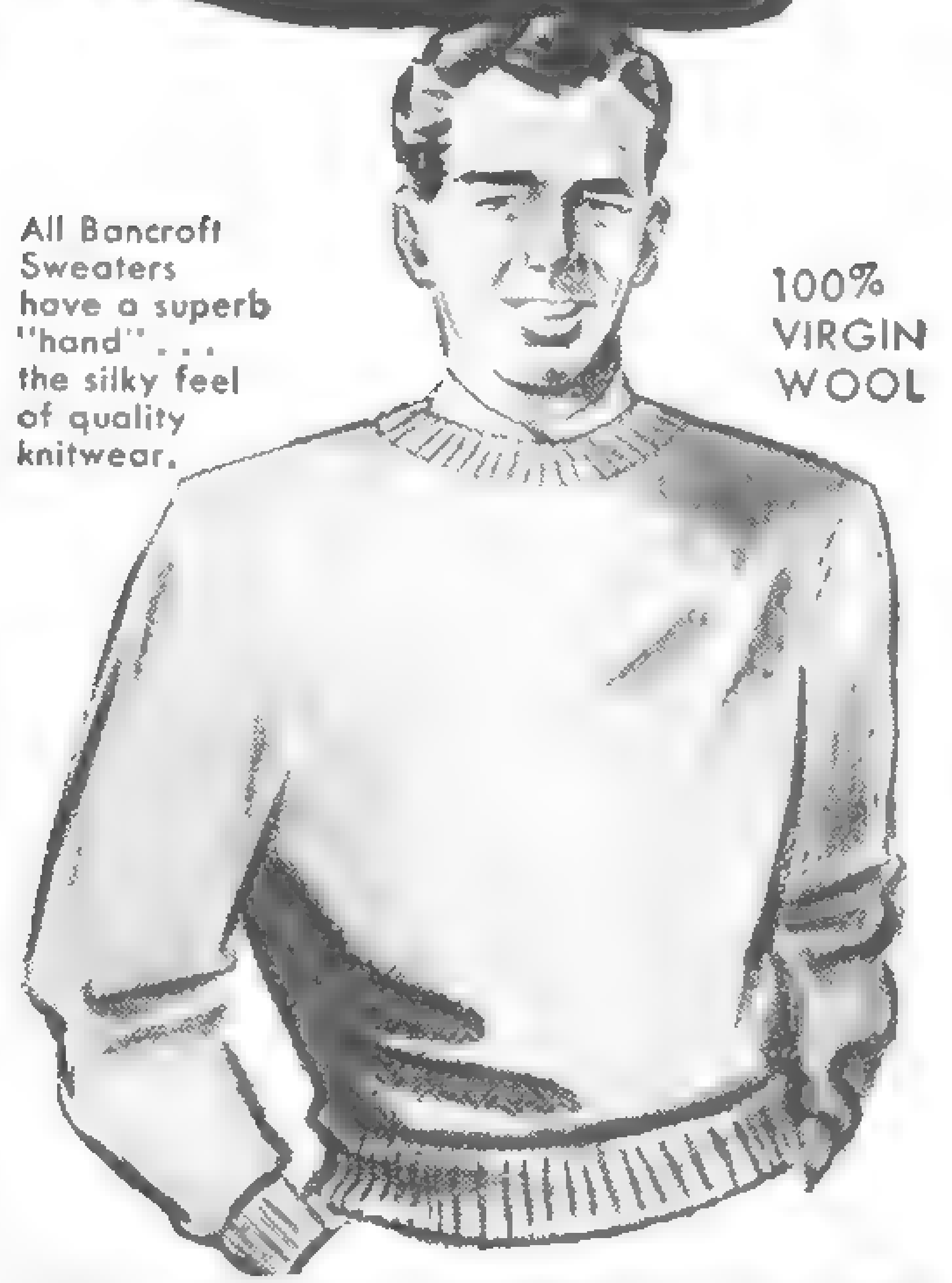

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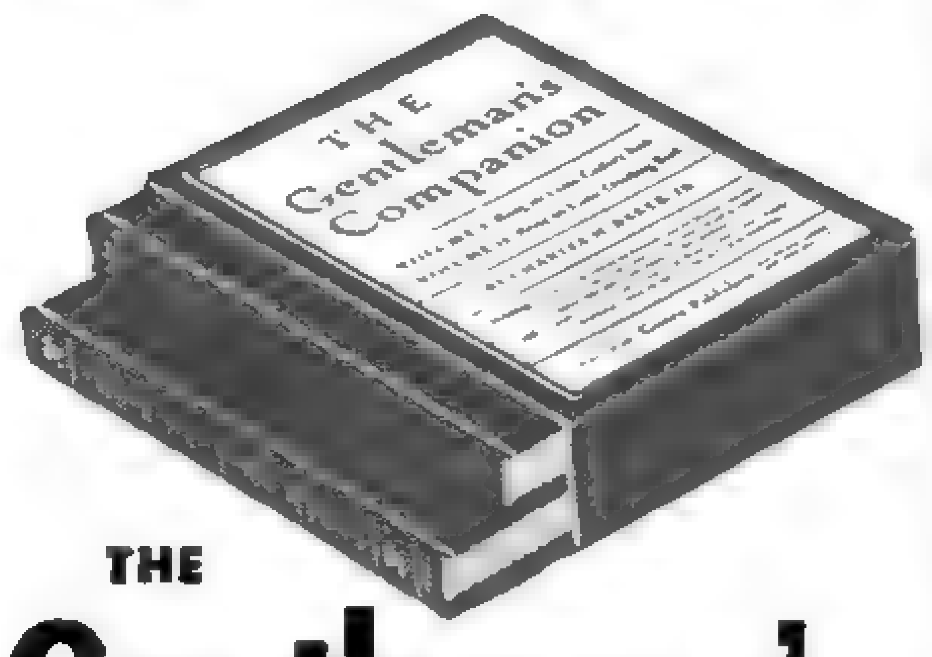

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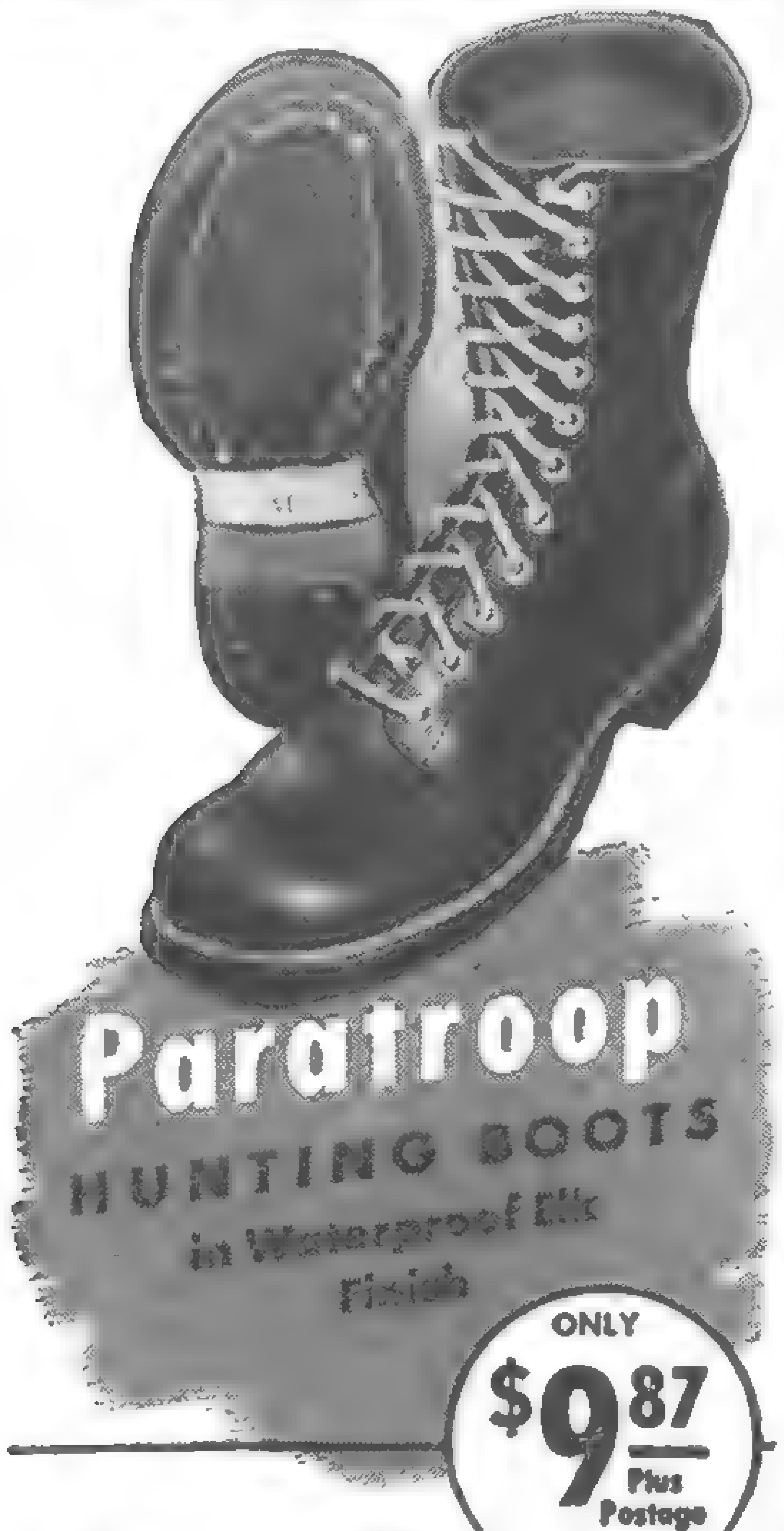

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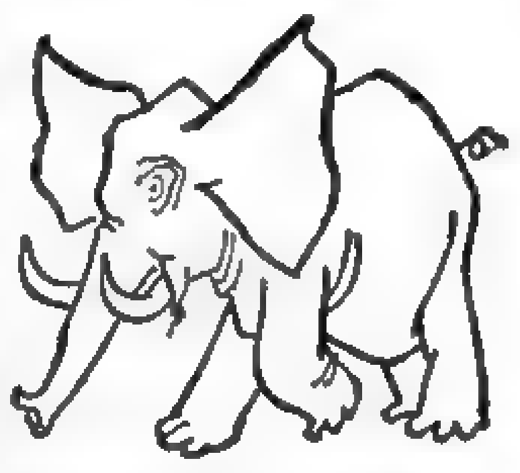
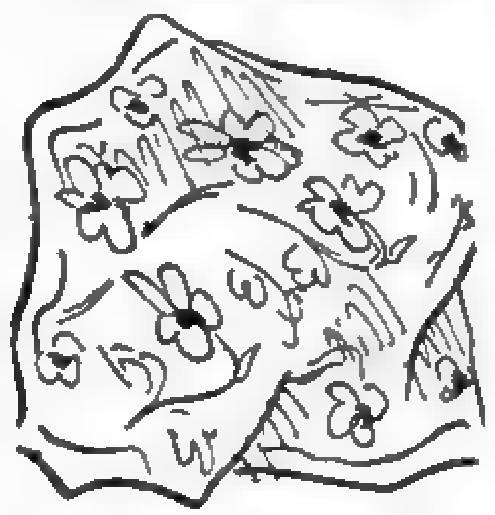
Talking Shop with Esquire

LUCKY ELEPHANT PIN. For those gals who like to collect lucky elephants . . . the lapel pin elephant in turquoise, green, white or pink ceramic. Earrings are made in tusk-like shape. Another nice valentine gift is the scented evening bag. Not enough that this envelope shaped affair be made of lavish hand-painted brocade velvet, but its lining is gently scented with such odors as white lilac, tapestry, heliotrope, etc.



FLOWER OF THE MONTH HANKY. This "so and so of the month" is getting to be quite a racket. You buy 'em fruit in 12 installments, books, jewelry . . . and now, handkerchiefs. Idea is to get a dozen kerchiefs, each bearing the particular flower of the month in a printed design. Frigsample, Jan., is a snowdrop; Feb., primrose or violet; March, daffodils and so it goes.

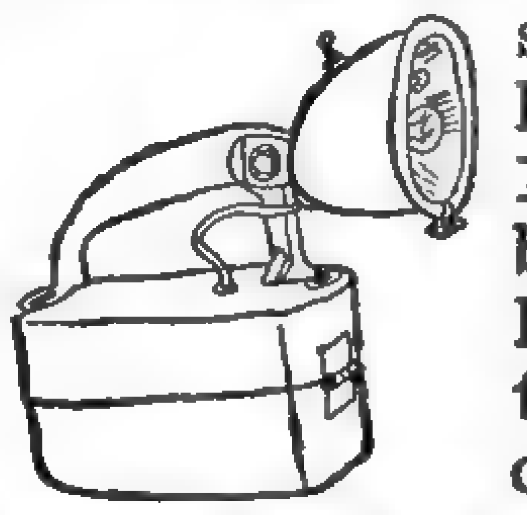


BOTTLE BEAUTIES. California firm puts out glassware made from gallon, half gallon and fifth size bottles that have been cut down, edges ground, polished and turned into beer glasses and other equipment. By simply adding a couple of decorative bands of brass, plus good looking hard wood handles, the decapitated bottles become steins, pitchers, cocktail glasses, ice buckets, etc. In mellow amber or the traditional bottle green.

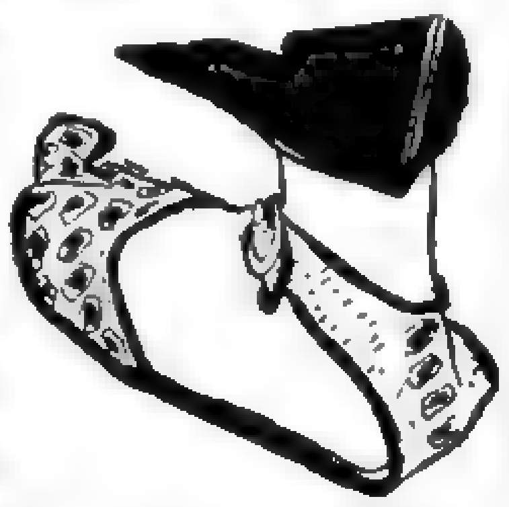
"DARK BRILLIANCE". Other perfumes making their debut for 1947 are a number called "Dark Brilliance," made and bottled in Paris. The copy on this one is rapturous . . . and we quote: "Deep sensuous base of spicy warmth overlaid with a vivacious flowery, fruity note . . . ringing clearness followed by mellow reverberation" . . . Wow! And still another called "Le Roy Soleil," a French perfume named for Louis XIV whose epoch was considered the most glorious in the history of France. This is positively a sumptuous production . . . a gold fleck bottle of baccarat crystal with a sunburst stopper. Sells for a mere 150 smackers for 4 ounces. A great favorite of ours (and we understand that the scent was tested out on male olfactory organs before it was finally blended) is called "Fire Orchid" . . . a fragrance no gentleman can forget. Crystal bottle has a sterling silver acorn top.

Dark Brilliance de Lentheric

PORTABLE HAND LAMP. It's a honey. Has a single focus adjustment whereby it will deliver a spot or spread light, brilliant 1500 foot beam or bright localized light. Powered by two standard dry-cell batteries with pressure type connection. Weighs only 7 lbs., and can be set down anywhere or clamped in a special hold-down fixture which is ideal for autos, airplanes, boats. Also a good gadget for searching grounds for prowlers, locating lost stock on a farm. Easy to tote.



"WRAP-TURED" SOLE. Another dandy valentine . . . this time a pajama slipper designed only for those oh, so chic ladies who deal in glamor-alities. Slipper is a triumph of new design . . . in that the sole extends beyond the length of the foot and turns up to snugly cover the heel, then wraps securely around a slender ankle, fastening with a jewelled buckle. Toes are turned up Siamese fashion, and the slippers come in gold kid studded with brilliant sequins. Another glamor item is a stardust scarf of pure silk in lovely ombre shadings the whole surface sprinkled with gold leaf.



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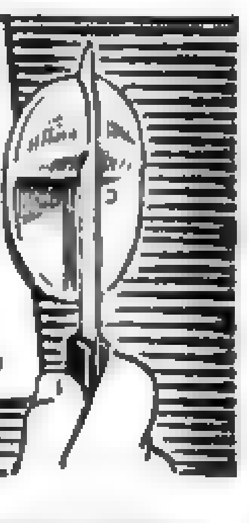

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Talking Shop with Esquire

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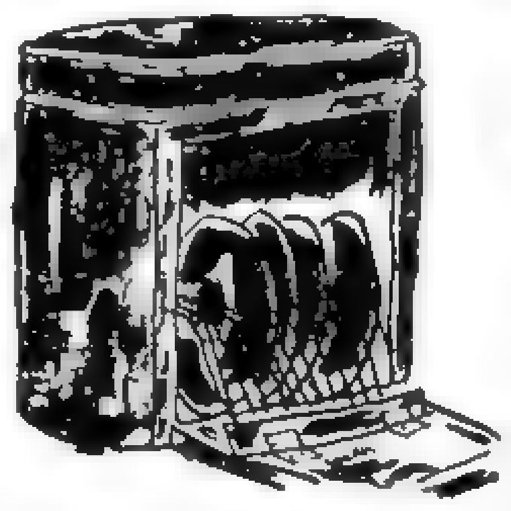
AUTOMATIC SKI BINDING. Novices and experts would do well to look into the new type ski binding. Just step into the binding and punch down the lever with the end of your ski pole. The heel-cable is brought taut, the welt springs grasp the boot welts firmly and grip them against the bottom ratchets . . . all with a single action, mind you. Even the boot is automatically pulled forward and properly positioned in the binding. No kneeling required, no groveling in the snow on hands and knees. The precision fit of the binding should give you absolute control of your skis, with no slipping or lateral sway.

OFFICER'S CLUB CARRIES ON. One of Manhattan's most popular clubs during war years, has re-opened as a club for officers still in service and veterans. Club is run on a membership basis . . . local boys pay so much, and there's a non-residence membership which entitles you to the club services, such as getting you hotel reservations, theatre tickets (not for free), trying to ferret out apartments, shopping etc. Club will be open daily from 4 until midnight, and the weekly program will embrace card tournaments, cocktail parties, quiz programs, speakers, music hours and a formal dance every Friday. As of yore, the club will be staffed with a group of charming, hand-picked hostesses (who also have to join). The club provides an excellent spot for inexpensive entertainment and relaxation . . . plus the spirit of congeniality that knits chaps who've been through it all, together.

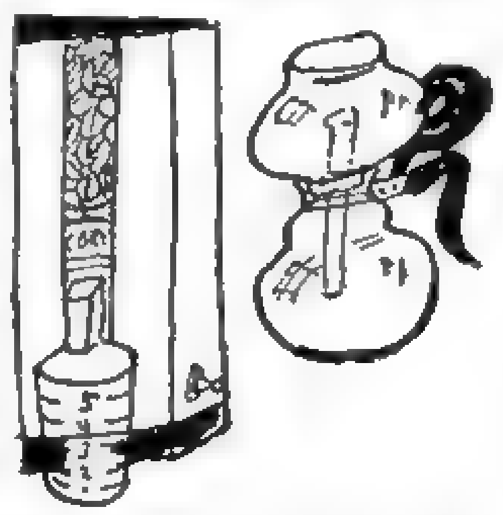
RECORD HASSOCK. An ingenious idea for space conservation. A strongly constructed leatherette hassock with soft cushioned seat which conveniently and carefully houses fifty 10" or 12" phonograph records in a record rack which slides out upon opening the drop-front door. No dust, no breakage, if handled carefully. The hassock itself stands 15" high.



PILLOW PACK. Whether you're doing your skiing in the Alps or in New Hampshire, here's a swell gift to give your gal (whether she's a skier or just a sitter). Present her with a gay plaid 14" long zipper bag which looks like an ordinary handbag . . . complete with leather over-shoulder strap. Presto! Upon un-zipping same, contents hold a 76 x 51" lightweight yet warm wool coverlet or throw, in the same plaid as the container. Good for jeep driving in the cold, park bench rendezvous on cold early spring nights. Oh shucks *we're* telling *you!*

MAD MONEY CHATELAINE. You know those double brooches held together with a coupla chains (official name, chatelaine). Now they make them wherein the brooches hold 25¢ or 50¢ which can be pressed out, upon necessity, for immediate use.

YE OLD COFFEE GRINDER. Grandma used to say that coffee had no flavor unless it was ground instantly. Modern coffee connoisseurs, who adhere to this theory, can now grind and blend their own the easy way with an all electric grinder. Just flick the switch and perfectly ground coffee flows from the grinder into a measuring glass provided. Glass is graduated to show correct amounts of coffee for use in brewing from 1 to 8 cups.



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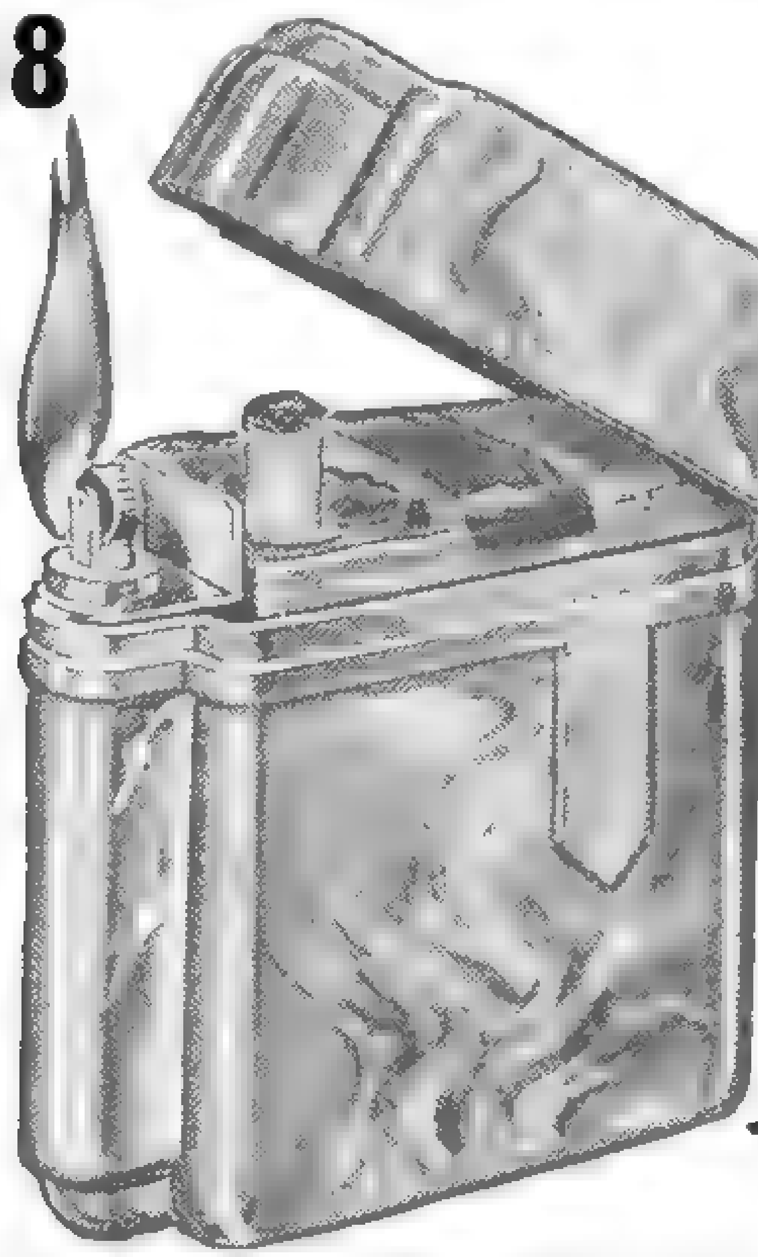

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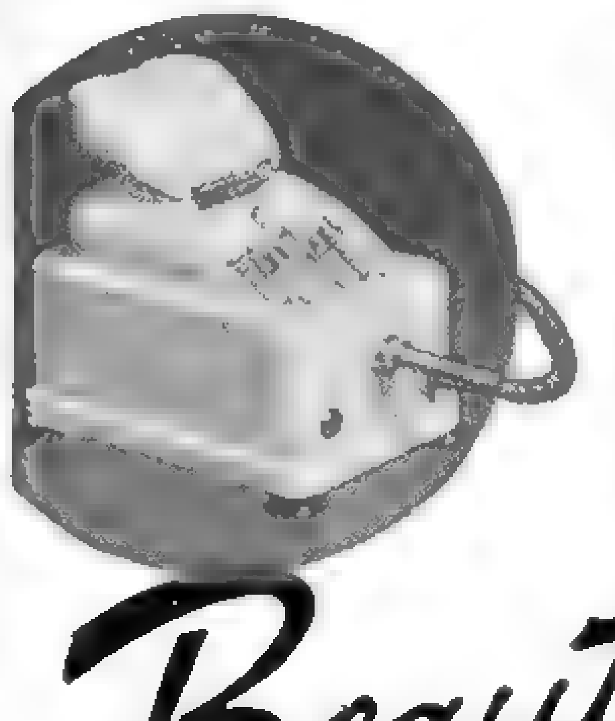

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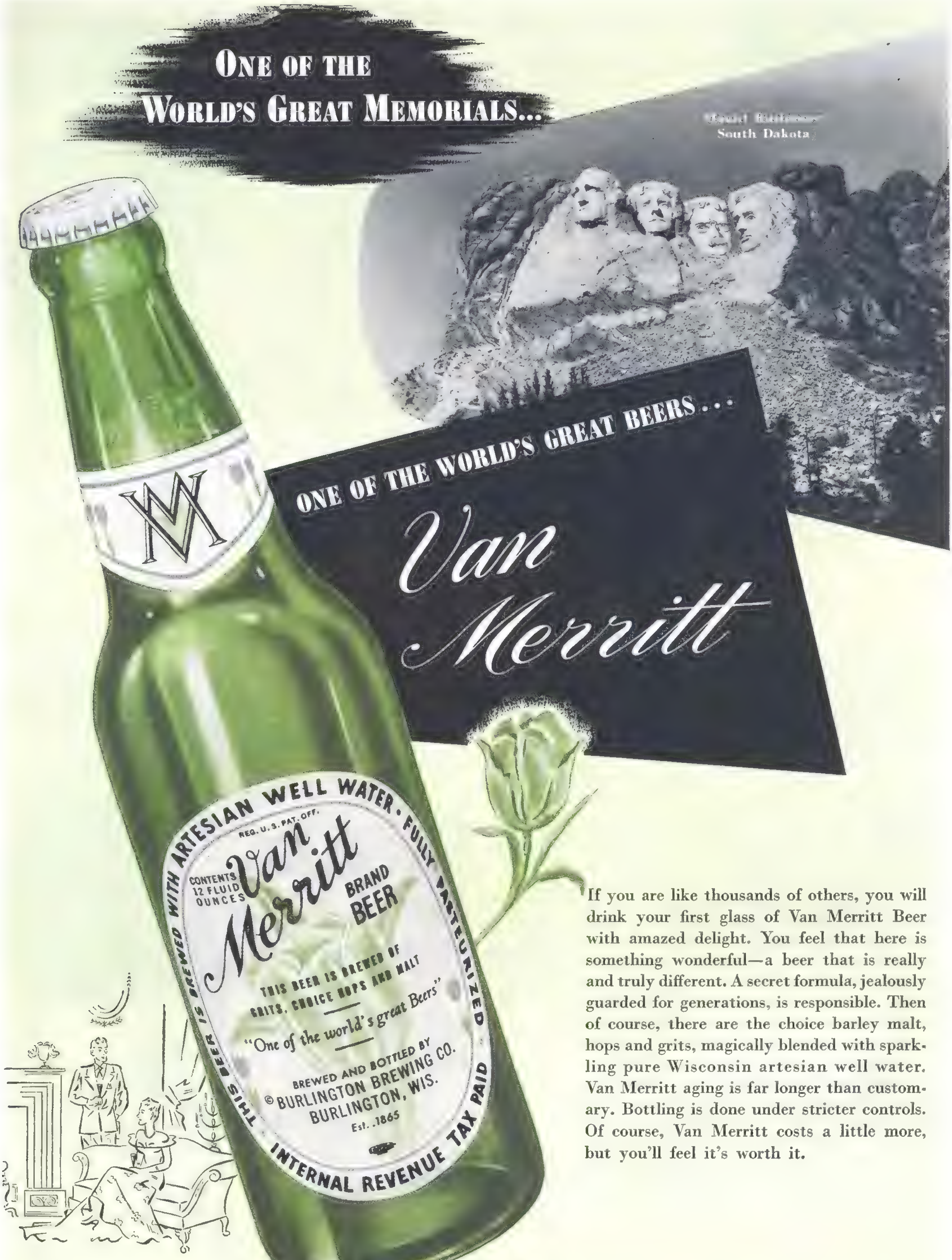
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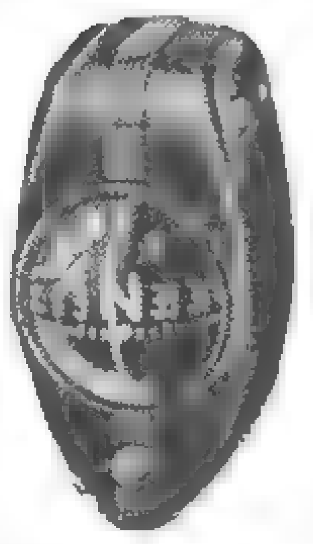
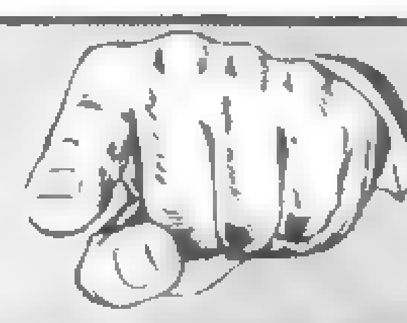


YOU are TALLER ...Secretly



in ELEVATORS*
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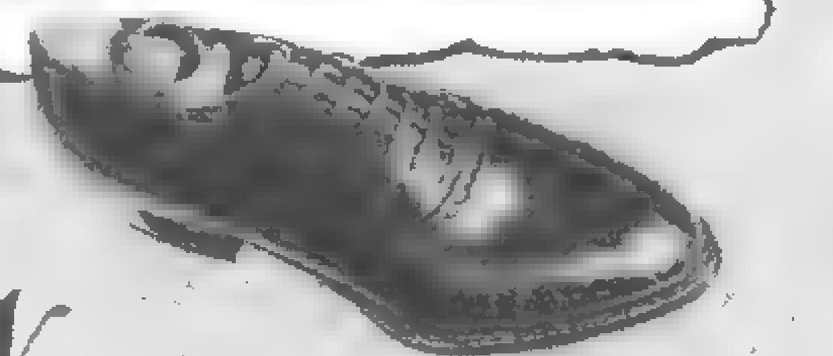
"YOUR PERSONAL PEDESTAL"
*TRADE MARK OF STONE-TARLOW CO., INC.



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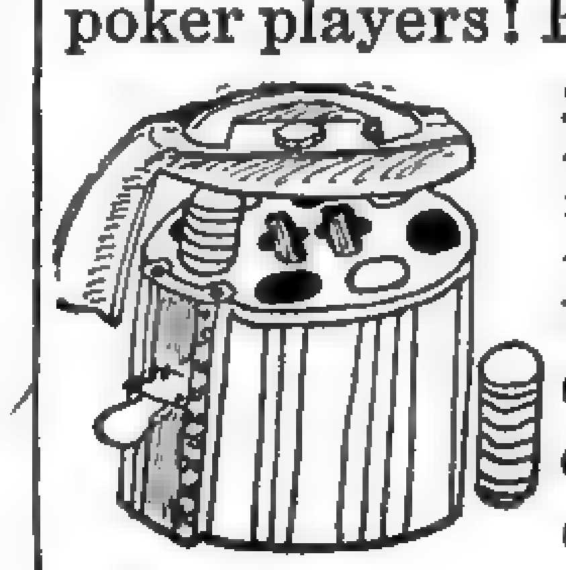
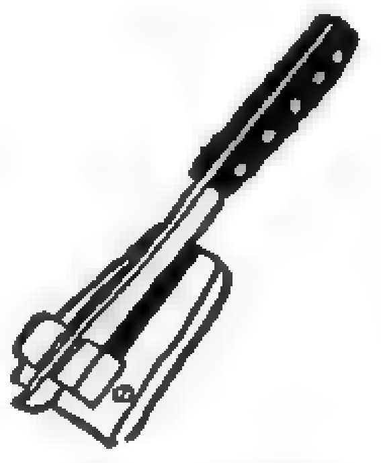
Talking Shop with Esquire

RENT A PAINTING. A really sound idea that will appeal to art lovers . . . a circulating library of paintings. If you get tired of a certain picture, you need only write or call up the library, mention color, particular mood, and they replace yours with another. Rental is based on the value of the painting . . . some can be rented for as little as $3 a month. Pictures may be rented for a month or even a year. Collection contains canvasses of contemporary American and 19th century European painters.

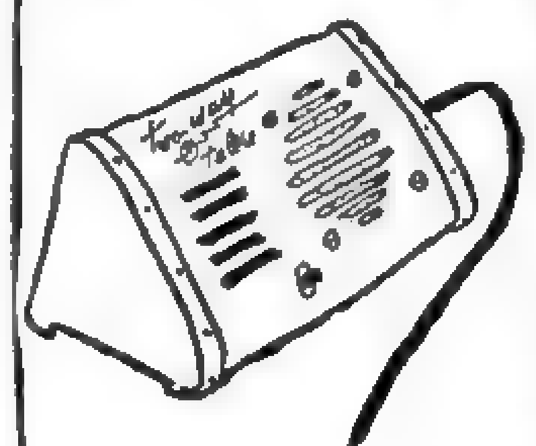
COUNT 'EM RIGHT! Positively uncanny this new invention for poker players! First, a handsome, gleaming, black plastic, streamlined chip container with an exclusive locking cover for easy carrying. On the side there's a ruler-like gauge . . . marked off in 5, 10, 15, 20 etc. numbers. Just set the lever at the number you want and the machine counts 'em out quickly and accurately. You get 280 precision perfect plastic chips included.



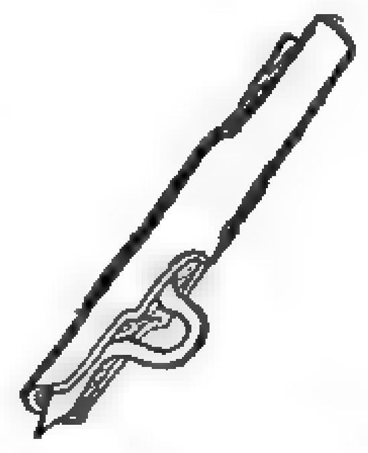
ODDMENTS. Tool makers are now making precision built knife sharpeners out of carbide, the hardest metal made by man. Sharpener may be washed without damage or danger of rust. It is self contained, has no moving parts and nothing to get out of order. Renews edges of hollow ground steel knives as well as regularly ground knives.



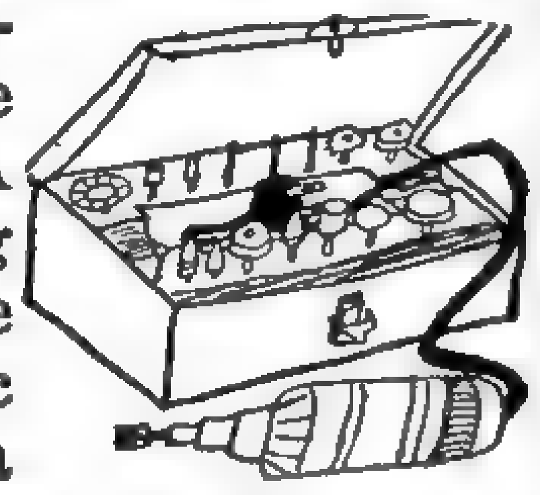
TWO-WAY TALKIE. The warborn walkie-talkies are now adapted for civilian use in a system of intercommunication anyone can work. Just set up two little machines which look like small table radios in whatever two rooms you like, connect a wire between the instruments. All you do is flip the switch and talk, release to listen . . . you'll get a clear, undistorted reception right through the loudspeaker. Nothing to crank, or tune-in. Swell for living room to kitchen communication, office to stockroom, farm to barn, house to garage, main house to cabin . . . even neighbor to neighbor. Party line talkers will be able to gain privacy through the new talkie device.



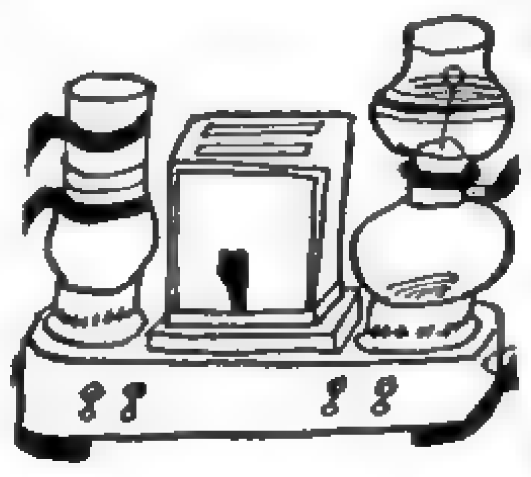
HAIL THE SPRING CONSTRUCTION phonograph needle. A new departure in needle construction . . . a floating point needle with spring shock-absorption featured combined with vertical and horizontal compliance, that assures longer needle and record life. The floating point construction is purported to filter record scratch and give good reproduction. The needle also has a V-groove, self locking feature which prevents the needle loosening by vibration.



TOOLSHOP IN THE PALM OF HIS HAND. The chap with a mechanical mind and handy man around the house, will revel in one of the new tool kits. A fine steel carrying case contains the portable electric handy tool and a complete assortment of 45 accessories with which to grind, drill, engrave, carve, sand, saw, cut, rout, etc. And on any material . . . wood, plastic, metal, glass, leather, horn, stone, bone. The tool plugs into any AC or DC socket; weighs only 12 oz. and runs at a cool 25,000 r.p.m.



LIGHT HOUSEKEEPING. If you are living in a quonset hut, you'll be interested in this conservation piece. To wit: a kitchenette consisting of an electric toaster and a two burner combination from which you can prepare a complete breakfast or Sunday supper without a kitchen! Works on AC or DC current, and comes complete with coffee maker and double boiler in glass.



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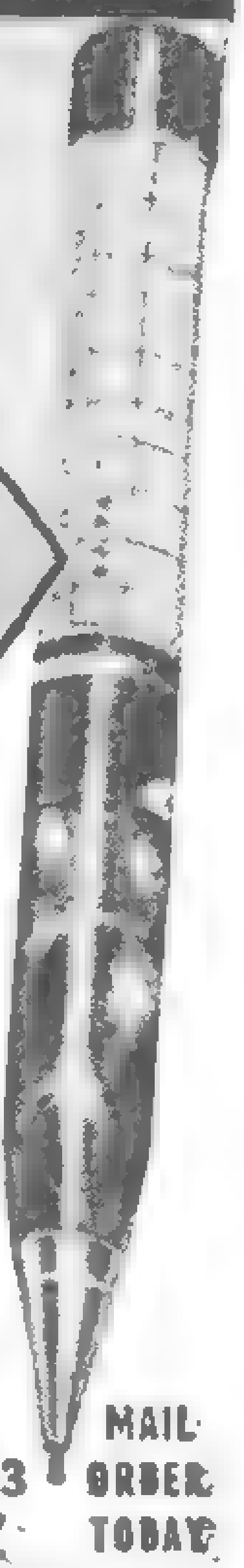

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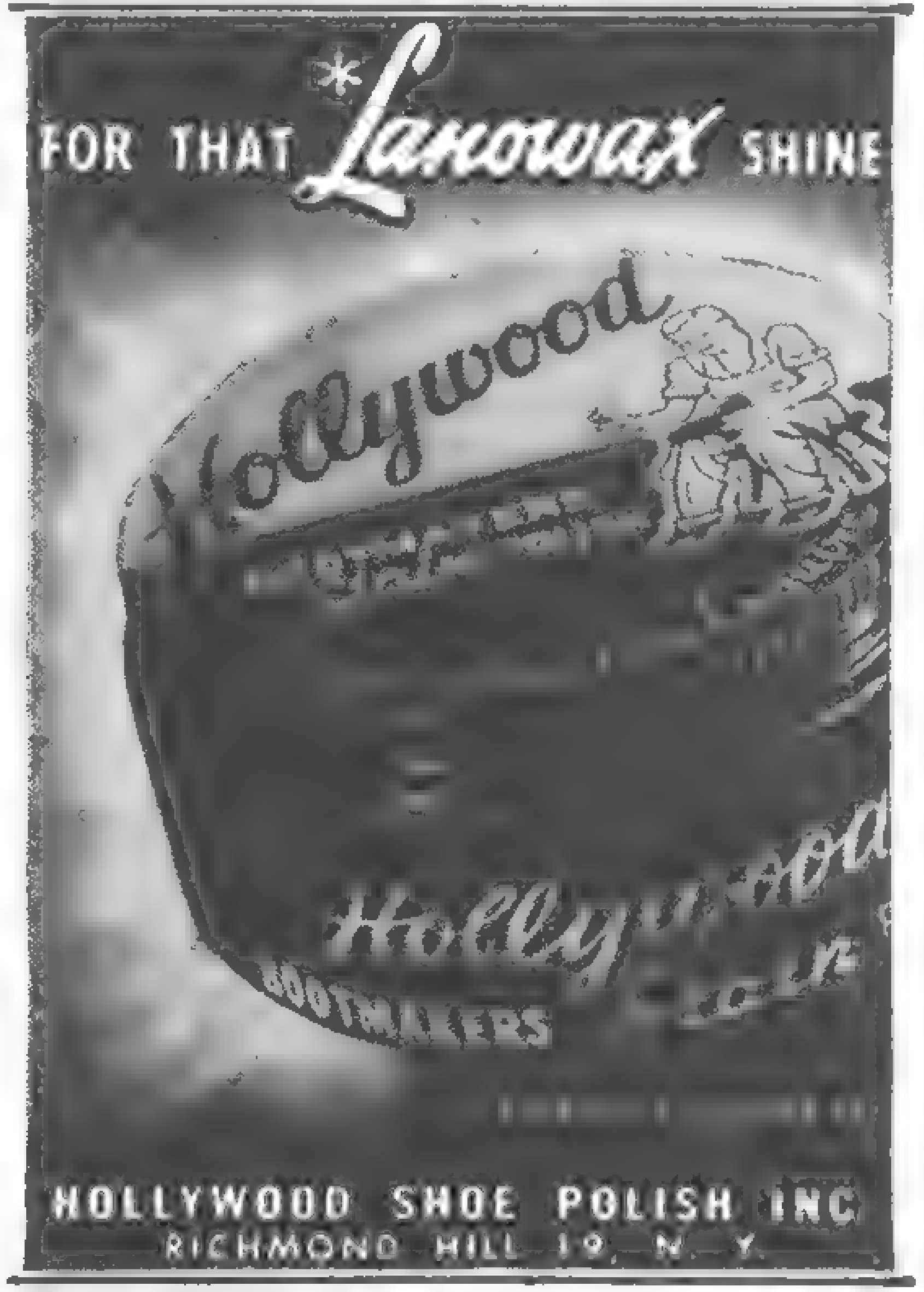

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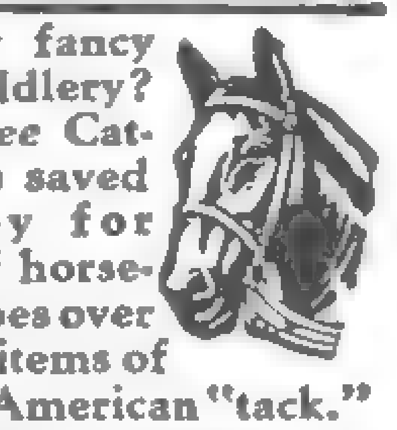

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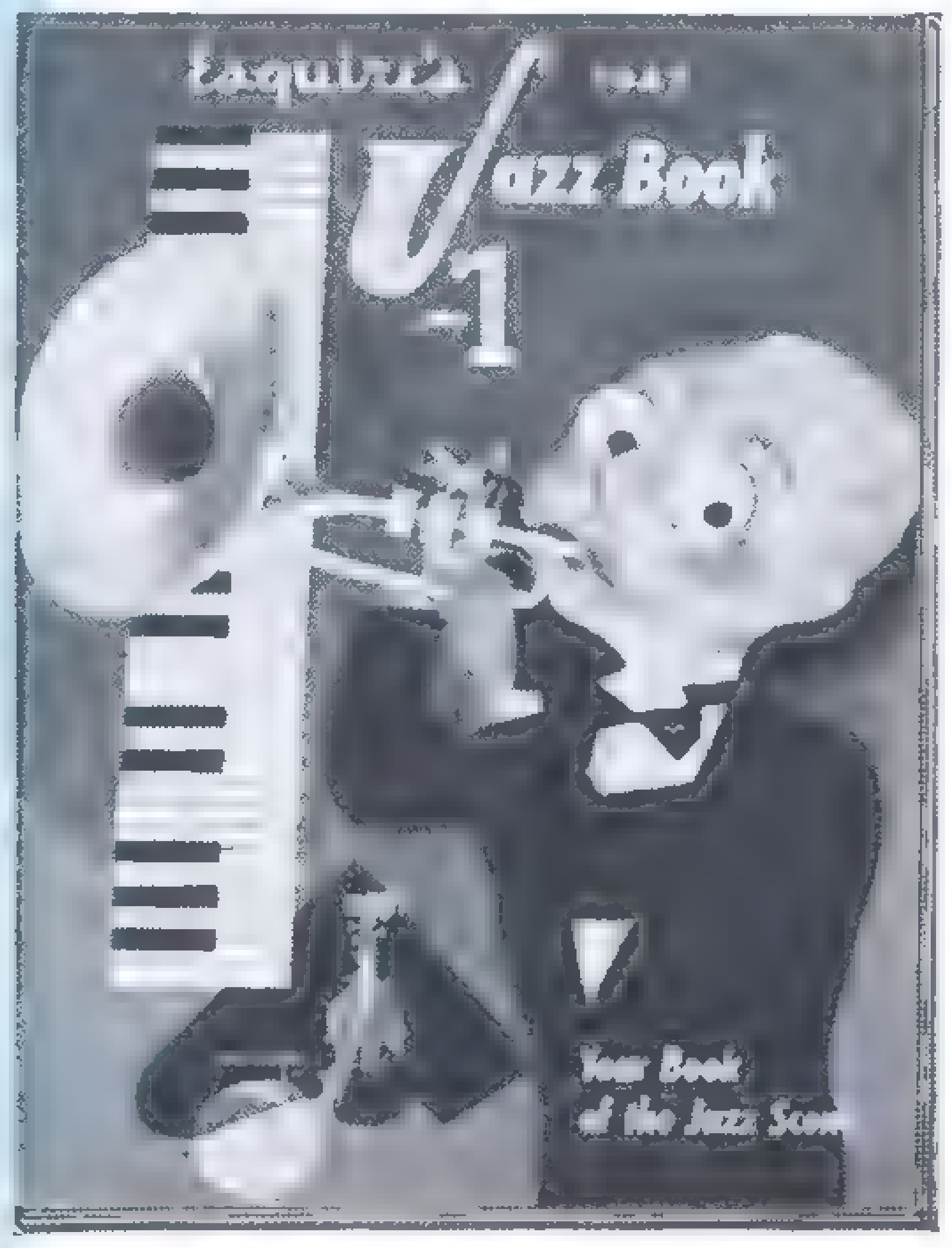

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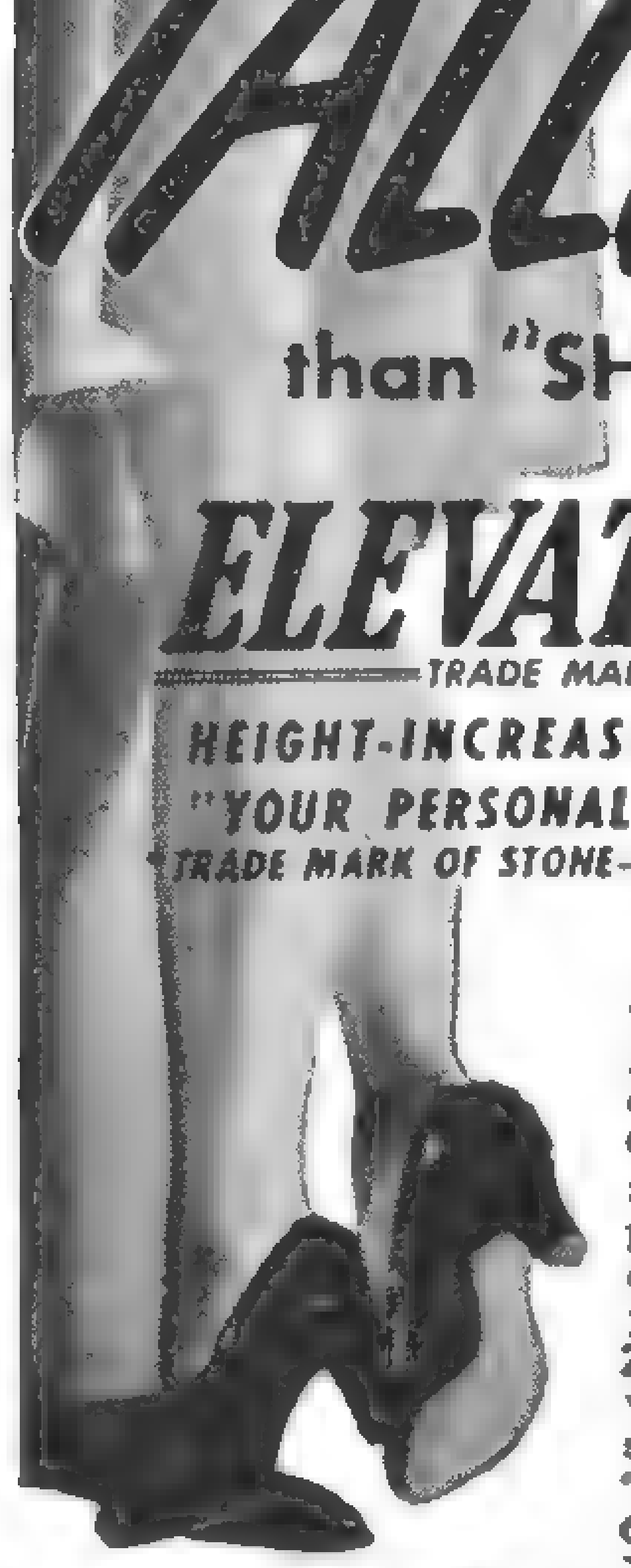

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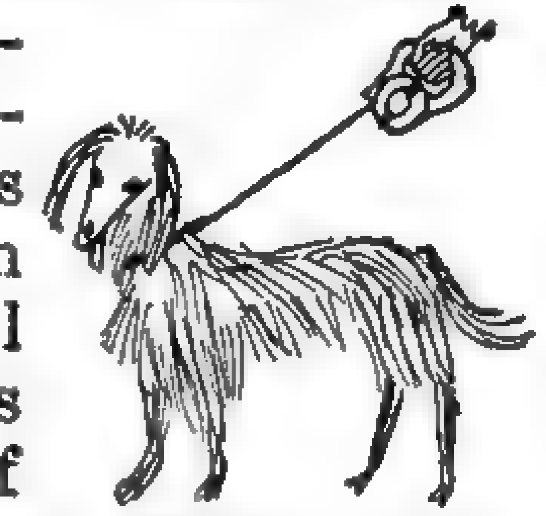
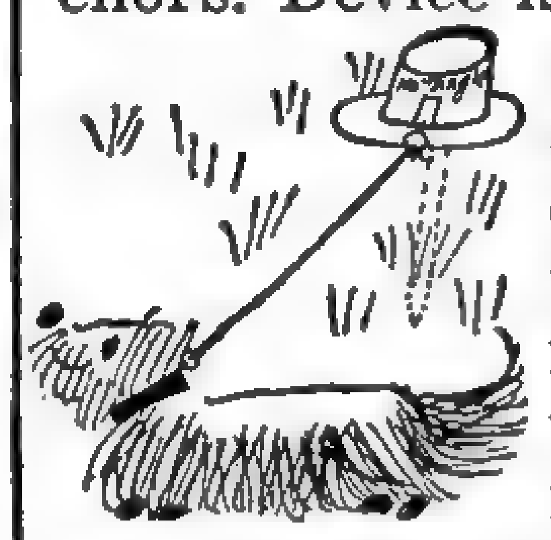
Talking Shop with Esquire

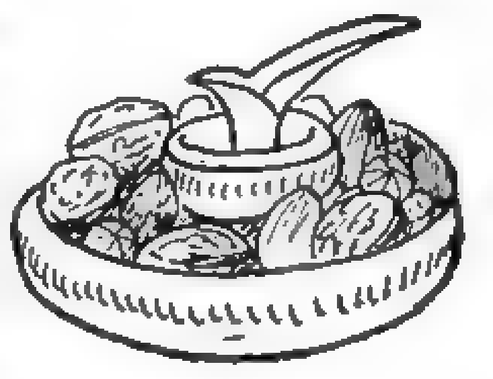
CANINE CONTROL FOR PERIPATETIC PUPS! Brand new type of leash which fits into smart plastic case. Mechanism of the automatic leash is based upon an automatic reel upon which is wound ten feet of sturdy plastic cord. Fido is free to draw the full lead subject to a thumb-operated brake on the handle. Brake makes it possible to check the lead at any desired length. Brake released, the reel automatically rewinds the leash as the dog moves close. Handle grip is comfortable and takes the strain off gloves and digits. Another new leash is made of nickel silver wire with plastic handle. Idea is that there's a degree of elasticity in the knitted wire which acts as a shock absorber to soften the effect of the pull or lunge.



PARK YOUR DOG . . . just tether him to one of the new animal anchors. Device is made of chrome and enamel with an anchor which can be stuck in the ground. Rope revolves around the metal device, no tangling, no trouble. Fun to play with is the performing pup, a pert airdale stuffed with soft fleece who shakes his head at a plastic bone. Hold the bone near the pup's nose and he snaps at it (by means of a magnet set in the proboscis).

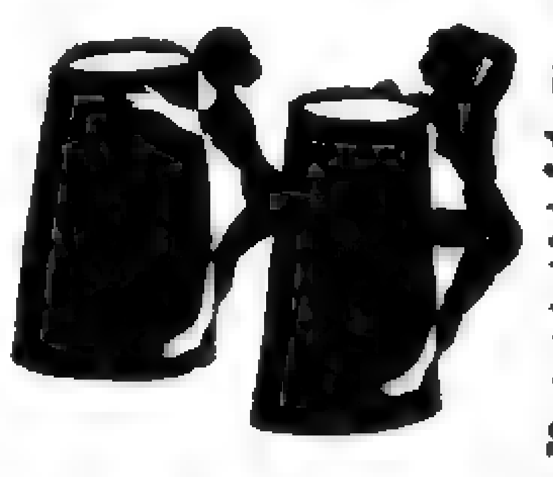


CRACKS THE SHELL, BUT NOT THE NUT. No need to use brute strength cracking nuts when you have an ensemble like this. There are three concentric bowls in solid nickel aluminum, big bowl to hold nuts, smaller bowl to hold the meats, and a top bowl which operates with a crank which you turn with ease. Cracks nut in a jiffy, meats come out whole, no waste, no shells smashed to bits. Same firm makes a revolving smorgasbord tray with hard wood base, ball bearing, revolving top of spun aluminum. Holds a raft of hors d'oeuvres.

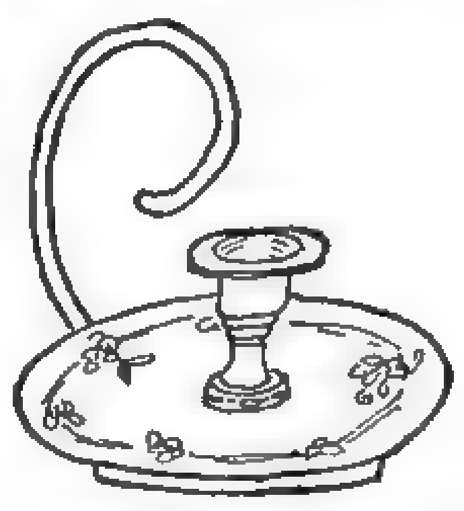


PUTTING ON THE DOG. Here it comes . . . cosmetics for dogs! Foamy shampoo, thoroughly effective DDT flea powder and even, so help us, a perfumed coat dressing. The three niftily packaged in pink striped boxes with a puppy portrait on the cover. It should happen to a dog!

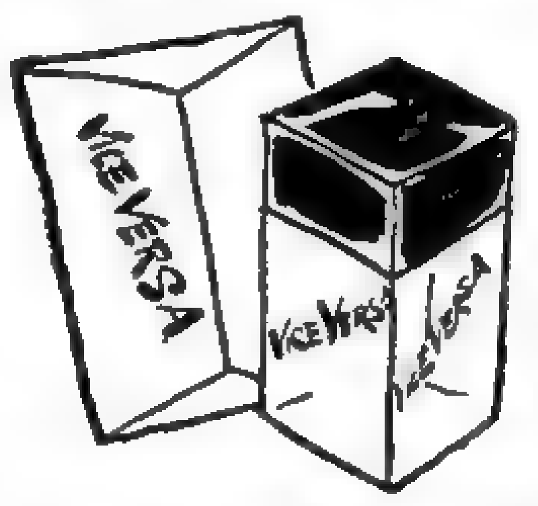
INTOXICATION. Not the name of a perfume, but a series of beer mugs made of highly glazed white pottery. Designed to keep your beer cool and your temperature hot. It's this way. In the series of six, each mug represents one of the six stages of inebriation via handles representing various poses of the femme form divine sans habillements. Really quite artistic.



LEGERDEMAIN ANTIQUES. Antiquers are a busy lot finding new uses for old things. Woman in New York is a genius at producing masterpieces out of oddments. Little saucers are equipped with brass bases, candle wells, scroll handles and presto, a quaint hand-painted candlestick. Tole lamps are glorified by incorporation of graceful handpainted oval plates. Hurricane lamps in colored glass are turned into wall sconces.



TO YOUR VALENTINE! Having run through an orgy of "Devastation," "Intoxication," "Frenzy," "Aphrodisia," "Libido" and the like, now we have two new ones, named "Et Cetera" and "Vice Versa." The first is a light, gay scent, the other, wordly and sophisticated. Packaging is refreshingly done in square crystal bottles topped with square gold metal caps built to seal in the fragrance and minimize evaporation.



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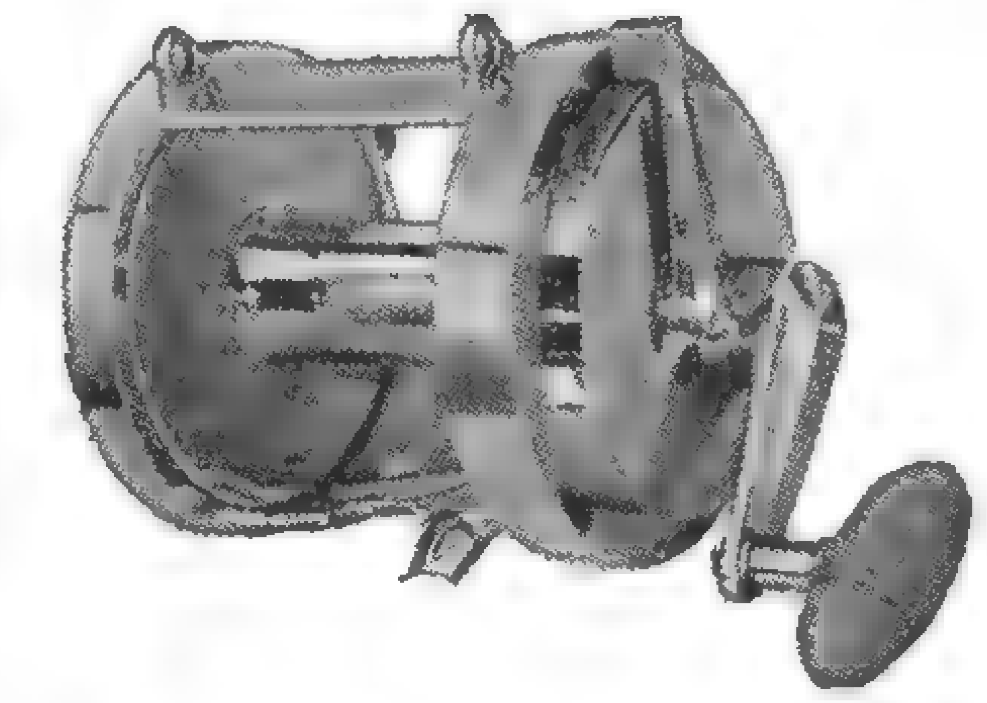

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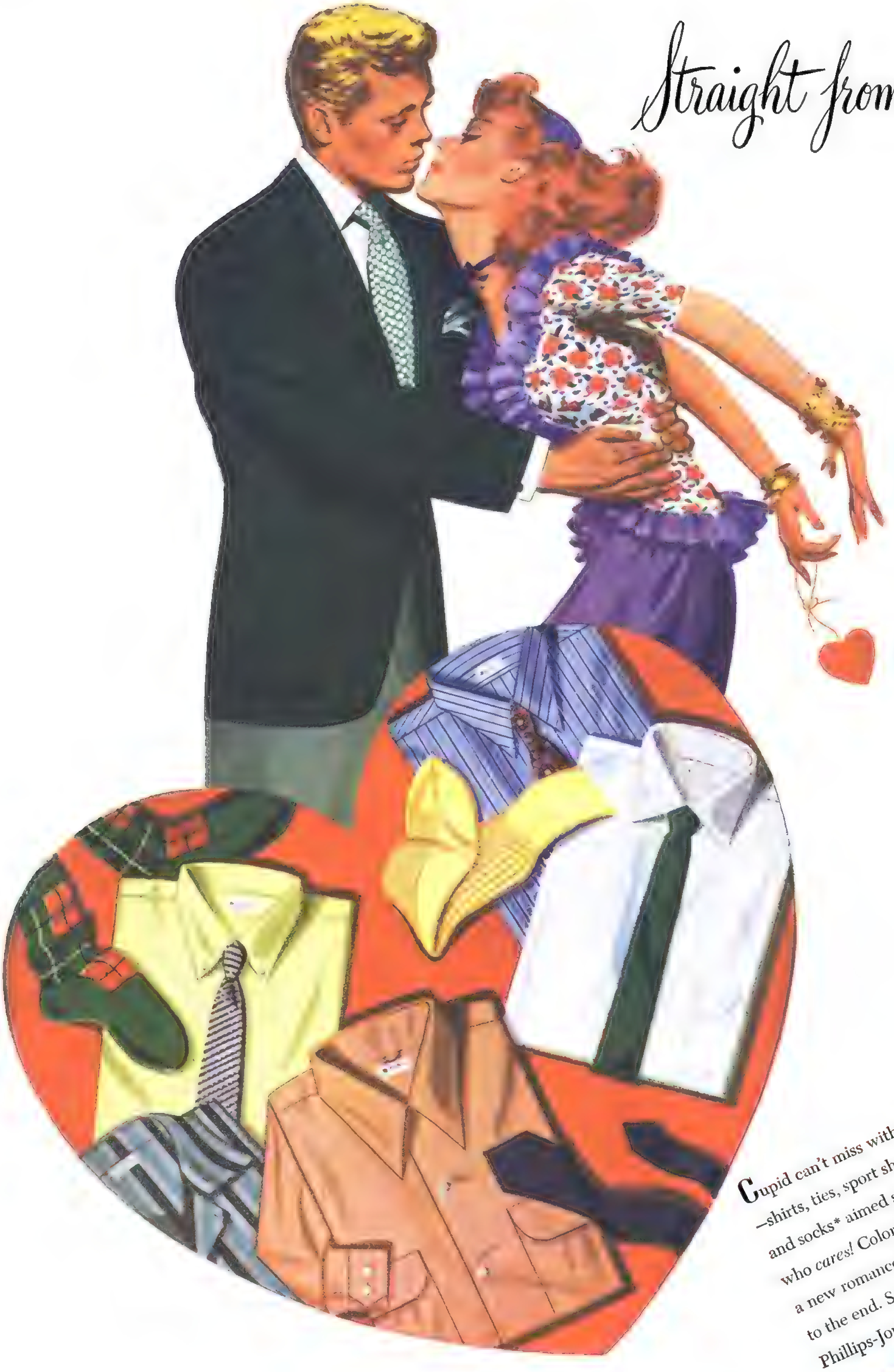

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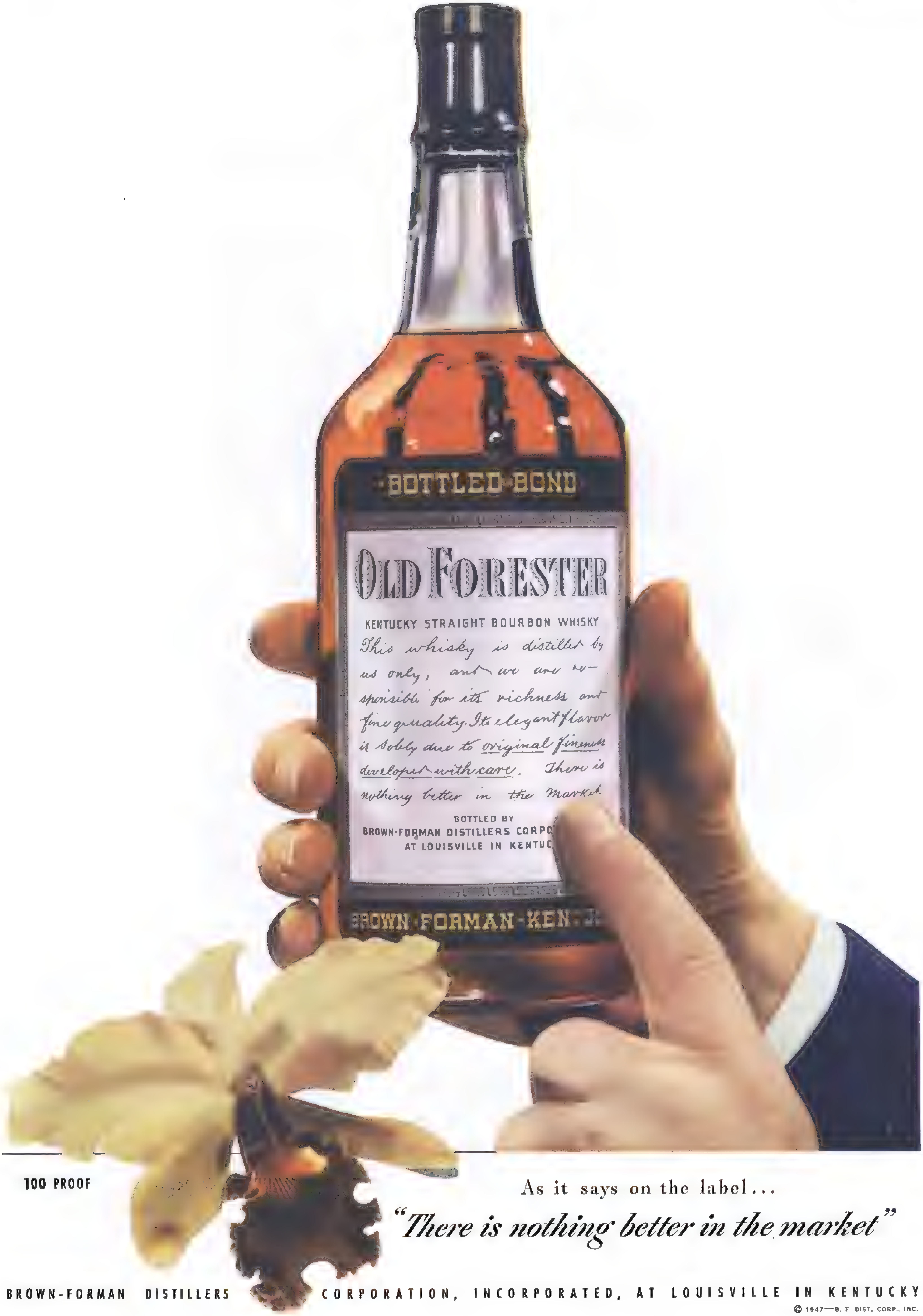
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Painting the Town with Esquire

QUIET, PLEASE! The Messers. Olsen and Johnson have tiptoed out on the stage of the Carnival and are waiting to hear a pin drop, or maybe it's a ton of crockery. (To land this cherished pair, the Carnival's Nicky Blair had to spend much moo putting in trapdoors, arsenals, etc., and had to contract to buy all his eggs and chickens from Chic Johnson's upstate farm. If Olsen had a dory, it would be supplying all the seafood.)

SOLID CHEER prevails among the ensnugged pewholders at Allan's Steak Heaven, 140 East 52nd . . . Nostalgia for the Blue Danube city that made schnitzels famous is stirred romantically when Leo Pleskow strokes the strings of his gifted fiddle at the Vienna Café (50 West 77th), where strudels are strudels . . . Mighty slick, the way the Irving Field's Trio at the Crest Room, 56 East 56th, dishes up popular song tunes in symphonic style. Field's field of operation is the ivories, Michael Bruno is man-about-drums, and Irv Lang manages to restrict himself to trombone, mandolin, and bull viol. True, Carnegie Hall has bigger orchestras than the Field's-harmonic, but Carnegie can't cook, and how the Crest Room's white bonneteer can!

HILDEGARDE, WHOM every comedienne mimics — and how they wish they could mimic her salary!—is sardining the Plaza's Persian Room with a sabled mob of worshippers. Personally, we disapprove of making such a fuss over any female, no matter how "incomparable". But try and keep us away! We go growling and presently are sitting up begging for encores the way everyone else is doing. If she handed out puppy biscuit we'd no doubt wag ecstatically. Our advice, therefore, to anybody who still retains his sanity, is to shun that siren. If you crave Plaza provender, dine in the Oak Room, which is safe from her wiles.

THE WEATHER nowadays being a bit chilly for speedboating, skipper Guy Lombardo has put down the helm and taken up the baton for his 16th winter in the Grill of the Hotel Roosevelt. Looks as though it would be his biggest so far, because instead of tiring of him and his sweet music, people get to realize how good this band is as compared with the rollercoaster type which is on the crest one year and headed bottomward the next. The scientific way to appraise this music is to order a bottle of champagne from the Roosevelt's conveniently arranged Wine List, wait till it's opened and poured and then, with one ear, listen intently to the bubbles in your glass, while with the other you listen to the band. No harmony could be sweeter.

For information about any hotels, restaurants, or night clubs, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y., enclosing self-addressed stamped envelope for reply.

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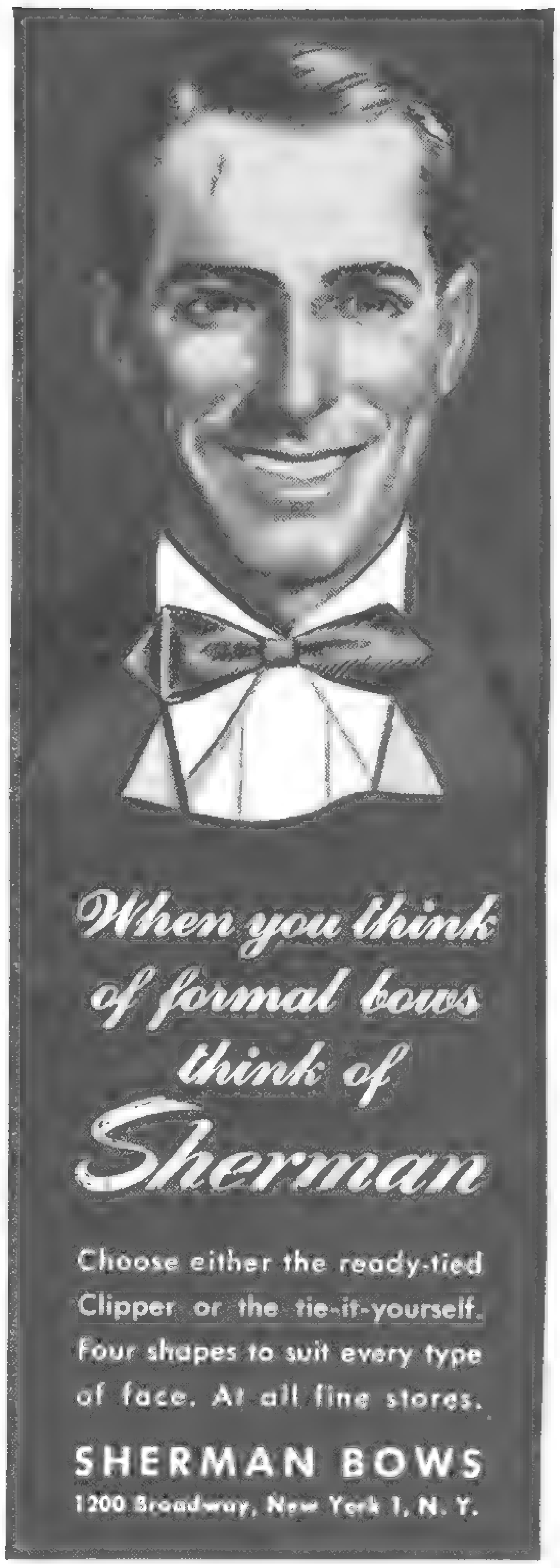

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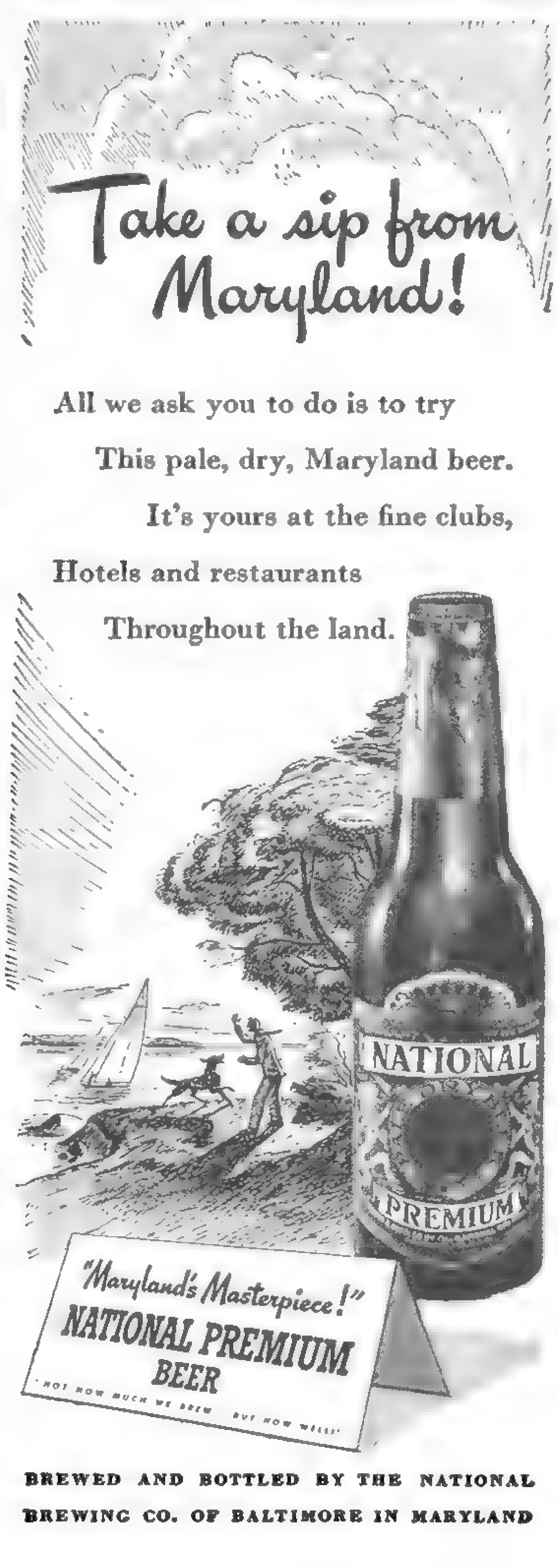

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Painting the Town with Esquire

THAT WONDERLAND of wonder bands, the Café Rouge of the Hotel Pennsylvania, is now flaunting sax and clarinet sensationalist Jimmy Dorsey and his selection renderers. The sustenance à la Statler isn't to be slighted either . . . Crêpes Suzette at the Versailles are up against flame competition from femme hearts listening to Jean Sablon, who makes amour in all the languages he chooses to sing in. Fortunately, the orchestra of Emile Petti and the rumbas of Panchito are here to help you retrieve your lady's attention . . . The opulent Brussels Restaurant has sprouted in new quarters at 111 East 56th St., which afford tall, dark, and debonair host André Pagani space to bow in without boomps-a-daisying anybody.

TED STRAETER and his tune groomers are earning the thanks of smart shanks at the Biltmore's Bowman Room, where viands are really something for a maestro to vie with. February sixth Carmen Cavallaro takes over . . . Muttering, "The public be dazzled!" Diamond Horseshoe pitchman Billy Rose is peddling a fifty grand glitteroo, "Venus on the Half Shell," which plots the modern glamour career of a maid out of a myth. In the course of his own career Mr. Rose has written the lyrics of so many song hits, he can't keep track of them. To refresh his memory, a medley of them is sung in this otherwise new show. Even the paying customers don't seem to mind being reminded.

PALATES DESIROUS of gaining or renewing acquaintance with Mexican food can contact same at the unassuming but authentic little Xochitl (pronounced Zo-cheetl) Restaurant, 146 West 46th, named for a Mexican princess or something. As a break for the uninitiated, the menu carries explanations of the traditional specialties — tortillas, enchiladas, soft tacos, fried tacos, tostadas, etc. You can order a Combination Plate which introduces you to four contrasting curiosities, all of them tasty, involving chicken, beef, and pungent sausage, staged on tortillas, rolled up in them, or "shelled" in them, fried crisp and crunchy. It's like having your chinaware and eating it too.

WE WOULDN'T suggest that you go hear the Joe Mooney Quartet that's playing and singing at Dixon's Steak House (131 West 52nd), we just plain insist. If there's anything that these four men performing on six instruments haven't got, our ears can't think of it . . . If you've speared swordfish and harpooned whales, you won't need to be briefed for your attack on the smörgasbord table at the Castleholm, 344 West 57th. But carry a plate—a basket or a wheelbarrow, though more practical, might be considered pushy.

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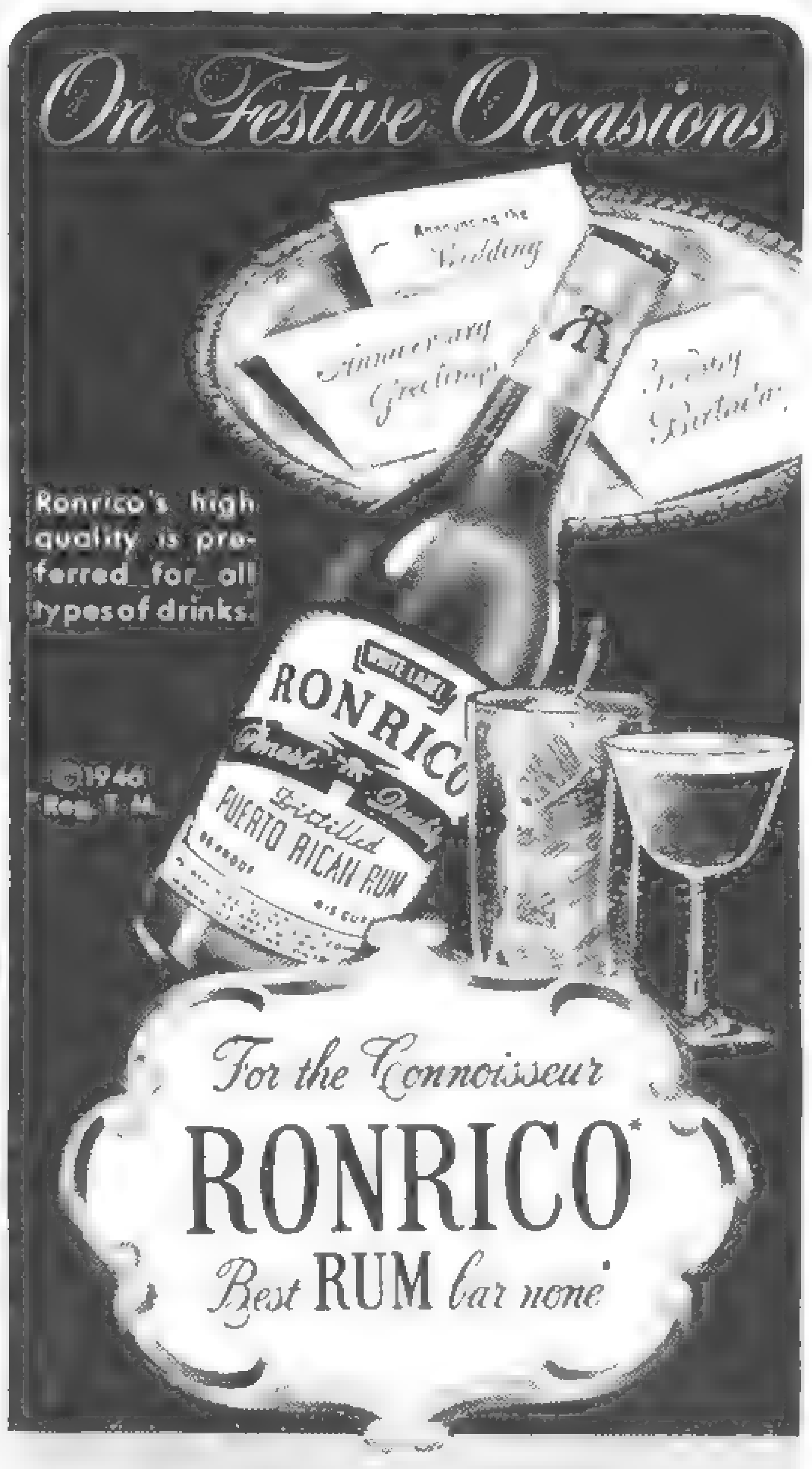
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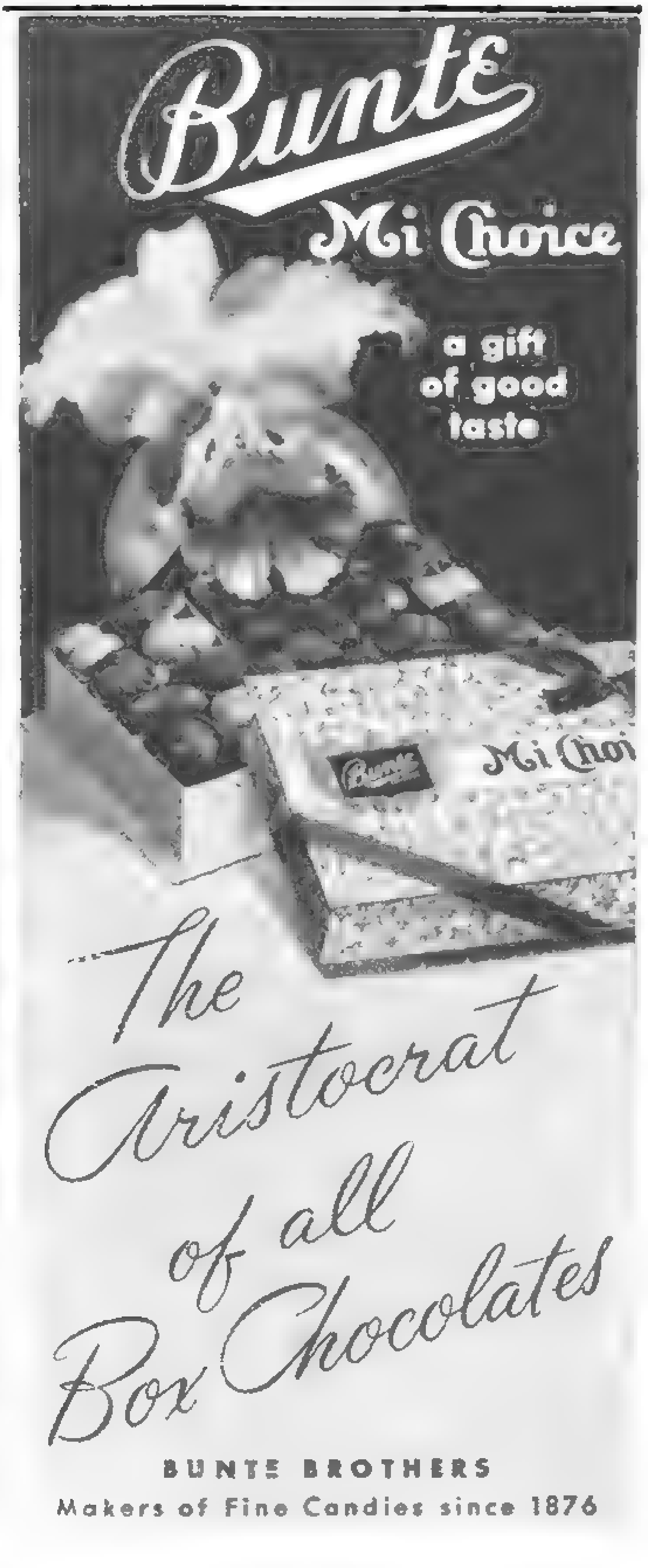
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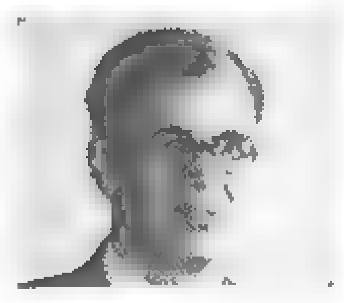

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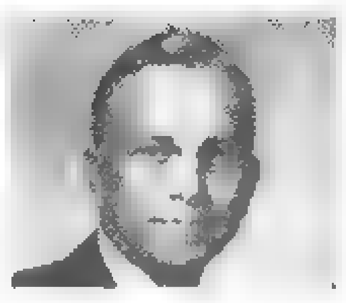

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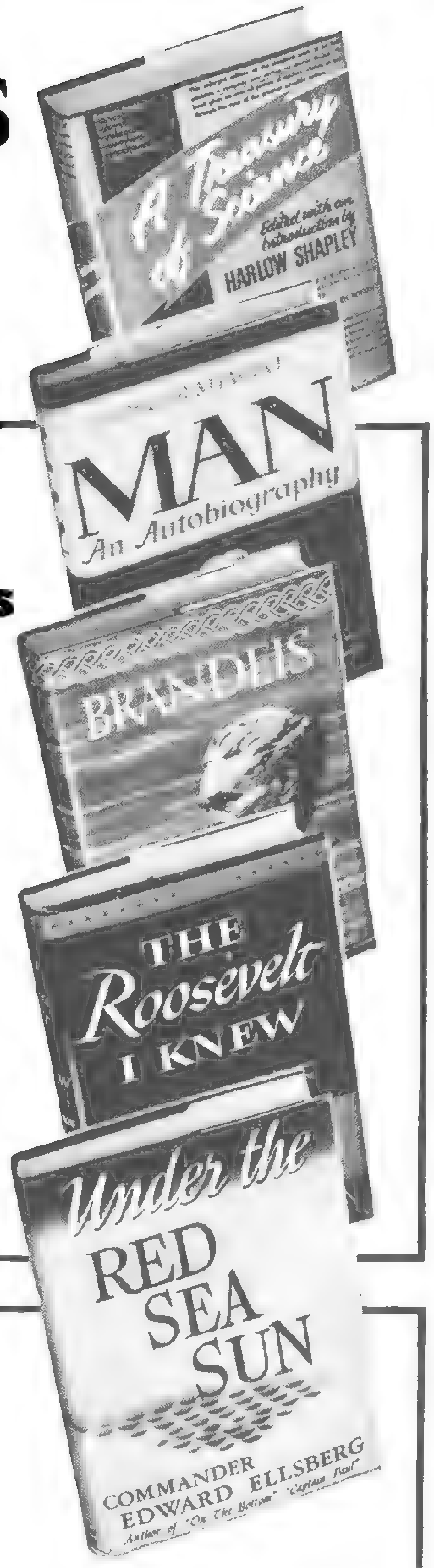

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Painting the Town with Esquire

OPTIMISM REIGNS when table napkins are unfolded at Henri's, 15 East 52nd, and contentment when they are crumpled, with sighs in tribute to the excellence of the grilled filet mignon with Béarnaise sauce, the crab meat Mornay, the broiled sweetbreads Rossini, the duckling casseroled with orange plugs and wine, or whatever other noble number was partaken of. This restaurant, forty years under same management, is a place for communing with the French culinary classics unhurriedly, every bite a rite—not cramming them. If you're a person who takes thought of the morrow, you'll stop at the pastry counter on your way out and buy brioches or crescents for breakfast.

DANCING IN front of the cascade in Monte Carlo's pink-and-silver glade is tune-fed by Dick Gasparre and his able crewmen, alternating with the Siboney rumba ensemble of Alberto Iznaga. Waiters aren't responsible for retrieving any parts of your anatomy shaken loose . . . The small bizarre shaped basement by the name of Village Vanguard (178 Seventh Ave.) is bursting with balladry these nights. Lute twanger Richard Dyer-Bennett is singing them straight and lusty. Maxine "Loch Lomond" Sullivan swings them, cockles, mussels, and all, accompanied by the Herman Chittison Trio, whose pulsing, persuasive rhythms are also dispensed for dancing . . . Pen wielders in the East Forties haven't let ball-pointed modernity alienate them from The Inkwell, alias Dan O'Connor's bar, grill, and school of higher journalism and cartoonacy, 693 Third Ave.

CELESTIAL shenanigans: marquee on 51st St. just east of Broadway, reads "China Doll," but when you worm your way into the good earth down a broad flight of stairs, you find that the dance floor of the Oriental-mooded night club is a-prance and a-sway with a whole bevy of China dolls (super comely)—plus Chinese acrobats, a celestial Sophie Tucker named Frances Chun, and deftly delightful ballroomology by the Tai Sings. If that guy Tai ever gets tired of spinning her, we'll gladly put our shoulder to the wheeling. As for Chinese hillbillies Ming and Ling, with their sly patter and vocal impersonations of Crosby, Sinatra, the Ink Spots, etc., they're such a riot they put you through the wringer. China Doll cuisine is Chinese-American with the accent on epicurean. Among the special Oriental drinks we might mention the Yangtse Virgin—white innocence with a Pernod wallop.

THE HOTEL New Yorker's Terrace Room rink, halted for repairs and recuperation from its excitements, is rolling again with an ice revue which outspeeds, outgirlies any yet. Music for it, and for dancing, is generated by Chuck Foster and his on-the-beamers . . . Agricultural note: Rogers Corner has lost the Korn Kobblers, who were there four years, and has gained another Rogers group, the Kernels of Korn . . . Bivalves get stewed at the Grand Central Oyster Bar.

FLAMENCO STOMP stuff, with high combs, castanets, and high-waisted tight trousers, is on display in the spotlight of the Hotel Pierre's Cotillion Room by the youthful team of Roberto and Alicia. Musical director Charles Reader introduces them with a note of pride. They're his discovery. Another innovation by him is the rumba band, first in Pierre history . . . Prize recipes of the South are enacted into succulent vittles in the attractive Little Old Mansion Patio (244 East 51st), which can accommodate only a fraction of those seeking to be fed. Here Virginia ham gives out extra flavor, baked chicken Carolina has a secret sauce, beefsteak pie is biscuit-crusty, and Mississippi pecan pie is out of this cosmos . . . Taking a tip from Cleopatra, the Samba Sirens of the Copacabana (10 East 60th) are hailing Caesar—first name Sid—whom Monte Proser has invited into their nice white grove of palms as a comedy find, from bit parts in the movies.

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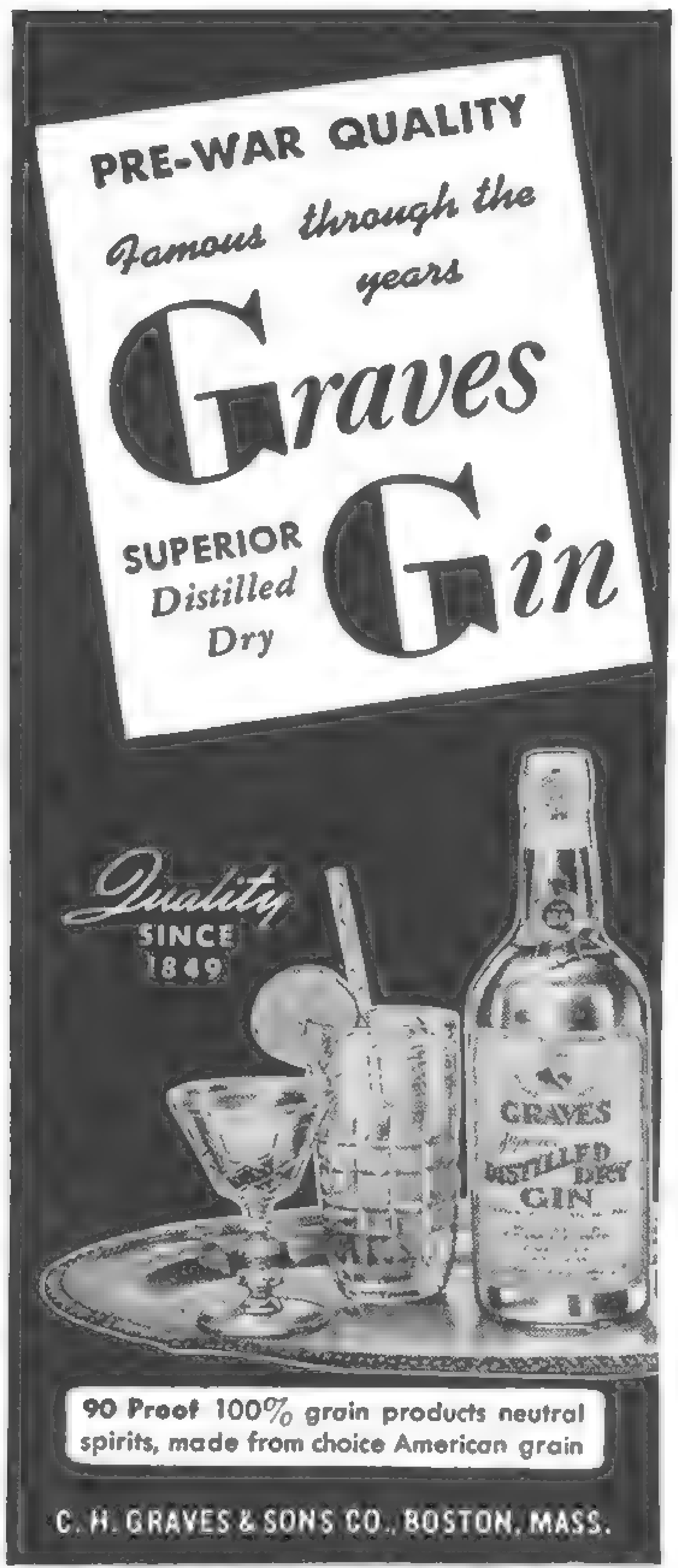
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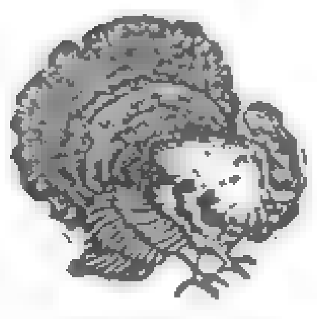
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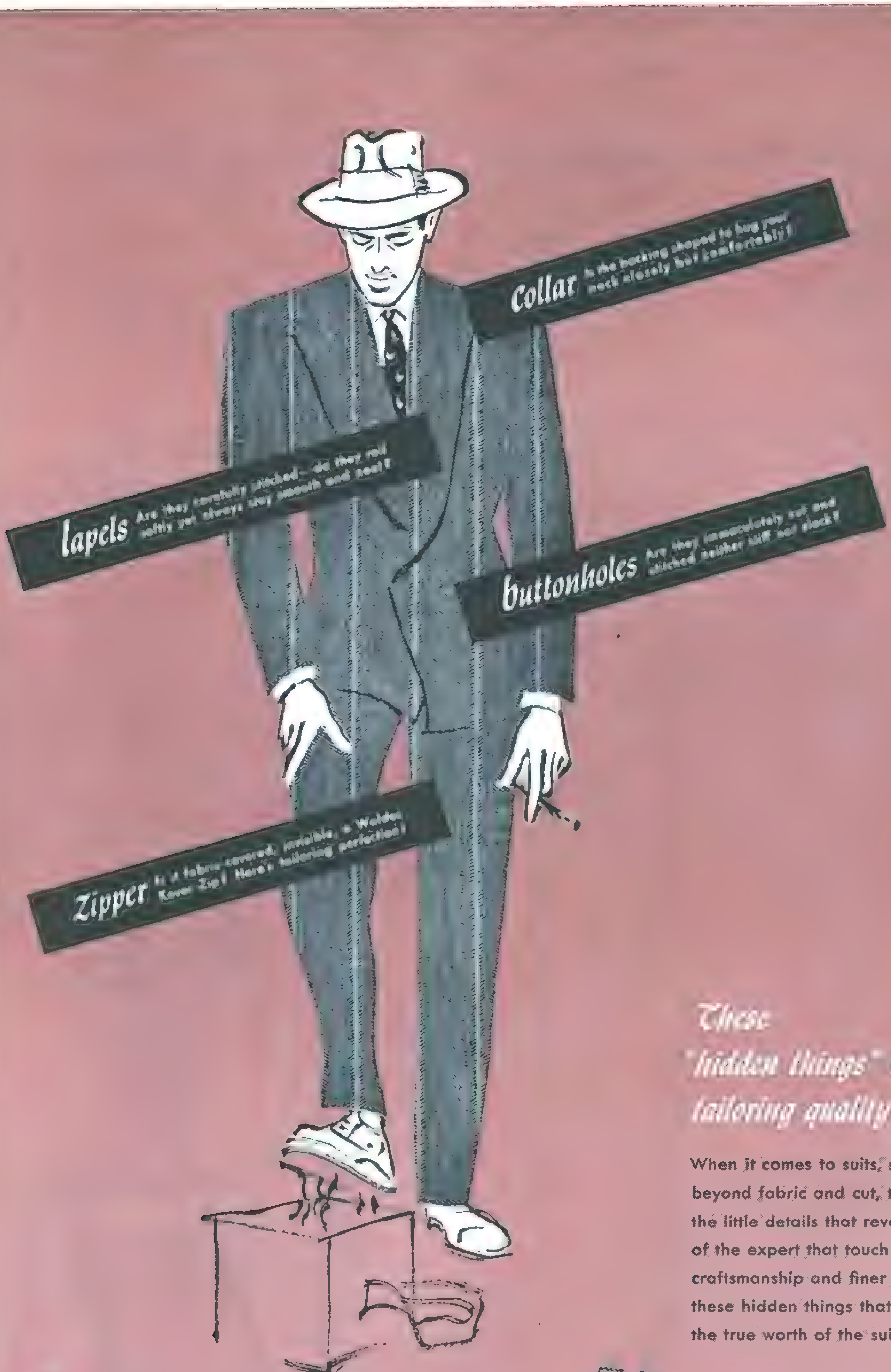
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Holyoke, Massachusetts *A. T. Gallup, Inc.*—(WHYN)
Indianapolis, Indiana *William H. Block Co.*—(WIRE)
Jackson, Michigan *Gray's Men's Wear*—(WIBW)
Jamestown, New York *The Printz Company, Inc.*—(WJTN)
Janesville, Wisconsin *Golden Eagle*—(WCLO)
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Lafayette, Ind. *Geisler's*—(WASK)
Lawrence, Mass. *Macartney's*—(WLAW)
Lewistown, Penna. *Smith Brothers*—(WMRF)
Lexington, Kentucky *Graves, Cox, Company, Inc.*—(WLAP)
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Louisville, Kentucky *Martin's*—(WINN)
Lowell, Mass. *Marcartney's*—(WLAW)
Mansfield, Ohio *Goldsmith's*—(WMAN)
Marinette, Wisc. *Goldberg's Men's Wear*—(WMAM)
Marion, Ohio *The Smith Company*—(WMRN)
Memphis, Tennessee *John Gerber Company*—(WHHM)
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Parkersburg, West Vir. *Stern Brothers*—(WPAR)
Passaic, New Jersey *Max Goldstein & Sons*—(WPAT)
Philadelphia, Penna. *The Arrow Store*—(KYW)
Pontiac, Michigan *Osmun's Store for Men*—(WCAR)
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1683 My Life at U. S. Naval Academy
1710 The Magic of Numbers
1711 Economics of Taxation
1712 Great Dates in History
1714 Determinism vs. Free Will
1715 Funeral Services Without Theology
1717 Religion and Progress
1719 Inge's Apology for Christianity
1721 Gambler's Luck
1727 Fifty Famous Sauces
1738 How to Win Prize Contests
1739 Hints on Developing Personality
1740 True Prison Escapes
1746 Mediums' Tricks and Rackets Exposed
1751 Methods of Criminals
1753 Why Many Women Are Unattractive
1756 Simplified Cook-Book
1760 The United States of Europe
1761 America's Little Hitlers
1826 How to Cash In On Your Veteran's Benefits. The G. I. Bill of Rights

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Backstage with Esquire

★ The Esquire Gallery

Ben-Hur Baz

BEN-HUR BAZ, whose interpretation of the Esquire Girl is on page 79, was born in Mexico City, of Spanish and French descent. After four years of art school at the National Academy of Art in Mexico, he had an exhibition of water colors successful enough to send him to New York. He was then nineteen, had $200 and no knowledge of English. He says: "Following months of deaf-and-dumb confusion, fright and anxiety, I landed a pattern drawing at *Woman's Home Companion* and a job that lasted thirteen years, during which I became their star fashion artist. I gave up fashion drawing to concentrate on portraits, which I had been doing on the side, and in 1942 had a one-man show. A month later I was at Keesler Field, Mississippi, doing basic training. Since returning to civilian life, I've been doing commercial art work, associated with Harry Stephens. My favorite pastime is doing and redoing my apartment; after four trips to Europe I have collected some nice drawings, Empire pieces, and Greek and Roman sculpture. When I can, I would like to collect modern paintings without an eye to making money on them. I detest people who buy art work for speculation without understanding or even liking it." WALTER KLETT is a famous illustrator for popular magazines and in this work he often departs from the "slick" convention by expressing the mood of a story rather than showing any particular scene. Klett was born in St. Louis, attended the School of Fine Arts at Washington University there, and afterward continued his studies in France, Italy, Switzerland and Germany. Aside from his commercial drawing he enjoys painting abstractions which are inspired by musical compositions, as well as portraits of women. These latter are not portraits in the usual strict sense of the word, for they represent types rather than individuals, and one of Klett's critics has said that he is seduced by woman as a species. He is puzzled by the tendency of many painters to choose drab, prosy run-of-the-mill women as subjects. He believes that beautiful women make beautiful paintings and cites the canvases of Velásquez, Goya, Van Dyke, Rubens, Titian and Botticelli to prove his point. His own painting for Esquire furnishes the final argument, as you will agree when you turn to *Divertissement* on page 80. JOE DE MERS (pronounced De Mars) and screen star Nancy Guild (pronounced Guiled) were recently guests of honor at the Pasadena Art Festival where a group of artists competed in sketching portraits of Miss Guild, who was posed in the Esquire manner by Joe. The results were gratifying, Mr. De Mers reports; when the drawings were later held up to view, several thousand Pasadenans who pressed against the stage "Ohhd" and "Ahhd" something fierce. De Mers also rejoices in the behavior of his infant daughter Danielle, whom he has coached to toddle up to displays of children's books and pick his up tenderly while throwing aside all books by his pen-and-palette partner, FRITZ WILLIS.

Walter Klett

Riff Charles

RIFF CHARLES says in his frantic way: "I write stories, paint, play drums and blow a little clarinet. I play a typewriter like the cats on 52nd Street play piano. Usually I fall up to my pad about 11:60 p.m., switch on the blue light, throw some of Dizzy's latest on my record player, adjust my dark glasses and start jammin' on my Underwood. I riff on those 26 keys like Tatum on his 88, and I got a rock-bottom beat. What usually rolls out is jive like The Mop. Sometimes I get in a blue groove and lay down a drastic poem. If nothin' comes out I grab up my drumsticks and take a couple of choruses on the tabletop, or I fall in behind Hawk with my clarinet for a few bars on *Sunny Side of the Street.* But the go-out chorus always finds me back kickin' that clicker. Yeah! That's the jive keeps me alive."

At 34 ALLEN CHURCHILL has been managing editor of *Stage, Town & Country* and *American Mercury,* and editor for McBride and for Putnam, book publishers. After three desk-bound years as Navy editor of *Yank,* he yearns for travel, so he's free-lancing.

Henry Kane

HENRY KANE glowingly describes himself as tall, lean and blue-eyed, with a face like the devil's brother with a happy secret. A native New Yorker, he has been a salesman and a lawyer. His legal clients, according to Kane, were the demimonde and downward—grifters and gunsels, dolls and molls. After Simon and Schuster published his *Halo for Nobody,* he began to take his writing more seriously, with such happy results as *A Glass of Milk.*

VELIO COSTA has spent the last decade in Rome as motion picture stage manager and editor, and contributor to many magazines. During the Nazi domination of Rome, he had to hide from the Gestapo. Since the liberation, he has written an historical book, *Corsari e Bucanieri.*

ROARK BRADFORD (*The Adam Bomb,* page 59) covered some 100,000 miles in bombers during the war, serving as a lieutenant in the U. S. Navy, and complains that he never got his feet wet. While stationed at Washington in the Bureau of Aeronautics he wrote training manuals and textbooks. Last fall he returned to his home in New Orleans which was occupied for the duration by Wave officers . . . A native New Yorker, KIMBALL McILROY sold his first script to the old *Life* magazine while he was at Lawrenceville Academy—a poem, for which he was paid six dollars. He did free-lance and radio writing in Toronto, turning out a weekly sports column till war intervened. Now, after discharge from the Royal Canadian Artillery, and service with the Fourth Canadian Armoured in Europe, he is again living in Toronto.

Frederic Prokosch

FREDERIC PROKOSCH is the distinguished author of volumes of poetry that include *The Assassins* and *Death at Sea* and of novels including *The Conspirators, The Asiatics,* and *The Seven Who Fled* (which won the 1937 Harper prize). His mother was a concert pianist, his father a teacher of German and philology. When he was five his father took him to Europe and he attended school in Vienna, Munich and France. Then, after an interlude in Texas, he entered Haverford College, graduating at the head of his class at eighteen. He continued his education at Cambridge, and got his Ph.D. at Yale. Afterward he taught English at Yale and at New York University. In his student days, he played tennis on college teams and won championships in America, Baden-Baden and Mallorca. He played squash racquets for Yale and Cambridge and in 1934 he held the Connecticut championship.

As a day-nursery director in Bloomington, Indiana, HELEN WEATHERWAX has written *A Word of Warning* from the heart.

Dead Men Don't Bleed, a brief believe-it-or-don't, which you'll find on page 88, is MILTON FRIEDENBERG's first published story, not counting those that have appeared in his college magazine at the University of Richmond, in Virginia. He says: "My Army service was spent in A. S. T., fighting the Battle of Richmond at the Medical College." Now he's a civilian senior, and he hopes to write some more when he isn't busy with hospital work or with the editorship of *The X-Ray,* the MCV yearbook.

Milton Friedenberg

Formerly with Decca Records, GILBERT S. McKEAN recently completed a two-year engagement as lieutenant with the U. S. Signal Corps in London, to resume civilian life, with his wife and daughter, in Minden, Louisiana.

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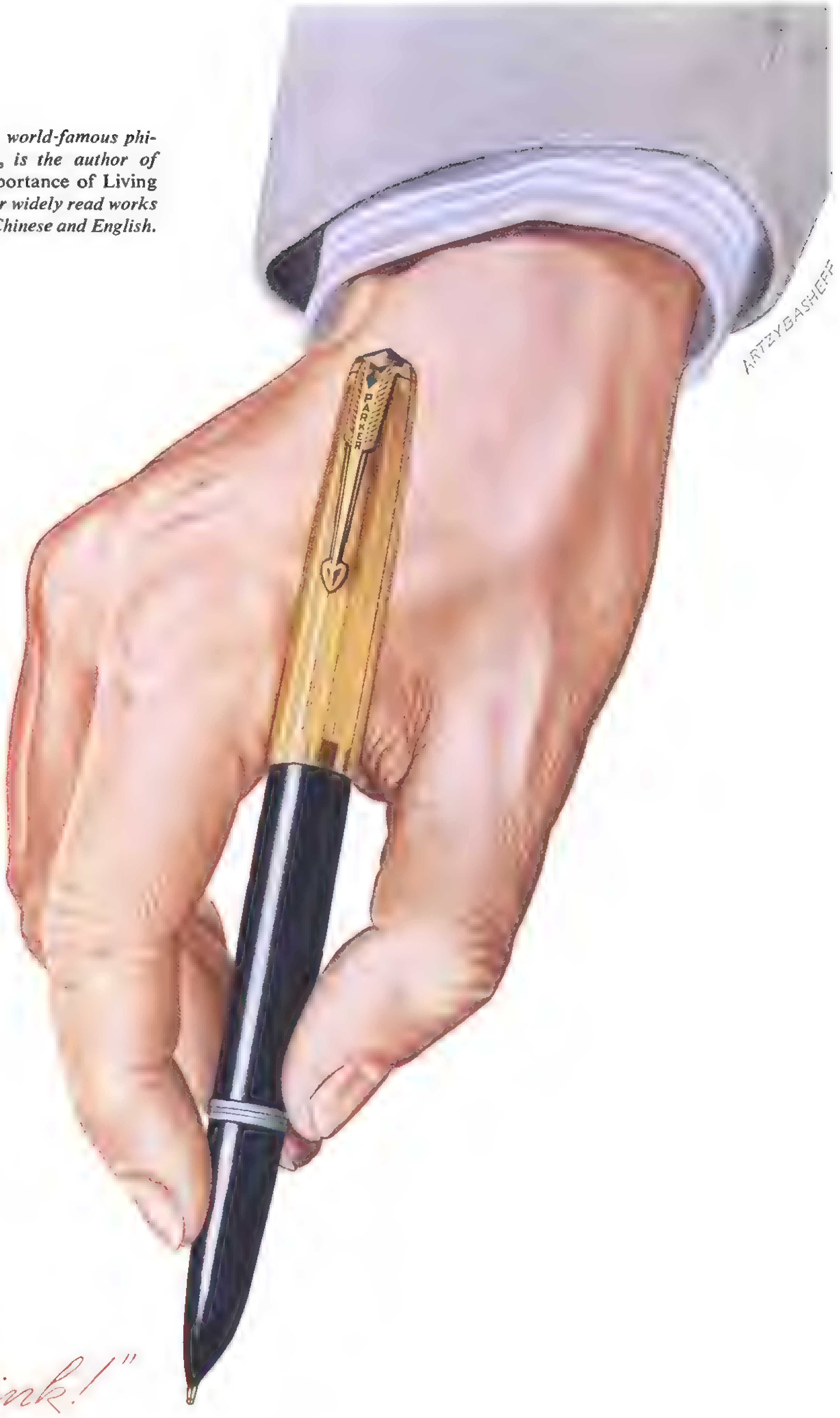
IN THE HAND OF LIN YUTANG

林語堂

Dr. Lin, world-famous philosopher, is the author of The Importance of Living *and other widely read works in both Chinese and English.*



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Let there be good friends to enjoy good taste . . .
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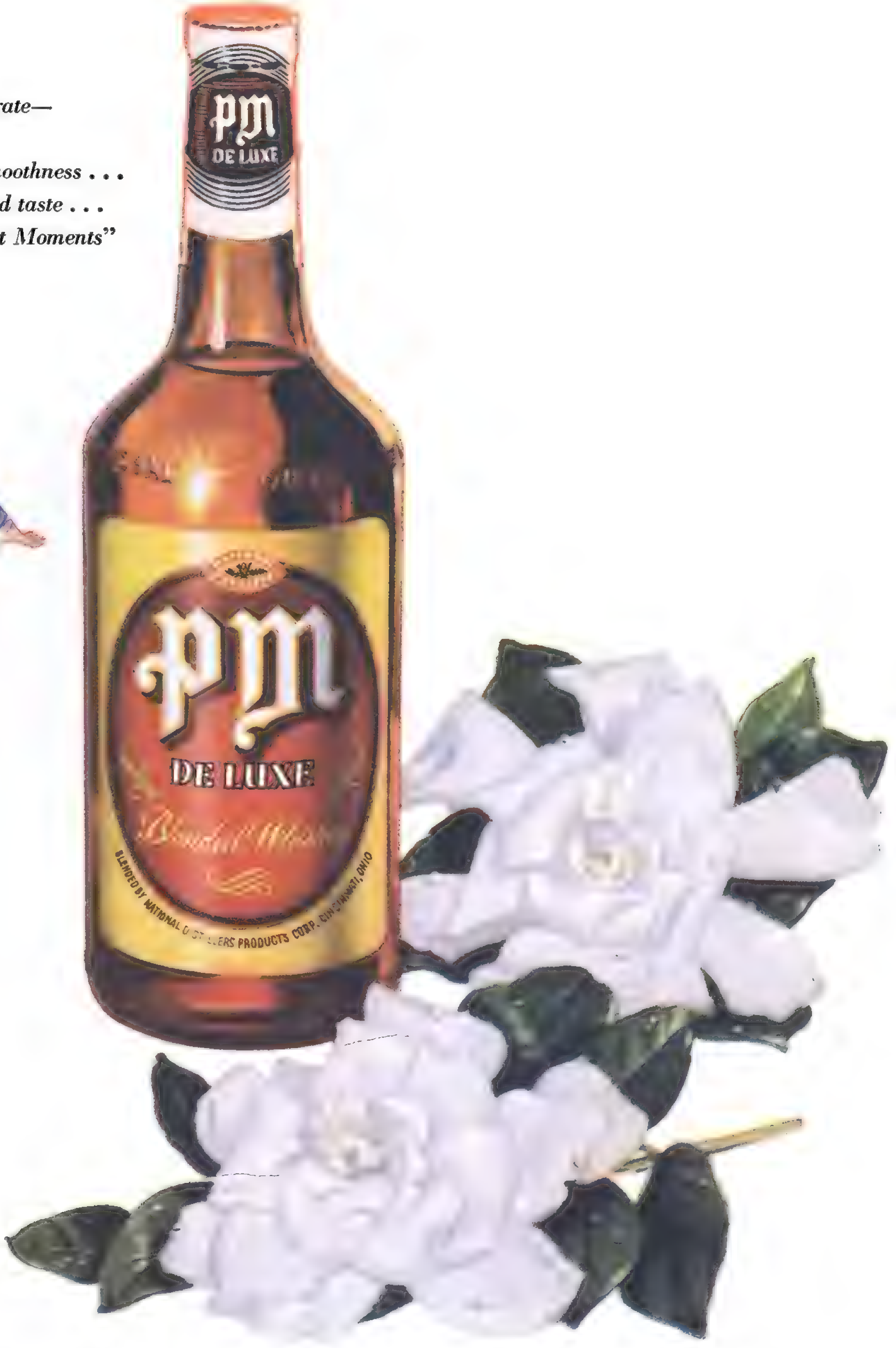
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Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

What in the World . . .

Esky's dissertation of the month concerns such random matters as a gun-toting kangaroo, the gift of a millionaire magi and an introduction to the anonymous man behind Fred Waring's music

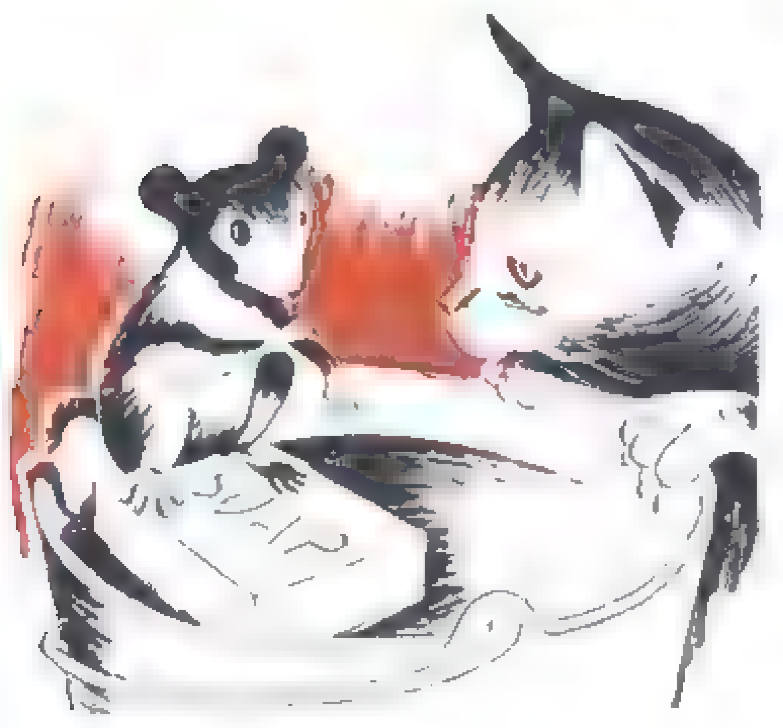
FAULKNER

Parallel

George Orwell, whose book *Animal Farm** relates a revolt of the Animals against Man, possibly was elated the other day to note that a kangaroo in Darwin shot a man with an Army rifle. The 'roo, which probably had Mr. Orwell's book in its pocket, was considerably irked by the fact that a hunter had just shot it through the hind legs, had reloaded, put the butt of the rifle on the animal's neck and was casting around for a stick with which to finish the job. The kangaroo reached up, however, twined a forepaw around the trigger (says Reuters) and shot the Nimrod through the arm. Both patients have been hospitalized and are resting comfortably, although the others in the kangaroo's ward are sometimes kept awake by loud laughter even in the middle of the night.

This encouraging incident—(it's easy to see where *we* stand)—is not without parallel in the book. As you probably know by now, *Animal Farm* goes on to relate how the animals, once they had kicked out their human overlords, went ahead and set up a social state of their own. You can draw your own conclusions, but they call each other Comrade, pitch in for the common cause, sing a rousing revolutionary song, entitled *Beasts of England* ("*Beasts of every land and clime, Hearken well and spread my tidings Of the golden future time*"). An idealistic pig, Snowball, who is also a student of military tactics and agriculture, became their first leader, but it wasn't long before another pig, Napoleon, a snide and domineering sort, set the animals against Snowball, banished him, and maligned his name. Those who protested were slaughtered. A friend of ours, who sees political significance in everything, says that it all reminds him of a country called "R-ss-a." We're calling the State Department right away to check on this.

As a matter of fact, if you are given to such interpretative fancies, the case of Lotus, a Siamese cat in London which once bit a Commando's nose, will give you something on which to speculate. Lotus, a fierce mouser, won fame by adopting a mouse. The mouse, a baby, approached Lotus some weeks ago as the cat was grooming her five kittens in their box, and whiskered her into signing adoption papers. Lotus gave the little mouse a good but gentle scrubbing and admitted it into all the privileges of her own family circle. The people who own Lotus (we promise that we won't mention them again) called the mouse Daniel, for reasons you just guessed.



Well, little Dan'l prospered. Five weeks after his adoption he had grown fat and strong, but not quite as fat or as strong as his five stepbrothers and stepsisters. In fact they had become suggestively boisterous. So now, Dan'l—a mouse who looks ahead—has given up sleeping with the kittens or on the little wad of cotton placed in a box for him, and can be found any night nestled close to Lotus. If the international situation has you stopped, just give a thought to Dan'l and *his* problems. **Harcourt, Brace and Company.*

Rajah's Eye

We glean from Damon Runyon via Lloyd Lewis and the latter's column in *Book Week* the anecdote to clinch for all time Rogers Hornsby's position as the possessor of the sharpest eye in baseball history. (Ted Williams rooters will please go off and get themselves some tradition while we finish.)

The Hornsby eye was so fabulously exact that umpires were sometimes wont to let him call his own balls and strikes: if he let 'em go by, they were balls; if he swung at them, they were strikes. Runyon's tale concerns the time the Rajah was batting against a big Brooklyn rookie named Jumbo Elliott. He let three pitches go by, each one narrowly missing the plate, a judgment Umpire Bill Klem confirmed by calling them balls. Elliott, who begged to differ, did so with some vehemence, while both Hornsby and Klem ignored him. Finally Elliott burned another across, the celebrated Hornsby bat made a vicious arc, the ball left the premises, and Rogers made his customary jog around the bases. Klem watched him for a moment, then removed his mask and walked slowly toward the mound to address himself to the unhappy Mr. Elliott.

"Young man," he said, "when the ball is over the plate, Hornsby will let you know."

Token

The following concerns Jacqueline Cochrane, mother of that most glamourous of all wartime organizations, the Wasps, which readers will recognize as the controversial group of lady pilots the War Department employed to ferry planes.

In addition to being a crack pilot, Jacqueline Cochrane is also the spouse of the outrageously wealthy Floyd Odlum, for whom she recently threw a cocktail party. We'll let *Tide* take it from here: "By 5:30 everybody who was anybody was there except the guest of honor who was off somewhere making himself another million dollars. The party went nicely. It had just about reached the point where everybody laughed at what everyone else said when the great man finally entered.

"A hush fell over the room. Here, in one package, came the head of Atlas Corporation and RKO, a director of the United Fruit Company, a director of Madison Square Garden and a member of the Advertising Club. Mr. Odlum advanced toward Mrs. Odlum. 'Darling,' he said, 'surprise! I bought you a new airplane today.'

"Everybody ohed and ahed. All, that is, except one disgruntled drunk who meant to mutter but bellowed instead: 'All the flower shops must have been closed.' "

Witches' Brew

Esky is now recipient of a communication endorsed by seventeen better-known ladies and gentlemen who somehow or other have managed to cram themselves into an organization known as the National Committee of 13, dedicated to a campaign against superstition and fear. Obviously alarmed by the spread of the latter psychotic afflictions among Americans, the Committee of 13 is sparing no phobia-flaunting to do them under. Breaking mirrors, walking under ladders and across paths patrolled by black cats, and spilling salt are run-of-the-mill activities to the campaigners who also take three lights on matches and indulge in other daring pursuits.

National chairman of the Committee is Woody Herman, known heretofore largely for his clarineting, and among the thirteen vice-presidents in charge of such functions as salt-keeping, ladder-holding and shutter-shutting are celebrities like Jack Dempsey (Amulet Breaker), John Vassos (Curator of Phobias), Sunny Skylar (Macabre Quill-Master), and Susan Reed (Custodian of the Black Cat). The executive secretary and founder of the Committee is Nick

Matsoukas, a highly qualified superstition fighter by virtue of the fact that he has thirteen letters in his name, was born on June 13, the 13th son in a family of 13 children. Nick is justifiably proud that when he came to America he first set eyes on the Statue of Liberty on February 13.

Matsoukas and his fear-hating cohorts are deadly serious about their chosen contribution to a better way of life for their countrymen and are now busily spreading anti-superstition propaganda in the form of educational bulletins. Sixth vice-president Vassos has contributed a batch of his original paintings on phobias to be used for further public enlightenment, and anthropologist Earnest Hooton of Harvard has already aided their cause with a pronouncement to the effect that man's hope rests in himself and not in fears and superstitions. Readers will also be interested to know that thirteen happens to be one of the happier numbers in American history, because our flag has that many stripes, there were just that many original colonies, and the birth of Thomas Jefferson happened on the 13th as did many other noteworthy events.

Readers superstitious and otherwise are invited to cogitate the above and go forth to preach the gospel. Personally, we are already highly motivated, thanks to Mr. Matsoukas and his friends. Boy, throw this horseshoe and rabbit's foot into Outgoing!

Tactics

A lot of words have been printed recently on the subject of whether men really like women or not. Polls have been taken, in defiance of the obvious implication of the wolf's low whistle, suggestion that while man may love the girls, he secretly isn't too fond of them as steady companions. Esky, who tends to the affirmative on the question, believing that women are here to stay and should be encouraged in every way, nevertheless has heard a few stories, no doubt part of a whispering campaign, which may indicate that some slight rivalry between the sexes actually does exist. He reports as the latest on this front:

Unhappily wed, Mrs. M. P. had sued for divorce. The charge: Mr. P. put fishhooks in his pants pocket each night.

A South New Jersey girl and a Boston bartender came to blows over a major problem. The wife persisted in saying "bar" instead of "bah" and "tomato" to rhyme with "potato"—a clear case of ingrained incompatibility.

And, finally, the triumphant ruse of the misbehaving husband who crept stealthily and quietly up the stairs and into the bedroom just as the clock in the steeple struck three.

His wife woke.

"Is that you, Fido?" she asked.

"For once I had presence of mind," the husband related later. "I licked her hand."

Good Arrangement

If your ears have waved blissfully to the sound of Fred Waring's music, and you've wondered—as we have—whoever arranged those same notes that sounded like murder on another program into this beguiling pattern, you'll be glad to learn his name. Roy Ringwald.

Roy does his arranging in a house in a walnut grove in the San Fernando Valley in California. He's been with Waring for the last eleven years, starting with the arrangements he turned out for Stella and the Fellas, when that lively quartette joined the Waring stable. Waring liked his stuff (as who wouldn't) and Ringwald did one arrangement a month for the glee club as a starter. But soon enough he accepted the inevitable. Ever since, he's been doing the choral arrangements for the Waring Glee Club as quickly and as often as he can.

Ringwald attributes the success of the glee club to Waring's amazing knack for organization and his recognition of talent. Waring shows his opinion of Ringwald by permitting him to live near Los Angeles and work when and as he likes, 3000 miles from the singers and musicians who must interpret his work, which is done entirely on paper.

Roy, as the chief arranger of the Waring group, may take justifiable pride in the success of some of their numbers. *The Battle Hymn of the Republic*, for instance, which was first given in their special arrangement in 1943, sold 300,000 copies of sheet music, and forced Ringwald to put out simplified versions in answer to a flood of requests from school clubs, choirs, and the like. Roy is the only arranger who was personally picked by Jerome Kern to interpret his songs. All of these, like most Ringwald jobs, are simplified for smaller orchestras and glee clubs, and sold as sheet music.

The Waring-Ringwald team is the only producer of popular music approved by the Board of Education. They have an amazing rapport with educators all over the country who consider their music to be the perfect bridge between classic music and popular, and the best possible means of acquainting youngsters with harmony, melody, history of music, and its place in life. Ringwald is particularly interested in the educational aspect of music because he remembers how difficult it was for him, when still in school, to get any information or co-operation from the outside, and how limited the average schoolteacher's knowledge is. He considers it important that students find the right cross between classic compositions, which so many of them consider obsolete, something out of a museum, and the more blatant type of music. In his opinion, Waring's choral material and treatment accomplish just that. Since Ringwald loves both sides of music, the serious and the popular, he is able to keep the right balance in Waring's programs.

Ringwald was born in Helena, Montana, in a family that didn't give a damn about music. He was pretty fancy with the zither at the tender age of five. He can still play the zither and the violin, viola, organ, and piano besides, as well as warble a fair tenor strain. Now thirty-ish, slight, dark brown eyes and hair, cheery, he reaches for his notes in the thoughtful company of four dogs, three, cats, and an assortment of barnyard fowl. He thinks of himself as a serious musician and likes to listen to his records. He has over 5000 and so isn't apt to be stuck for a choice too often.

We just thought you'd like to know. Roy Ringwald. That's the guy.

Memo to Linda Darnell

Dear Miss Linda: Now that you've been chosen to play the lead in *Forever Amber* (or were in officio, at least, as we went to press) perhaps you'd like to know something about your namesake.

Amber is a "fossil resin of vegetable origin." It dripped from pine trees in the Lower Oligocene time, 35 million years ago. Amber is soft, barely hard enough to resist scratching by the finger nail. Most amber comes from the shores of the Baltic Sea. As you know, it is used widely in cigar or cigarette holders and in pipe stems, partly, they say, because it was originally thought to be a charm against inhaling pestilence and infection. Amber, in fact, has been worn for centuries as a potent device against disease and ill fortune. It was thought at one time to partake of the divine qualities of the sun.

Still a bit on the poetic side, Linda, is the legend which calls amber the tears of the Heliades. You will remember that the Heliades were the sisters of Phaeton, the lad who tried to drive the sun's chariot and didn't do so well. After his disastrous stint at playing Ben Hur, the Heliades were changed into poplar trees which ever since continually weep tears of amber. We quote from an article by Henry W. Nichols, former Chief Curator, Department of Geology, Chicago Natural History Museum, in case you'd like to test these trinkets for value:

"Imitations of amber are made from other natural resins, from the synthetic resins such as bakelite, and from celluloid and glass. Some of these may be readily recognized but some are quite deceptive. In case of doubt, drop the suspected amber first into a glass of plain water in which it will sink, then into a glass of water in which four spoonfuls of salt have been dissolved. Amber, including the pressed variety, ambroid, will float. Imitations, except copal and possibly some other natural resins, will sink."

Progress

Those eagerly awaiting the cultural benefits to be released through the miracle of television may read, with mixed feelings, a publicity release concerning a program devised by one of the major studios. Soon to be flashed on the magic screen are: The French Angel ("World's Ugliest Wrestler"), the Swedish Angel ("A Monstrosity"), Primo Carnera, who never won any beauty prizes that we know of, and George Temple, billed as Shirley's brother. Another triumph for the future of the race was televised the other day when a sidewalk "roving reporter" supplemented his questions to a lady pedestrian by suddenly opening her handbag and exposing an intimate garment she had secreted there. We are pleased to report that she swung her umbrella on him, for all the television audience to see.

It looks as though television is off to a fine start along the high-minded trail blazed by radio. Get the custard pies ready boys, the studio audience is ready and waiting.

Readers are encouraged, even requested, to send in ideas and reactions to the What in the World *editor, Esquire, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois. Anecdotes and editorial musings accepted will be paid for according to quality. Material must be accompanied by source of information. Sorry, but rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.*

Pepito was young and knew little of the world, but as he traveled he felt for the first time the promise of life

The Trip to Granada

by FREDERIC PROKOSCH

A boy in blue trousers named Pepito Diaz was traveling on a donkey from a small village in the hills down to Granada, where his grandmother lay dying.

He was a handsome boy with thick lips and sad eyes and a low, shy, melancholy voice, and he had never laid eyes on his grandmother. But now the news had come to his village that she was dying; and his father sent him across the hills, partly as an act of penance, partly out of covetousness, and also perhaps in order to whip some experience into the boy, who was an indolent, dreamy fellow.

It was dusk already, and he was still far from Granada. Once or twice, as he turned a curve in the craggy road, he imagined he could see a cluster of yellow buildings lurking deep in the valley; but he was wrong—it was only the evening mist in the almond groves.

It began to rain suddenly, and he climbed off his burro and led him to the mouth of a small cave, where the little grey animal lay down beside a tree. Pepito himself crept into the cave to keep dry, and there he sat, listening to the raindrops and talking to the donkey.

"You'd like to come in too, Ezequiel? Well, you can't. Life is unfair. Animals are inferior to men, my Uncle Ramòn tells me, and so they must suffer. Besides, you're used to sitting in the rain. I'm not. You're not unhappy, are you, Ezequiel? Never mind, you'll get over it. Life is mad. Don't take it seriously. Here I am, riding down to Granada, and why? To look at an old lady of eighty-three who is dying. She's my grandmother, but I wouldn't know her from Queen Isabella. Why do people grow old? Why do they die? I've stopped asking those questions long ago, Ezequiel. Ever since my kitten Conchita died, three years ago. What's happened to her? She's dead; did she go to heaven? God knows. Everyone keeps pretending. Everyone acts as though there were a great mystery about things, which no one understands. Maybe there is. We're born, we die. Well, I don't understand it, Ezequiel. You're the only one I trust. I love you, Ezequiel, but you're such a lazy scoundrel. . ."

The burro, sitting in the rain at the mouth of the cave, seemed to be listening sympathetically, with his left ear cocked in the direction of the boy sitting in the cave.

"Well, my wife died last year," muttered someone, "but I'm sure she didn't go to heaven. And they wouldn't even allow her in hell for very long, I should think. She was always in a tantrum."

Pepito turned around nervously to see who had spoken. But he saw no one. The inside of the cave was pitch-black.

"Everything keeps getting worse," said the same voice, in a funereal tone. "Food, customs, human nature. Everything goes downhill. Have you ever known anyone to grow better as they grew older? Have you ever known a woman to grow more beautiful, or more gentle, or a man grow stronger and more honest as the years go on? No. Of course not. And take myself. I'm fifty-five. Everything is sliding downhill. Teeth, hair, legs, digestion, liver, virility—everything gets a bit more dilapidated year by year. And men have the impudence to say the world's improving. That's what they call progress! . . ."

"Who are you?" said Pepito boldly, staring into the darkness.

"Who am I? That's what I've been asking myself for fifty years, my boy. Who am I? God knows. I might have been the King of Siam, if I'd been born somewhere else. I might have been a cow, or a dolphin, with a bit of luck. Who am I? Don't ask foolish questions, my lad. Nobody is anybody. No one exists."

Pepito, who was a bright, inquisitive boy, was becoming interested in this conversation.

"No one exists?" he inquired gently, in his sad, sweet voice. "That's just what I keep wondering. Here I am, my name is Pepito Diaz, I'm on my way to Granada to visit my poor old grandmother whom I've never seen. But how do I know I'm not dreaming? Sometimes when I'm dreaming, I say, 'Are you sure you're really awake, Pepito?' And then I wake up and say, 'Well, it was only a dream after all.' But a moment later something fanciful comes along, like a blue camel, and I know I'm still dreaming. Finally I really wake up. But how do I know it isn't still a dream?"

"You're a clever boy," said the voice inside the cave. "How old are you?"

"Seventeen," said Pepito, lying; he was only fourteen.

"Well, you've been born with a philosophical turn of mind, there's no doubt about it. So was I. When I was twenty-one I was a student in Cordoba—there was nothing I didn't know. I could have stood on my head and recited Lope de Vega backwards to you. I knew the complete history of ancient Greece, and of Babylon as well. I studied Avicenna and Averroës. And what good did it do me? All this learning? It made me sad, that's all. It drove me to drink, that's all. Watch your step, my boy. Wisdom is a dangerous thing. . ."

"You're right," said Pepito eagerly. "The more I think, the sadder I grow . . . I wish I could see your face, señor, I've begun to feel a deep respect for you. No one at home ever speaks to me like this. Are you a native of Andalucia?"

But there was no reply, and Pepito began to hear the man snoring, more loudly and persistently as time went on.

Then he observed that the rain had ceased, the stars were out again, and his burro was looking at him with a restless expression.

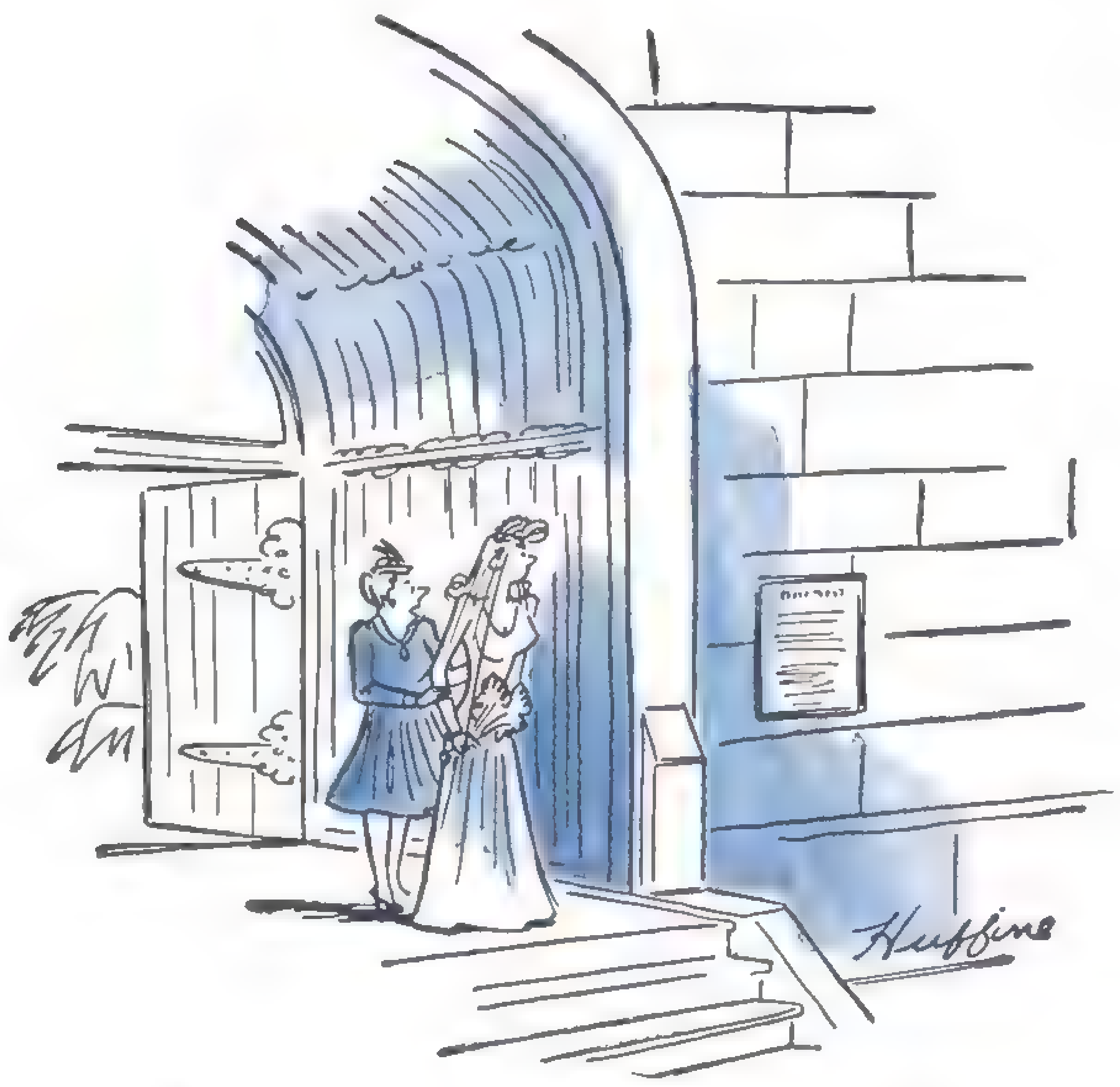
With a sigh of regret Pepito rose, patted Ezequiel behind the ears, and continued on his way to Granada.

A little later he passed a small cottage alongside the road, in which a single lamp was burning behind a lace curtain. He was very thirsty now, and he knocked gently on the door. No one answered, and he knocked a second time and cried softly: "Señor! Señor! May I have a drink of water?"

He heard a rustling, skirmishing sound, and then the curtain was drawn a few inches to one side, and he saw an eye peering at him through the windowpane. It continued to stare for two or three minutes. Then it vanished and a little later the door opened and someone said in a silky voice: "Come in, my child. You're quite alone?"

Pepito nodded modestly and entered. It was a woman who had opened the

(*Continued on page 157*)

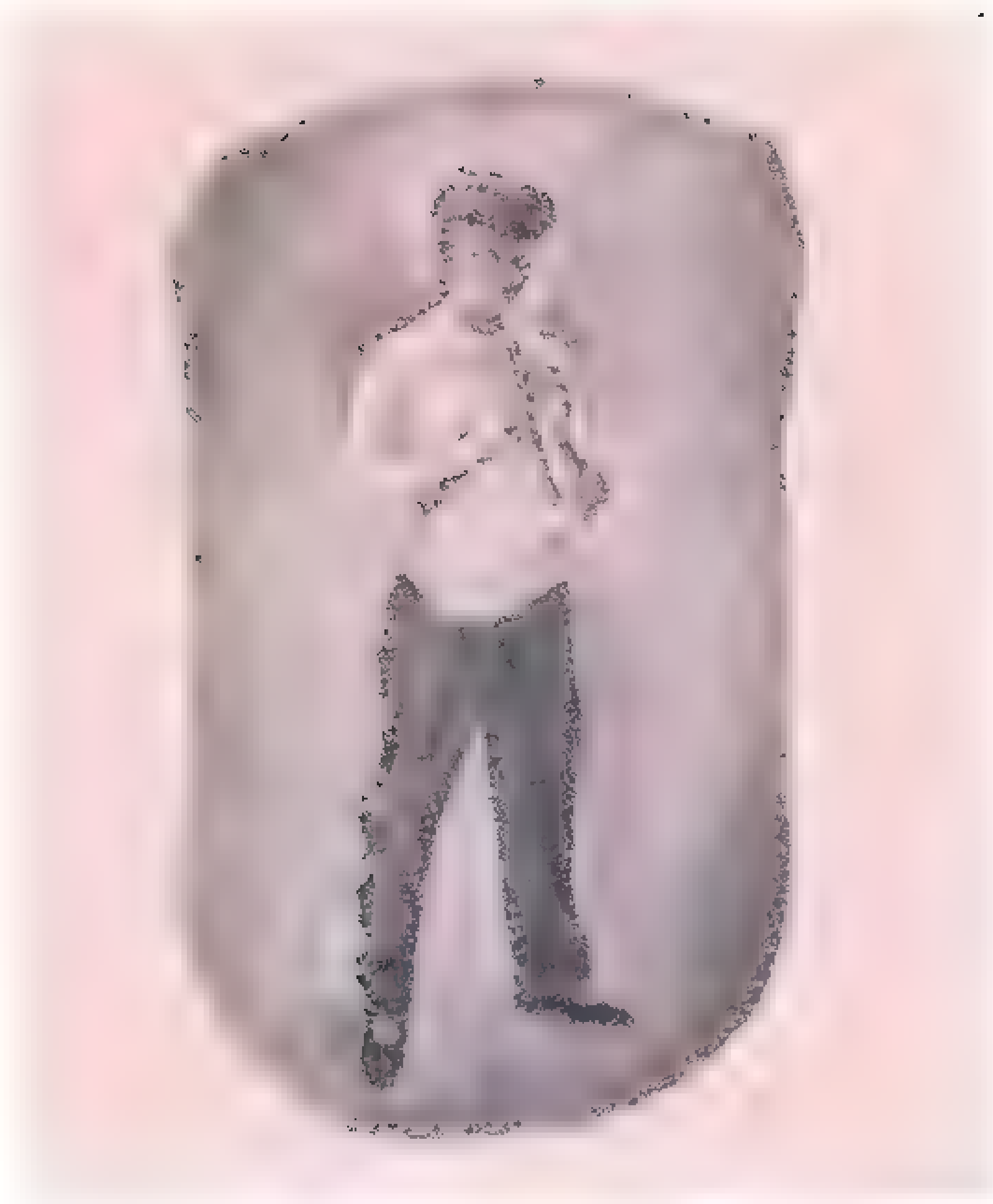


"Come, dear . . . don't let him see that you care"

When this bush-headed cat played blues, it was like a beautiful something mortal man had no business even knowing about

Concerning The Mop

by RIFF CHARLES


LEVIT

I GET off the job at 1:30 so it musta been between then and 2 a.m. that I'm walkin' down the street carryin' a cigarette in my hand. I remember I wasn't smokin' the cigarette cause the fresh air tasted so good. Man, there ain't a cigarette made that can pick you up like that old fresh air can after four-five hours in a stuffy joint.

So I'm walkin' along diggin' this fine air and not payin' any attention to where I'm goin' when the thing grabs hold of me. It's like a fish bein' hooked and reeled in, only there ain't no hook in me and nobody's even on the street to do the pullin'. I'm scared as hell.

Maybe I'd better tell you that I'm in the upper fifties, just off Fifth Avenue, on one of those dim-lighted side streets that's stacked with big brownstone houses.

You see, I got six weeks with option at this joint called The Onyx Club which, for the information of any of you characters who don't pick up on jazz, is on 52nd Street. And I might as well say right here that if any of you good people are passin' by durin' the next two weeks by all means fall in and mash a greeting on me. I'll come over to your table and have a drink with you and you can introduce me to your friends and it might help to impress that chick you're scufflin' with.

But to get back to the story where I'm on this side street in the upper fifties and outa control.

Like I say, the street is lined with these big brownstone jobs which all look like twins. I walk along for awhile, then I come to a dead stop in front of one of these houses and I turn in. I walk down a half-dozen steps and stop again before the basement door, one of those big massive deals like the old speaks used to have.

All this time I'm comin' on like a zombie. I know what I'm doin' all right, but what I don't know is why.

I open the door real easy and have a look in.

At first all I can see is a lotta heavy blue fog. The naked light bulb hangin' from the low ceilin' looks to be almost smothered out and is givin' only a dim, strugglin' glow. When my senses begin to come round I discover the fog ain't fog at all but cigarette smoke, and I see figures of men crowded about, and it's a small room we're in.

Over in one corner is a long table with a mess of bottles on it. Most of 'em are empty. And there's a bowl that's had some ice in it, but not recently. There's water on the table top, too.

EXTERMINATORS
Ned Hilton

"Now the coup de grace . . . Butch slips the little rodent a mickey . . ."

Over there in another corner is a piano, an old upright piano, with a dark figure huddled over its keyboard selectin' soft, rhythmic chords from it. I hear the chords. Standin' next to the piano is a bass-man and sittin' by his side is a man with a guitar and they're both strokin' their instruments with a fine steady beat. I feel the beat. There's a set of drums, too, and the drummer with his brushes is part of this beat.

It's then that I finally see him. It's then that I see and hear what all these cats are diggin' so close.

Sittin' slumped down in an old, wooden, straight-backed chair, his coat draped over the back of the chair, his tie loosened and his collar unfastened, sittin' with a clarinet held between his legs, his eyes plumb closed and sweat runnin' down his face, is a little guy with a pale complexion and a great big head of hair. He's sittin' there, his face screwed up in a sorta painful expression and he's playin' in the low register.

I give one look and, wham, somethin' kicks me in the gut and I'm back to normal once more. Yeah! Just like that I'm let go by this thing that's had me.

It's the hair that does it. Even in the dim light of this room I can see the hair on top of this guy's head and I don't have to be told no more.

As he's sittin' there blowin' that clarinet the little hairs on top his head are standin' up and vibratin', kinda like the way snakes stand up and weave round when those cats over in India blow on their fish horns.

And every once in a while the character goes wild and aims his clarinet at the ceilin' and lets out a drastic wail and the whole bunch of hair just naturally raises up and does a big quiver.

There's only one cat in the world like this and that gives me the answer to everything.

I know now it was The Mop's clarinet that reached out there and pulled me in off the street. And I don't try to question it, even though my ears didn't actually hear any music. There's some things that it just ain't a man's place to know about or try to understand. The Mop's clarinet is one of these and his wig is another.

I look around me to see who's down here in this smoke-filled room. And it's just like I shoulda known. Everybody's there. Everybody in jazz and all of 'em with that glassy-eyed look, diggin' and hangin' onto every phrase, every note that's comin' out that bell. Jack, they're *all* knocked out!

But then The Mop always does gas everybody with his blowin'. I guess there ain't a cat in town who won't jump his stand and cut out from a job when he gets word The Mop is at it somewhere. And you can't blame 'em. It's somethin' you can't control, so what's the use tryin' to fight it?

I close my eyes and listen to what's comin' outa that clarinet and I'm immediately put under. Man, he's not blowin' that thing like you think of a clarinet as bein' blowed at all. He's not playin' like B. G. or Shaw or Barney Bigard or any other clarinet player you can think of. He's not blowin' like you can even imagine a clarinet bein' blowed.

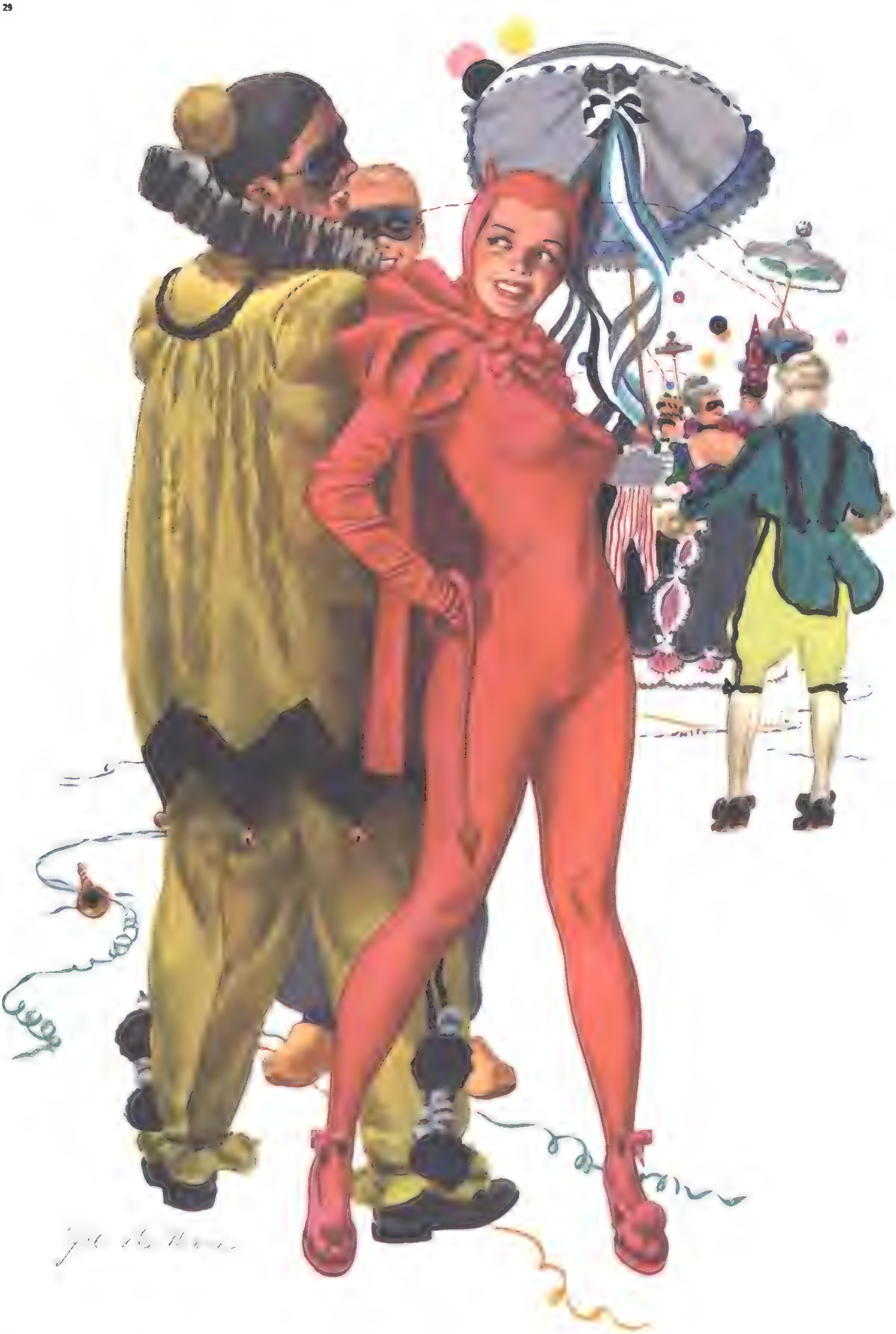
Y'know, when The Mop first showed on 52nd Street a few months ago he created a small riot. Everybody immediately started scufflin' to get at him with contracts and stuff. They were all for throwin' together a sixteen-piece outfit and buildin' it clear round the cat.

But The Mop wouldn't even talk to 'em. Flatly refused to work anyplace, with anybody, for any amount.

Later, when some of the cats tried to talk him into sittin' in on some record dates, he put his horn under his arm and just disappeared for a couple weeks.

So nobody ever says anything to him any more, just lets him come and go like he wants to. We don't know where he lives, how he gets his gold or nothin'. He just falls in at odd times from outa nowhere and when he's all through blowin' he cuts out for nowhere again.

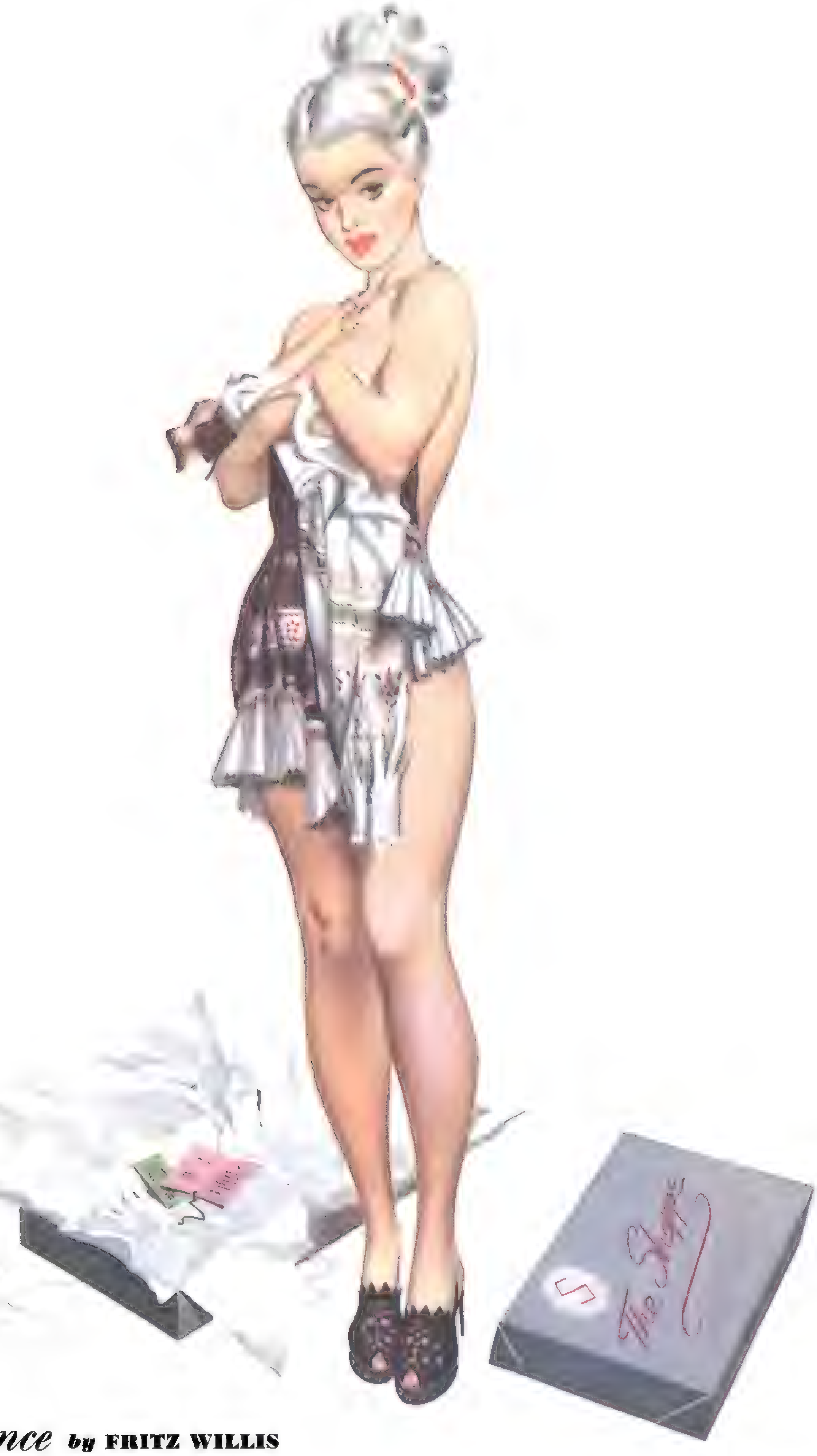
But like (*Continued on page 129*)



Devilish by JOE DE MERS

Not content with the generous dash of devilment and mischief in any girl sprightly enough to flash her eyes, the artist has chosen to accent the challenge with his Esquire Girl cast as a flaming imp. It could be that her companion the clown soon will be laughing (as any self-respecting clown should) to hide a breaking heart, if he thinks to joust with this expert from the hot regions in the immemorial battle of wits and love. He may rush in where angels fear to tread, but if the truth be known, an eternal diet of sulphur and brimstone would be a pleasant trade for a flashing smile from such a spitfire—if only she meant it.

ESQUIRE GALLERY NO. 30



Innocence by FRITZ WILLIS

The quality of innocence, says the artist, is not one to be approached innocently. And lest the above sound too obscurely philosophical, consider our wide-eyed Esquire Girl of the present instance. Innocent, true, but only because young, yet in that very youth lingers a wisdom that comes with the chromosomes and needs only the tempering of experience to make it devastating. She is the kid next door that you only remembered dimly. You have been halfway round the world and back and have seen high deeds done in Hungary, Manila and Siam. But an open glance from those *innocent* eyes, and you might just as well never have left home.

The fourth annual poll turns up some evergreens plus a few mild surprises

Esquire's All-American Jazz Band, 1947

by LOUIS SIDRAN

The jazz season of 1946 has now been neatly tucked away into the book where reposes the living record of hot. And with it have gone the names of the gentlemen who supplied the heat and drive that made it. This month Esky salutes these titans of jazz—Goodman, Armstrong, Norvo, Ellington and all the other solid citizens who make and play the fine two-, four- and eight-beat music that is authentic American and a top-quality export product as well.

For the fourth time around, the annual Esquire poll to select the All-American Jazz Band has completed the circuit. Experts polled this year as always included jazz critics of all musical denominations — from those who worship at the shrine of the Mahogany Hall to those who take their penance in the Panther Room. Despite their diversity of backgrounds and tastes, however, the musicians chosen for Gold and Silver Esky honors were selected almost invariably from among practitioners of the newer jazz rather than among descendants of the traditionalists who still play the clarinet ride in *High Society* as Rappolo played it.

While the jazz horizon shifts constantly, with new stars rising and old stars falling as regularly as the beat of a metronome, the Esquire poll once again demonstrates that certain jazzmen seem to go on forever. This year, Benny Goodman receives his fourth consecutive gold Esky for his unbelievably brilliant and consistent work on clarinet. Red Norvo matches the King's record with his fourth selection as the Gold Award winner on vibes. Coleman Hawkins also scores for the fourth straight time as does Louie Armstrong (male vocalist). Old Satchmo', in fact, walks off with two first prizes to match the achievement of Duke Ellington, winner in both the arranger and band categories.

The quadruple repeat performances of these four evergreens is a fact to be pondered seriously. With the exception of Armstrong on trumpet and Buddy Rich on drums, every Gold Award winner for '47 won either a gold or silver Esky in '46 (and Louie's excuse may well be that he was not very active last year). In brief, the jazz scene is being dominated by twenty or so giants whose musicianship remains outstanding, come shifts in the weather or in the public taste. And—we repeat—these giants are almost invariably members of the modern swing school (there are even re-boppers among them!) which scratchy record addicts are prone to condemn as overarranged and commercial.

Cogitating this fact, the jazz student may well ask simultaneously what's become of the dispensers of the ancient hot, the boys who specialized in emotion not necessarily tempered with technique, who played it the way they felt it, however hamstrung they may have been by musical illiteracy.

Esquire's All-American Jazz Awards, 1947

Gold Award

Louis Armstrong, trumpet	Buddy Rich, drums
Bill Harris, trombone	Chubby Jackson, bass
Benny Carter, alto sax	Red Norvo, vibraharp
Coleman Hawkins, tenor sax	Duke Ellington, arranger
Benny Goodman, clarinet	Duke Ellington, band
Teddy Wilson, piano	Louis Armstrong, male vocalist
Oscar Moore, guitar	Billie Holiday, female vocalist

Silver Award

Dizzy Gillespie, trumpet	Dave Tough, drums
Vic Dickenson, trombone	Ed Safranski, bass
Willie Smith, alto sax	Harry Carney, baritone sax
Lester Young, tenor sax	George Handy, arranger
Barney Bigard, clarinet	Woody Herman, band
Art Tatum and King Cole, tied, piano	King Cole, male vocalist
Barney Kessell, guitar	Ella Fitzgerald, female vocalist

New Stars

Miles Davis, trumpet	Shadow Wilson, drums
Trummy Young, trombone	Ray Brown, bass
Sonny Stitt, alto sax	Milton Jackson, vibraharp
Lucky Thompson, tenor sax	Ted Dameron, arranger
Rudy Rutherford, clarinet	Boyd Raeburn, band
Dodo Marmarosa, piano	Al Hibbler, male vocalist
John Collins, guitar	Sara Vaughan, female vocalist

A good number of the experts—including several who voted in our present poll—are known for their criticism of big-band jazz. Vocally and in writing, they have belabored the music of those who have supposedly "sold out" to the almighty buck. At the same time they have wept fat tears over the fate of the unfortunate jazzmen who maybe couldn't control their instruments as well as they should but who nevertheless were the only legitimately "inspired" creators in the jazz idiom. There were even those critics who felt that a musician's scope was inversely affected by his technical proficiency; thus, they argued, if you can read, you'll stop faking; if you can finger, you'll forget soul and go in for schmaltz. In their tight and smoky little circles, the weird double-stops blown by energetic clarinetists who had never run scales or practiced vibrato were somehow better listening than the clean, fat tone and intricate ideas of BG. (The fact that Teschemacher played flat was an asset, too, you understand.) Incensed against the popular pyrotechnics of a drummer like Krupa or Rich, they swore devotion to a kind of drumming which can only be called "melodic" and which the drummer did while shimmying on his stool. The latter brand was most righteous because it was perhaps closer to Stalebread and the spasm bands and Buddy Bolden would have preferred it.

Well, this kind of nonsense seems to have been kicked into the limbo where lie such valiantly defended casualties of history as the Single Tax, the Bacon-Wrote-Shakespeare movement, and the idea that toads cause warts. All of which is a good thing because it hints that the critics of jazz are beginning to catch up with the musicians who play it. This is not to say that there haven't been jazz musicians who made the sellout to schmaltz. There have been, of course, and Harry James is only the most glaring example. But even here, the fact remains that James can still play a good jazz horn when he wants to. If you give valiant old Bunk Johnson a big A for effort, it doesn't follow that you give James a red D for technique. You may flunk Harry for neglecting his lessons, but don't accuse him of being a bungling musician.

And so now it seems that the critics, too, are coming of age — a happy status the musicians themselves achieved some time ago. And the all-important business of progressivism in jazz is finally getting a nod from those who write about the subject. A glance at the present list of award winners will convince the most skeptical that the jazz which catches on and is most widely respected is the jazz which has grown and which continues to grow. It is jazz played by men who ran scales first and riffs second, who mastered their instruments before they deigned to tackle an art form as taxing as jazz improvisation.

Now—a run-down on the balloting:

Trumpet. Perhaps the comeback of the year is that of Armstrong on trumpet. Unplaced in the balloting last year and singled out for his singing alone, Louie snapped back off a so-so season to re-establish himself in the first horn seat. More people saw and heard him in '46 than in some time: seeing and hearing is believing, for what Satchmo' has lost in lip strength, he makes up for in that fabled drive he never seems to lose. Louie's victory over Dizzy Gillespie was clear, though the latter's much disputed high-flying style was endorsed by enough of the critics to win him the silver Esky over such (*Continued on page 124*)

Jazz Forum: Has Jazz

The nation's best-known swing drummer votes a resounding "No"

by **GENE KRUPA**

Gene Krupa lives in Yonkers in a handsome house he designed himself. From the time charming Mrs. Ethel Krupa meets you at the door until you leave, you'll hear music at the Krupas'. But, surprisingly, it is all symphonic music—albums by Delius, Ravel, Milhaud, Stravinsky, Debussy, by Gene's friend, Leonard Bernstein and by other classical composers. A discussion between Gene and David Broekman, the symphonic conductor, at the 400 Club where the Krupa orchestra was currently playing, prompted the debate on these pages. George Carhart, for many years Gene's close friend, talked to Gene in a series of interviews at Columbia record dates, and at the Capitol Theatre in New York. The result is this article which Gene feels explains his point of view.

My good friend Leonard Bernstein says that symphonic music, "serious" music written for performance by the full orchestra, has been influenced by jazz. The jazz influence is said by some critics to be especially apparent in Bernstein's own compositions.

I disagree. I have never heard anything genuinely and honestly derivative of jazz in any such music, even, maybe especially, in such works as Igor Stravinsky's *Ebony Suite*, which Woody Herman, with his usual swing instrumentation, brilliantly performed last season in Carnegie Hall and several other places. I've never heard it in any of the "serious" pieces of George Gershwin, who, anybody will tell you, was pre-eminently "the American jazz composer."

But, then, I've never heard it, as has John Hammond, in the works of Darius Milhaud, for all that during his American visit in the early thirties, Milhaud listened, entranced, to the unsurpassable jazz virtuosity at the hot piano of such great artists as Fats Waller, Earl Hines and Jimmy Johnson. I watched Maurice Ravel, at the old Sunset in Chicago, marvel at Jimmy Noone's transcendent clarinet. Jimmy could fly over a clarinet like no one before him or since—ask Benny Goodman—and it was undoubtedly Noone's technical virtuosity, not the music itself, which obsessed Maurice Ravel. For all his preoccupation with rhythm, I've never heard the least echo of that music, or any music like it, in his compositions.

Leonard Bernstein and others profess to hear traces, echoes, derivations of jazz in Frederick Delius, John Alden Carpenter, Manuel De Falla, Honegger, Prokofieff, even Shostakovich.

The influence of jazz has been found by someone or other, unnecessarily eager to make out a case for jazz that it doesn't need, anxious perhaps to endow it with reflected "respectability" so that he won't need to make excuses to himself and others for liking it, in the works of these composers. But, in my opinion, it isn't there.

Let's pay a little more attention to two of the composers mentioned earlier—Stravinsky and Gershwin. They are reputed to show the most jazz influence. The contention might well stand or fall with them.

Stravinsky did evince preoccupation with jazz music. He talked about it. He wrote a series of compositions with titles referring to "ragtime," but no evidence of that preoccupation appears in the actual music, honestly examined, honestly listened to. That preoccupation was purely verbal. Although apparently able to sense, to feel, the jazz tempo, he has been unable to express it. His tremendous musical vitality did not encompass the peculiar rhythmic, driving, let us say American quality which is the essence of jazz.

Nor is that essence to be found in the more pretentious work of George Gershwin. It exists in the blues feeling of some of his popular songs, particularly when played in the authentic jazz spirit by authentic jazz instrumentalists. But it does not exist in his *Concerto in F*—even if in some passages he did use derbies to mute the trumpets.

His *Rhapsody in Blue*, which too often has been labeled *The Jazz Symphony*, is much more—as is Gershwin's serious work as a whole—in the tradition of Claude Debussy. I don't believe the opening of *L'Après-midi d'une Faune* is reminiscent of Noone's clarinet work.

Does this mean that I believe that jazz can never and will never form a part of the main stream of America's and of the world's music? To say it can't is to say that America, out of itself, has nothing to contribute musically to the world. Jazz is the United States' own native, original musical idiom.

Jazz can be the basis of great music to be written by an American composer just as much as, say, Czech folk tunes were the basis of the music of Smetana and Dvorak.

But jazz can only make its proper contribution to the whole of music; will only make that contribution when both the composition and performance of the music which is developing out of it are executed by musicians who are completely at home in the idiom. Music must be both conceived and performed, composed and played.

And jazz cannot be approached from outside. It cannot be approached synthetically and artificially. Above all, it cannot be approached unsympathetically.

Too many "good," "pure" and "serious" musicians, and let's admit that, composing and playing in the idiom to which they are accustomed, are *good* musicians—approach the native American idiom, the jazz idiom, with intolerance, even with condescension. They stoop, but not to conquer. And so, they almost invariably make an unholy mess of their attempts. Then, of course, they sneer at jazz. They tell anyone who will listen that the stuff wasn't music in the first place, but naturally. However, the failure was with them, and all the name calling in the world cannot disguise that fact.

Are there in existence musicians who can compose and, equally important, play this music? A generation ago my answer would have had to be no. The traditional "great men" of jazz, Johnny Dodds and Frank Teschemacher on the clarinet, Joe Oliver, Louis Armstrong and others on the trumpet, Earl Hines and James P. Johnson, Jess Stacy and Fats Waller at the piano, Chick Webb and Baby Dodds at percussion, were not such, even if it is almost blasphemy to say so. It wasn't their fault. They were great musicians in spite of it. But they came up the hard way. All of them played for dough, played pro- (*Continued on page 118*)

"It certainly is a relief to know that I'll be taken care of the rest of my life"

Influenced the Symphony?

A master of both long- and short-hair music votes a positive "Yes"

by LEONARD BERNSTEIN

Leonard Bernstein is perhaps the hardest working of all contemporary composers. His days are full of studying, composing, writing. But when it's time to relax, Leonard shares the interest of his close friend, symphony composer David Diamond, in *le jazz hot.* At parties in the Bernstein penthouse apartment in New York you hear band music by Leonard's friend, Gene Krupa, songs by Billie Holiday, piano playing by Teddy Wilson and Bix Beiderbecke, Commodore classics by Bud Freeman, Peewee Russell, Max Kaminsky, Gene Schroeder, George Wettling, Dave Tough and Bernstein's fellow conductor, Eddie Condon. When the evening gets late, Leonard is apt to play his conception of boogie-woogie and the blues. This season he will conduct the New York City Symphony.

There is nothing more provocative and challenging than participating in a debate when one is convinced that both sides are wrong. In this spirit I heartily submit the thesis that serious music in America would today have a different complexion and a different direction were it not for the profound influence upon it of jazz.

When I say that both sides are wrong, I am maintaining that those who separate serious music from the influence of jazz are either ignoring profound musical trends, or else have an ax to grind, and should take the matter up with Aldous Huxley; and that those, on the other hand, who point with pride to the "jazzy" works of Stravinsky, Milhaud and Walter Piston have mistaken "influence" for "fad," and should talk it over carefully with Humphrey Bogart.

I am not sure whether it is permissible to be didactic in Esquire, but I shall have to risk a little preliminary historical information in order to make the point clear. (Actually, if I am supposed to be representing the voice of serious music against that of jazz, I must confess an unfair advantage. Having started out with a Beethoven sonata in one hand and an Archie Bleyer arrangement in the other, I have kept a rather ambidextrous grip on both.)

To begin with, American music in the nineteenth century was anything but American. Our country was a brand-new one, comparatively speaking, but a full-grown baby, like Minerva springing adult from Jupiter's brain. As such, America was faced with the great and delicate problem of being a pioneer society, dedicated to revolutionary and daring propositions, but with no traditions except European ones. Anyone who was really anyone in music had first to prove it by studying in Europe, and then coming home with a big Lisztian piano concerto or a Wagnerian tone epic under his arm. Yet the nineteenth century was the greatest nationalistic cauldron of all A.D. history. It was the century when Russian music was being glorified by Moussorgsky, Norwegian by Grieg, Spanish by Albéniz, Hungarian by Liszt, Bohemian by Dvorak.

It was this same Dvorak who arrived on these shores and pointed out to the bewildered and unnationalistic American composers that they, too, could be nationalist glorifiers. He saw a wealth of indigenous folk material latent in America, unused, and ever so usable. Indian and Negro melodies in particular seemed to him to be crying for symphonic transfiguration. And to prove it, he wrote a *New World Symphony*, based on some of these selfsame tunes, and a more beautifully Bohemian symphony was never written.

Immediately the American composers got the point; and there ensued such an outpouring of Indian and Negro operas, suites, cantatas and tone poems as I can give an idea of only by refraining from listing them. They are mostly forgotten now, or to be dug for in back rooms of the dustiest used-book shops. Out of every movement, however based, does emerge some positive asset; and in this case it is the music of MacDowell (Indian school) and of Henry Gilbert (Negro school) which remains with us today; genial, sometimes inspired, European music trying its very best to be American.

Why did this movement fail? For fail it did, in the sense of a healthy, historical construction. After all, it was large, it was active, it was earnest, it was sincere. But it was *unnatural.* It was trying, however sincerely, to be something it was not. A national music is national in direct proportion to how close to its home audiences feel. And when such an audience was presented with an Indian lament, they could think it all very pretty and even touching, but it wasn't *their* music. The fact remained that they were not Indians, any more than we are today. Or, to make the case complete, any more than they were all Poles or all Irish. They were, and we are today, a tough audience. For to what indigenous folk-material could they all respond in common?

Our swift survey has carried us approximately to the point of World War I, when a great many things stopped happening, and at the conclusion of which a great many new things began to happen. Most of us recall that wild postwar era with mixed feelings; and those of us who are too young to remember it, all have probably been, or will shortly be, delightfully enlightened by *Billion Dollar Baby.* The reflection of that decade in American music was brilliantly clear. There was a necessity to be original, to be chic, to be American. But now no Dvorak was needed to promulgate a movement. Something new had been added. Jazz had come to stay.

The really remarkable thing about jazz for the serious composer was that it solved simultaneously the two problems of being original and of being American. For here at last was a musical material which was everybody's bread and butter. No real American could fail to understand a symphonic work which sounded like jazz. Now everyone would feel at home and hurray for the Big City Hearthrug.

Something new had been added; but something old had been omitted—the element of the unconscious. If we accept the principle that what we call "inspiration" in music is an impulse that springs from the unconscious and attains fruition through the medium of conscious manipulation, then it simply won't do for a composer to seat himself at his table and decide that he is going to be American or anything else. His output should be the natural expression of his psyche, or his soul, or his collected experiences, or his frustrations, or his adjust- (*Continued on page 152*)

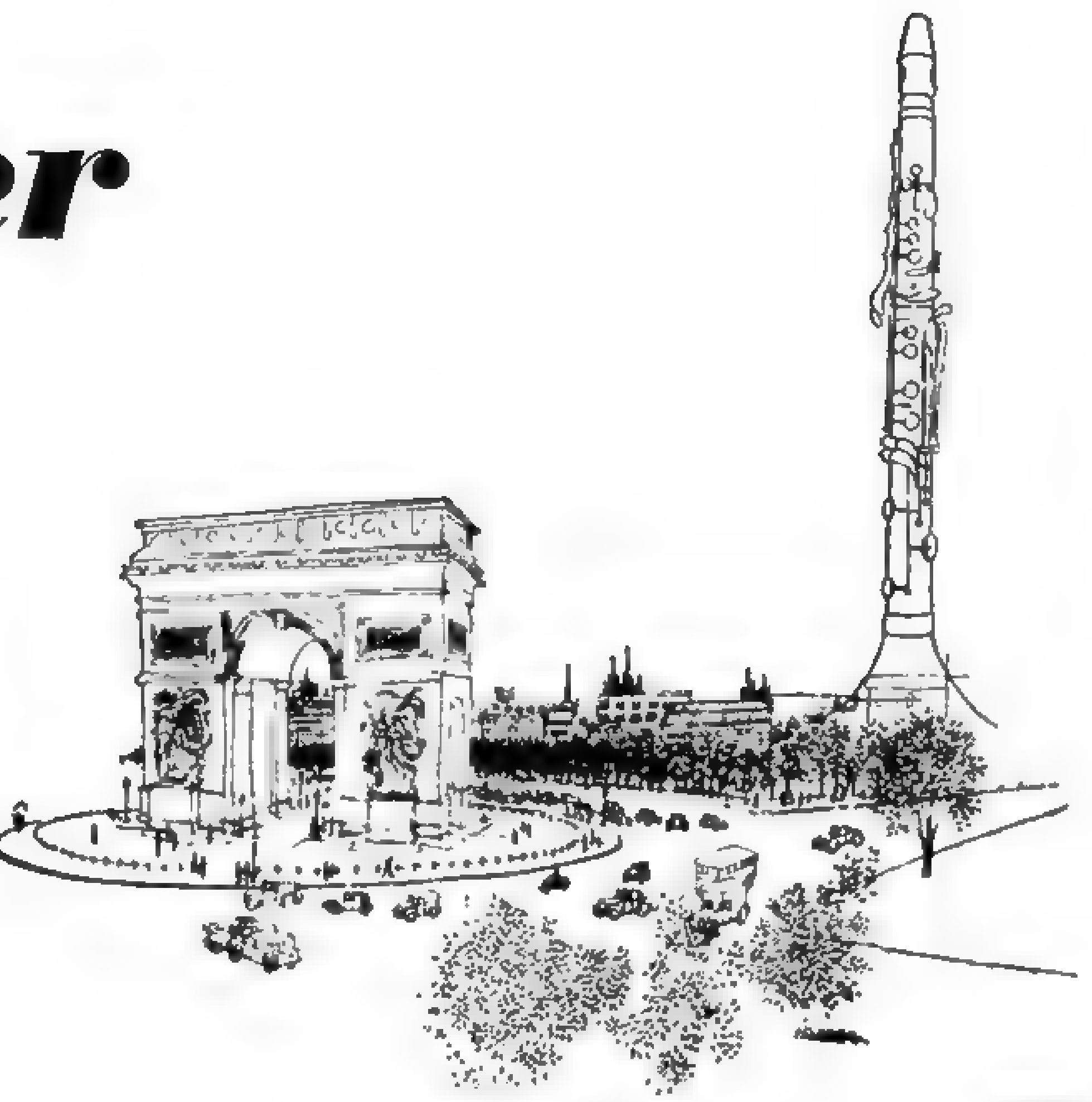
Bob Gallivan

"The audience is laughing . . . he must have done something funny"

French Hot Corner

If le jazz is not lukewarm today, blame it on Sharlee Delaunay and the boys who kept a hot, steady, two-beat fire burning

by GILBERT S. McKEAN


BARER

Say you start at the Etoile, okay. Take the Metro Nation and when you get to Pigalle station, drag your bruised frame (the French they are an excitable race) through the seething masses until you again enjoy air that, upon analysis, reveals a predominance of oxygen instead of garlic and Chanel's latest dream. You never again can laugh at a gag concerning the congested condition of the New York subways. The Paris Metro is the only place in the world where you can have a suit pressed without taking it off.

Turn left into Rue Pigalle and saunter into Montmartre, down past faded bistros bearing the dim outlines of signs of the halcyon times—down past scores of tiny cafés where the Germans used to request numbers with their machine pistols, occasionally firing a few appreciative bursts through the ceiling in their exuberance. If you have sauntered at a rapid pace (it is said that Americans who have sauntered too slowly along the streets of Montmartre have been whisked into doorways by mademoiselles who, even at this late date, wish to further welcome their liberators—with a slight markup to cover the cost of handling and advertising) you soon are able to take a hard right turn at Rue Chaptal. When you reach number fourteen, a neat little black and gold sign informs you that you are at the threshold of the *Hot Club du France*. It is the hub of European Jazz Culture, if we may call it European, if we may call it culture. We can positively call it jazz.

It is a small apartment on a quiet French courtyard. The lower floor is reserved for jam sessions and has been honored by the presence of every French jazzman of note, not to mention the Duke and members of his orchestra, Louis Armstrong and retinue, and many temporary expatriates including Benny Carter, Coleman Hawkins, Freddie Johnson, Louis Bacon, Herman Chittison and others.

Upstairs is the record room which, before the war, housed one of the most comprehensive jazz collections in the world. Every afternoon this chamber swarms with an amazing cross section of *aficionados*: French *zazous* (jitterbugs) with shapes draped à la mode, bespectacled collectors, swing musicians, singers, curious longhairs and guys named Jacques. The shack throbs ceaselessly with everything from ancient Bessies to the latest Ellingtons. Some Harry James ballads and other schmaltzmusik have been spun on the turntable, but this was accomplished by heretics who brought their own discs.

Just off the record room is a closet that was one of the scores of way stations in which were hidden Allied fliers en route to England via the elaborate French underground railway. The station master was Charles Delaunay, artist, drummer (very steady Dixieland), artilleryman and leader of the French jazz enthusiasts. The Gestapo became peeved at such inimical behavior and picked up Charlie and several hundred others of the ring in a gesture of displeasure. Of the entire group only Delaunay and one other escaped a concentration camp or death. It seems his alibi was airtight.

The fine heart-warming quality of the Hot Club is its air of sincerity. Much of this atmosphere is due to the artistic integrity and broad perspective of M. Delaunay. He is interested in where this music has been and where it is bound. Working ceaselessly on the revision of his *chef-d'oeuvre*, *Hot Discographie*, he finds time to do special shows for BBC and Radio Française, an occasional guest shot on American Forces Network, correspond with collectors all over the world, arrange an occasional public jam session (similar to Eddie Condon's Carnegie Hall bashes), edit, lay out and sometimes illustrate the monthly *Hot Club Bulletin* (replacing during the paper shortage the magazine *Hot Jazz*), hear new musicians and sponsor contest sessions for amateur bands. In his spare time he does airy, impressionistic oils of Paris street scenes and landscapes. He is the son of Robert and Sonia Delaunay, the famous French modernists.

M. Delaunay, hereinafter phonetically referred to as "Sharlee" is of medium height by American standards which makes him almost tallish for a Frenchman. His naturally slight build is exaggerated by the microscopically scant rations on which the Frenchman has had to exist throughout the Occupation and the Liberation and, it is feared, for many months to come. Definitely on the handsome side, he manages to dress tastefully in spite of the fact that no one except a millionaire sees much of the tailor these days.

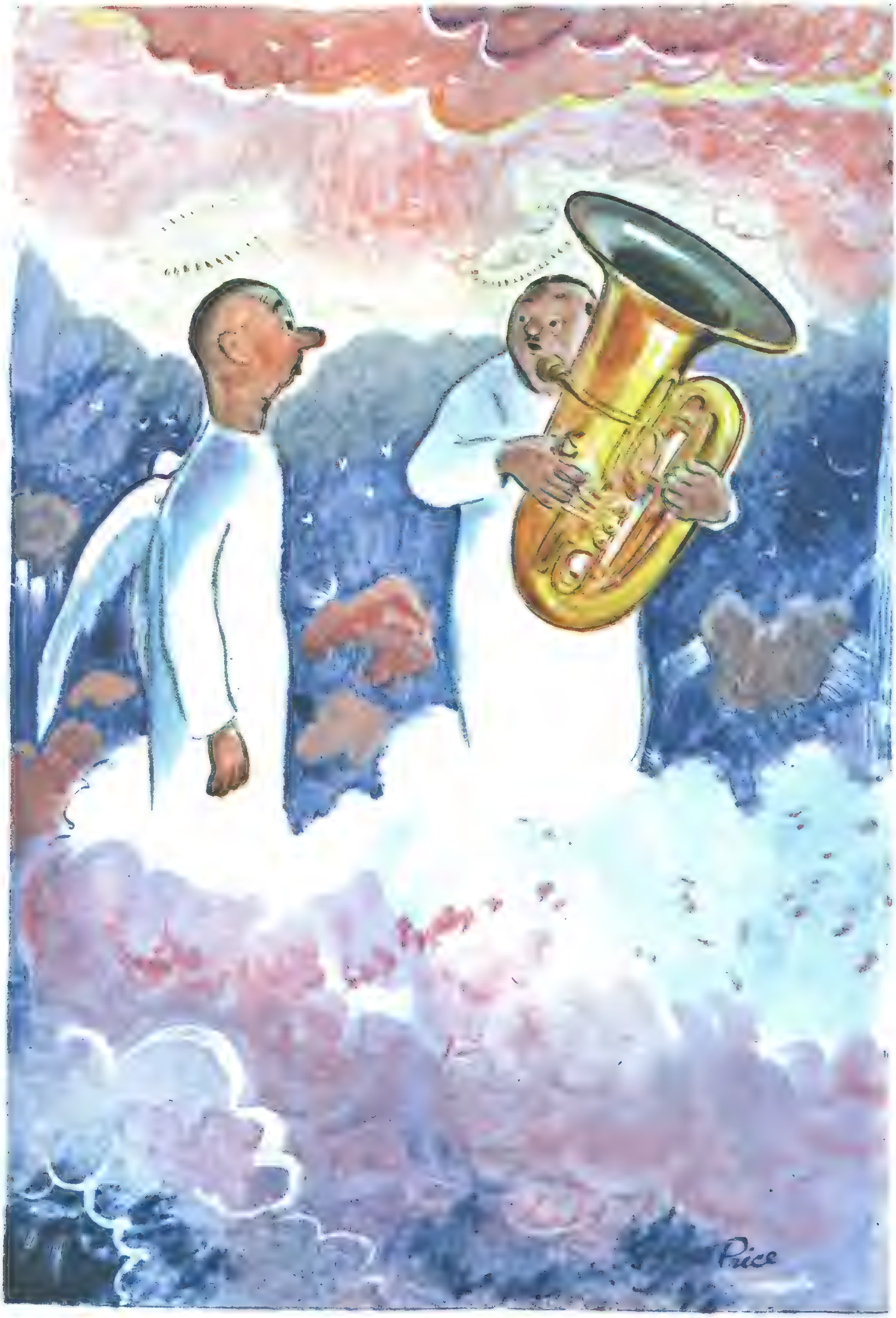
If you can outfeint countless ear-benders at the HCF of an afternoon and corner The Man, he will talk fairly readily about the effect of the Wehrmacht's presence on jazz:

"It was amazing! As soon as the Occupation began, everybody including the Germans suddenly wanted jazz records, books—went crazy over jazz in general. Only they called it swing.

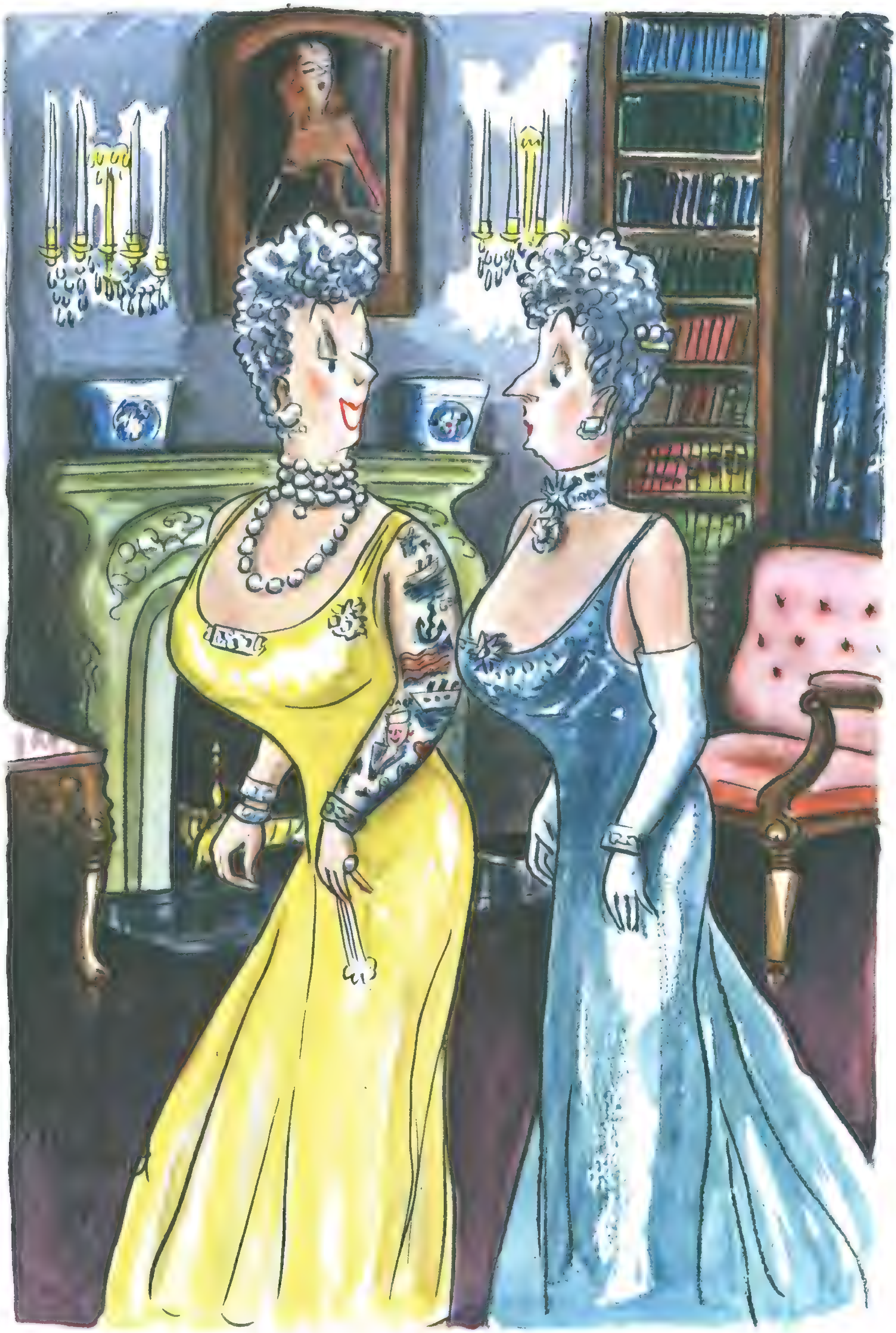
"Everything was swing. They'd look at a mademoiselle and say, 'Boy, she is really swing.' The girls began to make their hair on top of their head—you say upsweep—and it was a swing coiffure. The *haut couture* put swing fashions on their models and had beaucoup business. There were swing cocktails and the young Frenchmen dressed in styles they saw on the Hollywood versions of your 'jeetairboogs.'

"The Hot Club knew that there was a predominance of jazz heritage that was definitely verboten due to its Negroid roots," continued Sharlee. "We had to avoid anything that might call the German's attention to the fact that any unusual interest was being shown in jazz as American culture. So we built up the implication that the music we played was pretty much European. We had to make up our programs to be approved by the Nazi *Propagandastaffel* days before any concert was given. Sometimes when we included many obviously American pieces, we were required to revise the program. So we made a little camouflage work and changed the titles around. Instead of giving the composers' names, we listed the arranger. There were many muffled snickers in the audience when the program listed *Tristesse de Saint Louis* and we played *(Continued on page 154)*

"Original arrangement, isn't it?"



"So far, there haven't been any objections"



"My dear, did I tell you about the time I worked in the shipyards during the war?"

A Glass of Milk

Maybe a wise "shamus" like Pete Chambers should have known better than to stumble into a murder frame designed for a yokel

by HENRY KANE

It was a great, big, long, beautiful bar on Madison Avenue in New York, noisy as yellow shoes on a bright Sunday afternoon; but not much leaned against, really. It was before cocktail time—it was four o'clock—and I'd say there weren't more than twelve sets of elbows on, near or about it, but it was a convivial bar, gay and sprightly and sparkling-eyes and chatterboxlike; and peopled by that happy folk that pre-empt the cocktail hour at a fashionable bar; who later on, much later on, close up shop for Glennon on Third Avenue (and other Glennons) in a swirl of divine, unremembered, prior-to-hangover conversation with belches, mundane, but pompous as protocol.

The hell with all of that, I said to myself; the lass at the end of the bar by herself is something, but truly.

I climbed up on the chromium spindle-legged high stool and I looked at her in the mirror and I liked it very, very much. I liked the beige hat with the flowers and I liked the beige suit, properly pouting, and the scarlet blouse and the long beige gloves and the swell of blonde hair on her shoulders. I liked the cut of her queer eyes, upswept at the edges and green from where I sat, and the small straight no-nonsense nose and the no-rouge cheeks and the curved red-wet lips and the cleanliness of the line of her eyebrows.

Best of all, I liked the untouched glass of milk sitting in front of her, straight and prim, like Aunt Esmeralda in front of a working G-string in Jimmy Kelly's in Greenwich Village. I couldn't see her legs from where I sat, but I'd bet on them.

"Milk," I said to the bartender.

"How do you do?" he said. "Your pleasure?"

"Milk," I said.

"Oh."

He pulled his eyebrows down and he pulled his lips together and he pointed them at me and then he lifted one eyebrow, carefully; then he went away and came back with a glass of milk.

"I thought you were kidding," he said. "The first time."

"Better I should have been," I said and I picked up the glass of milk and sipped it, the best I could manage, and I watched my lady in the mirror and her eyes shifted and met mine and she lifted her glass and had a fast thimbleful and set it down.

"What's with milk today?" the bartender said.

"Don't let it get you down, bub. I'm working on a job."

"You a milk salesman?"

"No."

He was a handsome bartender. He was the handsomest bartender I ever saw, and I have seen a great many bartenders. He was a high-shouldered man with great sleepy-dark eyes and thick black ringlet hair, with a flare-nostriled thin nose and a smooth face with tall cheekbones and a wide mouth, and when he smiled, dimples showed and his teeth were whiter than a tablecloth at the Waldorf. And when he launched those eyebrows, one up and one down, expressively, he looked like derring-do on a sleek black charger instead of a handsome bartender with a slop-rag.

The hell with that, too; the lass at the end of the bar was still something, but truly, and if she got up right now and started walking, she was Abigail Christenberry, which was swell by me.

She got up and started walking.

I put a half dollar down on the bar and I started walking after her. I'd have won that bet about the legs.

She went across to Park and I stayed with her, at a distance, and up around Fiftieth she turned in at the Hotel Moshey. I waited five minutes and then I went in and I rang for the elevator and I said, "Seven," to the man, and I knocked on the door of 716.

She opened the door and she said, "Come in. Do."

I offered her my hat, kind of, but she didn't seem to see it, so I sat down in a very soft chair and twiddled the hat and waited. She had all her things on, gloves and all.

"You look quite as you described yourself," she said. "Better looking, of course."

"Thank you, ma'am."

"Will you have a drink?"

"Madam," I said. "You will forgive me. It is just that I do not like milk. Not," I added, "at all."

"Oh, that," she said, and she smiled suddenly. "Do you like bourbon?"

"Bourbon," I said, "I love."

She set up bourbon, neat, on a coffee table, with soda in another glass, for herself and for me, and we drank that and then we drank another, and then she said:

"I'm sorry, Mr. Chambers, but I've changed my mind."

"About what?"

"About retaining you."

"For what?" I asked and the green eyes grew cautious and she

***Test Pilot* Extraordinaire**

Lani Harper, lovely, green-eyed brunette, 117 pounds of singular activity, is assistant producer of Columbia Broadcasting System's audience-participation program "Country Fair." She's official tester for every weird gadget, stunt and contraption dreamed up by the script men, from eating cream puffs held by someone on a ladder while she swung her shapely self on a swing suspended from the ceiling, to being equipped with full fireman's regalia, including ax, which she used very effectively to get at a treasure. Her background would seem to have scarcely equipped her for such a career. Born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, she's been doctor's assistant, singer with a band, and now this. We don't know if she can cook, but then, why should she?

shrugged as she said, "For what I'd thought I'd wanted done."

"I'm sorry, too. I think I'd have liked working with you. Or for you. Or whatever. You're a very charming woman." (I meant you're gorgeous, and what better way is there of getting chummy than going to work for you in my special capacity as private sleuth. But you really cannot say that to people. They take umbrage. She took umbrage, anyway.)

"If you please," she said, stiffly.

"Yeah," I said.

She got her handbag and dipped into it and came up with a fifty and handed it to me. I didn't want to take it. A fifty-dollar fee ain't exactly fittin' for a private D, grade A. It sets a bad precedent. I took it anyway. I took it for expense money. I took it because, snap judgment, a lady ought to pay something for making a guy drink milk at a bar. I took it and I said, "Good-bye, thank you," and I got out of there.

That evening, Abigail Christenberry was dead, and I knew about it because, sort of, I was accused of killing her.

It was half-past-eight-a-quarter-to-nine and I was in my apartment munching Bismarck herring with well-buttered pumpernickel and pouring black coffee in on top of that, when the bell rang.

I opened the door for my very good friend, Louis Parker, detective-lieutenant, homicide. Louis was short and dark and squat and widespread, frail like a thick chest of drawers.

"Come in," I said. I took his hat and coat. "Have some herring."

"No herring," he said. "I got gas."

"Have a drink."

"No drink," he said. "I got gas."

"Have some bicarb."

"No bicarb, thanks."

He followed me into the kitchen and he squeezed in opposite me in the breakfast nook. The breakfast nook was also the lunch nook and the dinner nook and the supper nook and the after-theatre snack nook. For a bachelor, the breakfast nook is an all-purpose nook.

"You know a tomato by name Abigail Christenberry?" he said.

"Yes," I said.

"She's dead."

That was the end of Bismarck herring and pumpernickel bread for the evening.

"Come again," I said.

"Dead. This Abigail Christenberry."

"How do you like that?"

"Yeah," he said. Dismally.

I reached a forefinger across the breakfast nook and I put it on his chest and I said, "What are you doing here, beautiful?" only it was meant to sound insouciant but it came out clatteringly like when you drop a plate in the sink.

"I come to talk about this Christenberry."

I brought my finger back. "Why?"

"It's like this," he said. "The maid comes in about seven o'clock. This Abigail Christenberry is under the bed in a kimono with the back of her head belted in and her face mashed up, but terrible. You wouldn't know it was a face; blood and stick-out bones and fibre and pulp. The maid passes out and comes to and starts screaming."

"What's that got to do with me, Lieutenant?"

"Don't start with the lieutenant routine. They call us in. We check. Among other things we find your name and phone number on a typewritten sheet in her handbag."

I sniffed. I said, "What's that?"

"That's nothing. There's some drinking stuff on the coffee table with nice clean fingerprints. We have more names of people, there's an address book, that kind of crap. We bring them all in and match prints. We don't bring you in. We got yours on file. Bang. They're your prints."

I slid off the breakfast bench and we went to the living room and I bought myself a shot of rye and I poured him one. "The hell with the gas," I said. He knocked it down.

"If you're through, Lieutenant," I said. "I can explain it very easily."

"I am not through. The M.E. says she got it between four and five o'clock. We describe you to the elevator man and sure enough, he brought you up about half past four. That puts you in the middle of a lousy mess, and I like it just as little as you do."

I had another dose of rye. "Let's get serious," I said and I uncovered some teeth and tried for a deprecating smile, and missed, woodenly. "You don't think I killed that woman. Now do you?"

"How the hell would I know?"

"Now, look, Louis—"

"There's more."

"More?" I said.

He crossed his legs in a soft barrel chair and he lit a cigarette and he yanked in smoke. "There's a diary. For the last eight months, it's all about Pete. About how cute he is, and about how in love they are, and, later on, about what a louse he is, and about how he's working her for dough, and about how she don't like it, and about how he's getting nasty, and about how he threatened to kill her, and about how she don't think he's kidding." He rubbed out the cigarette. "That's a hell of a lot of coincidence to hurdle, Pete. So how's about it if you get your hat and coat and we go down and bat it around with the D.A.? Maybe you can straighten it out."

Suddenly, a lot of emptiness was very cold in my stomach.

"Bad as that?" I said.

"Yeah."

"Now just a minute—"

"Look. I'm only a copper. I got a lot of guys on top of me. But I come up here all alone, and I'm listening. It could be you're not home. It could be you went out of town on business. I'm paying strict attention."

"Thanks, Louis."

He got up and grabbed a short shot and went back to the barrel chair and settled in it, deep. I sat on a hard chair by the desk.

"All right," he said. "Were you or were you not in apartment 716 at about half past four?"

"I was."

"Why?"

"I was invited."

"By whom?"

"Abigail Christenberry."

He put his tongue out and ran it across his lips and put it back.

"Did you go directly from the office?"

"No."

"From where?"

"The Peacock Bar on Madison Avenue."

"What were you doing there?"

"Drinking milk."

"Milk," he said, sadly. "Get your hat and coat. Please."

"Louis," I said. "May I tell it my way?"

"Why not?" he said.

I got my cigarettes and threw him one and lit mine and sat down on the edge of the couch. "About eleven o'clock this morning, I get a

STONE

Twentieth-Century Minstrel

Richard Dyer-Bennet brings the grand tradition of Homer to enthralled audiences of New York night spots and leading concert halls. Singing in a lyric tenor that is trained to singular shadings of volume, he strums a virtuoso guitar accompaniment to his haunting ballads. His repertoire, dating from the 14th century, includes some 600 English, Scotch, Irish and American folk songs. Like the ancient minstrel, he has written a few of his own, and these rival the popularity of such favorites as Barbara Allen *and* The Golden Vanity. *Richard Dyer-Bennet was born in England, the descendant of a noble family, was reared and educated in California. His art has preceded him across the country in several recordings; an album he made for Harvard University is now a coveted collector's item.*

ARLDON

Blues Singer with a Smile: Dinah Shore

When Dinah Shore stands up to the microphone and gives with a song, listeners are charmed not only by her sweetly flowing voice but also by her warm, extroverted personality. For Dinah likes people and people like her. Known as a regular gal in war theaters from Aachen to Tokyo, she rated a Citizenship Medal from the Veterans of Foreign Wars, a Distinguished Service Award from the American Legion. A cheerleader in high school and a sociology major at Vanderbilt University, gregarious Dinah continued winning friends and fans in radio, on recordings and in pictures. She married George Montgomery, an actor then in khaki, just before he shipped to Alaska. They now live cozily in two rooms while building a home in Encino, California.

call in the office. Abigail Christenberry. You can check that with the switchboard girl—"

"What for? Why shouldn't Abigail Christenberry call a guy named Pete?"

He put the unlit cigarette in the ash tray.

"No good," I said. "I never saw or heard of that dame before in my life. She said she was recommended, she didn't say by whom, and she said she had a case for me. She didn't want to come to the office. She didn't want me to come to her home. She wanted me to meet her."

Parker touched his nose. "That usual?"

"Usual enough. Please remember that when a matter gets to a private dick, it's off balance somewhere. Otherwise, they use the police department, for free, for what they're paying taxes for. You know what I mean?"

"Never mind the lecture. It sounds screwball."

"It gets more screwball, and that didn't bother me either. I was to meet her at the Peacock Bar. I wasn't to talk to her. She'd be at the end of the bar drinking a glass of milk. She asked me to describe myself, which I did. She wanted me to order a glass of milk at the bar myself, to clinch it, so she'd be sure to know me. Then she'd get up and I was to follow her. She would go directly to her hotel. I was to wait five minutes and then go up to apartment 716."

"What else?" Parker said, not encouragingly.

"Inside, she told me off. She gave me a couple of shots of bourbon, and she had a couple. She gave me fifty bucks. She had changed her mind about using me. I was fired. Period."

"That's all?"

"That's all."

"Get the hat and coat."

"Why?"

He said very slowly: "Because we got sworn affidavits from the elevator men. Abigail Christenberry did not leave her apartment today. Not once."

"*What?*"

"I'm sorry as hell, Pete."

It was silly. It was too damn silly. It was so damn silly, it could blow you into the clink for twenty to life and all the time you'd be thinking about how this was too damn silly, and the whole world can't be crazy.

I'm in the business. Once you're downtown, a lot of machinery jolts into action. Mr. D.A. gets paid for convictions and he doesn't care who you are and how silly you think it is.

Mr. D.A. had a damn fine set of facts here. What with my admissions, and a little legal emery paper on the rough edges, the Grand Jury would squirt an indictment for Mr. D.A. faster than you could fall off a ferry boat.

"Something, Lieutenant, does not smell good," I said.

"Why?"

"Get organized, will you? I'm Peter Chambers. I'm not a nut going around pushing in faces. If I did a job on a woman, would I blithely walk in and leave fingerprints and blithely walk out and look the elevator man in the face so he'd be very sure to remember?"

"Things happen. You could have been boozed up. Maybe you're crazy. Maybe you're cocky. I don't know. That's not my business."

"Weapon?" I said.

"No weapon. Probably the back end of a heater."

All right. Mine is a fragile profession. At best, my license would be revoked. At worst, a set of circumstances could be pyramided right up to a conviction. At medium, I'd be acquitted, spending good dough for a legal sharpshooter, but losing my means of livelihood, regardless: the indictment would be enough.

Hell, no.

I got up. I said, "At this point, generally, events occur." I dinched my cigarette.

Dourly he said, "Meaning?"

"Meaning I sort of sneak up on you and clip you and leave you here and lam around till I get straightened out."

"No," he said. "At this point a good cop knows that things like that scurry around in the other guy's head. Even if the other guy is a friend of his. So a good cop takes measures."

He showed me how a good cop could be holding a .45, casually but importantly, just inside the flap of his jacket.

"Or else," I said, "I ask the indulgence of the arresting officer. I ask him to run around with me, all around, starting from, let's say, the Peacock Bar, till I get straightened out."

He shook his head. "No dice. You haven't told me one damn thing that could warrant giving you an out. Let's go downtown. Maybe you'll come up with an angle."

"Downtown," I said, "ain't good."

"I know," he said. And waited for me to come up with something.

I stuck my fingers in my hair and I scrubbed, and then I banged the heel of my palm smack hard against my forehead.

"What?" the lieutenant said.

"I've got your out for you, that's what." I danced up to him. "Louis," I said, "you found fingerprints on a little glass with some bourbon in it and on a big glass with some soda in it."

"Correct."

"But opposite that setup, there was another little glass with some bourbon in it and a big glass with some soda in it?"

"Correct."

"*On those glasses you found no fingerprints at all. How would I know that?*"

"How? . . . " He stood up, heavily, and spread his feet and he waved the police revolver like a kid waves a handkerchief at Momma with her head stuck out of a train window. "Don't stop, Petie," he said. "You're cooking."

"How would *I* know that?"

"I don't know," he said like a stooge in the balcony. "How *would* you know that?"

"Because the dame was wearing gloves."

Detective-lieutenant Parker put his gun away. He came up to me and he took my head in his hands and he delivered a kiss upon my forehead, wet and smelling of tobacco.

"I love you," he said. "What you're trying to sell this fat slob of a cop is why, if I got two affidavits that the tomato never left her apartment, why was she wearing gloves; and who ever heard of a tomato wearing gloves when she stays in all day, and then gets found, without gloves, in a kimono with her face pushed in, and she's dead within a half-hour after you leave. And if I don't believe she was wearing gloves, how can I explain no fingerprints at all on that set of glasses? You wouldn't wipe that set off. If you were going to do any wiping, you'd have wiped the other set. Maybe the D.A. wouldn't buy it. Maybe he'd figure up what they call a refutation or something. So, he's the D.A. For me, brother, you got an out. Wide as my mother-in-law."

I took my jacket off and I went to the closet and I got a shoulder holster and strapped it on and I hooked in a .38 and I put the jacket back on.

"Let's go look for answers," I said, and I put on my hat and coat.

In the car, on the way down to the Peacock Bar, Louis told me the rest of it. Abigail Christenberry; young, blonde and a widow for four years. Her husband had left about ten million dollars to her. There had been no children. Abigail Christenberry, (*Continued on page 130*)

Epic of the Johnstown Flood

One of the most terrible natural disasters in all history, the flood swept through the Conemaugh Valley, snuffing out 5000 lives

In the face of an awful disaster like the Johnstown Flood, every human being reacts according to his essential nature. Thus the story of Black Friday is an account of tragedy and heroism, terror and madness, benevolence and crime.

After days of rain the mountain streams had dangerously swelled the rivers and lakes in the Conemaugh Valley near Johnstown, Pennsylvania. When the great earthen dam of Conemaugh Lake gave way to the bursting waters, the horror began. A flood rising to eighty feet swept through the valley toward Johnstown, engulfing whole villages in its course. Bodies of living and dead were hurled along in a wreckage of buildings and trees. Passenger trains were smashed to bits, their occupants drowned. Part of the Gautier Iron Works fell in the torrent, and iron wire entrapped many victims.

Most of Johnstown's 28,000 citizens were taken by surprise when the torrent reached that city. Thousands of lives were erased in a matter of minutes. Hurled masses of broken buildings, of iron and stone from ruined bridges, increased the peril for those who struggled to escape. All of Johnstown was soon afloat and the waters, as if in malicious play, carried whole sections of the city away and set them down in heaps of debris. When the death toll of the flood was finally taken, it was estimated at five thousand.

Relief workers who came with medical supplies, food and clothing, heard incredible tales. In the days following the disaster, shock drove some people to insanity and suicide. Others were temporarily dazed; bereaved husbands recounted without apparent emotion how their wives were torn from their arms by the current, and orphaned children boasted of the deaths they had seen.

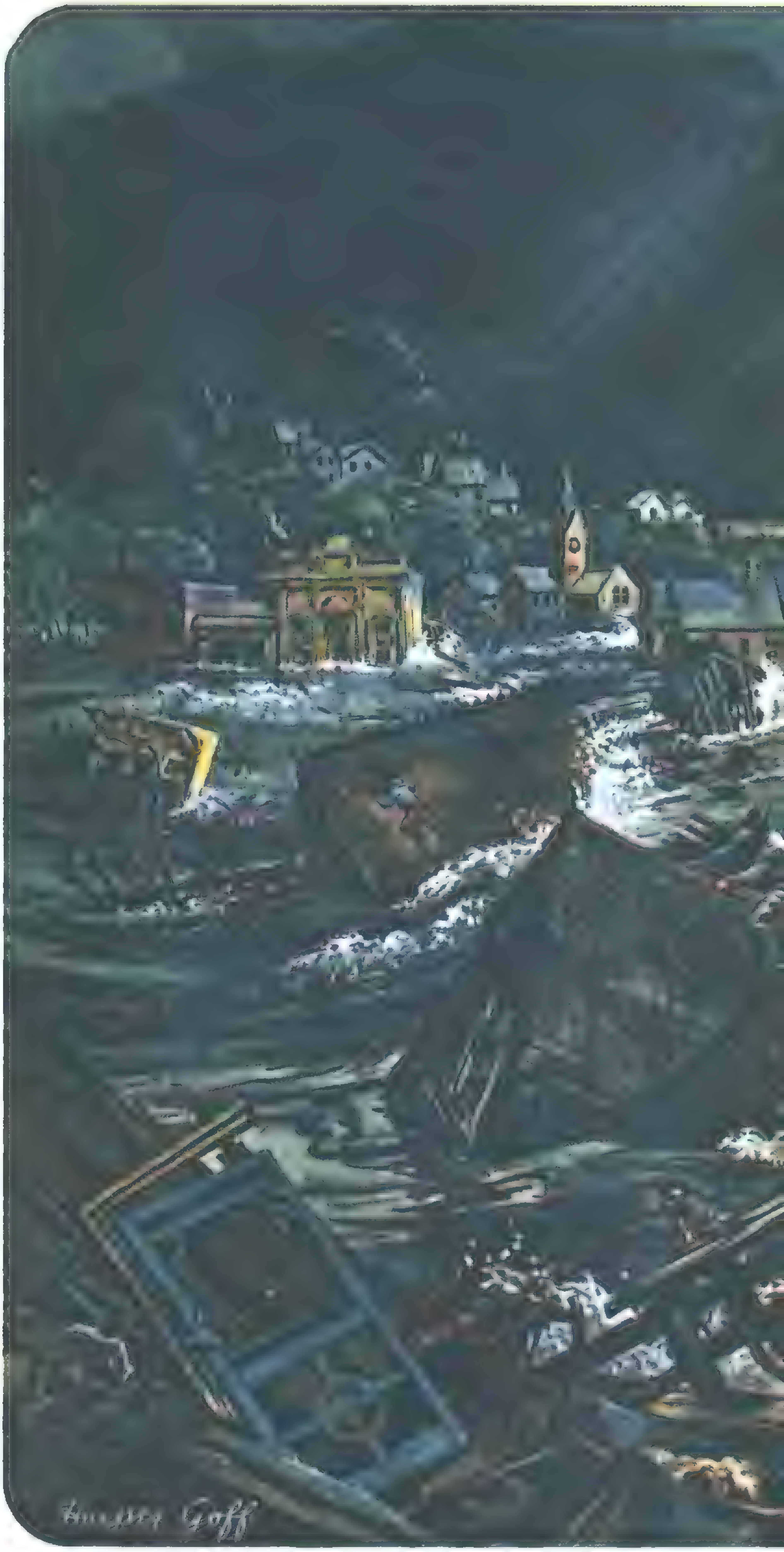
The inevitable pillagers stole property from wrecked homes, money and jewelry from the unburied dead. One scavenger, who had severed the finger of a dead woman to steal a diamond ring, was caught by a mob of angry farmers and appropriately drowned.

On the positive side, there was the unidentified tramp who dove into the swirling waters near Lockport to save a mother and her little girl. These two had drifted on a roof from Johnstown, a distance of five miles. When the roof gave way beneath them, they tried to cling to a passing tree. The tramp saw them struggling, plunged in and got them to shore. While a crowd of people were caring for the shivering pair, he modestly wandered away.

Another hero was a slightly built young ne'er-do-well from the village of Morrellville who discovered an old lady clinging to a spar in the flood. After vainly urging several more solid but less merciful citizens to help him, he managed the rescue alone. He tore the roof from a hogpen, used it for a raft, and with two sticks for improvised oars, he rowed to the center of the foaming river, pulled the woman aboard and piloted her safely to shore.

Courage and miraculous luck brought one young woman through a series of hazards. As she was tossed about in the current, at first her billowing skirts acted like a life belt to sustain her. Then just as she was going under, she managed to grasp the opening of a floating boxcar, and crawled inside. A man joined her in the car which was borne swiftly toward the stone railway bridge at the foot of Johnstown. Her companion told her to jump or be dashed to bits, but she refused and saw him jump in, struggle and drown. The plunging boxcar was crushed against a stone pier and the waves which carried the woman away hurled her against an obstruction, to which she clung. After the waters ebbed she found herself on the roof of one of the Cambria mills, clinging to a flue. All night long she heard the cries of the dying. Stunned by fear and fatigue, she only half realized the fate she had missed. The railway bridge (to which the boxcar had almost carried her) had withstood the impact of water and wreckage for hours, and many people clung to it as their last hope. But the terrible friction had finally set the bridge on fire and scores of victims died in the flames. In the morning the young woman was rescued, uninjured except for minor bruises.

Harper Goff, who painted the accompanying picture, recounts that as a small boy he was spellbound by the tales of a neighbor who had survived the Johnstown Flood. Her own rescue was effected by a young man who stood in the belfry of a Johnstown church. The artist's impression of the story is realistically depicted here. ⁂



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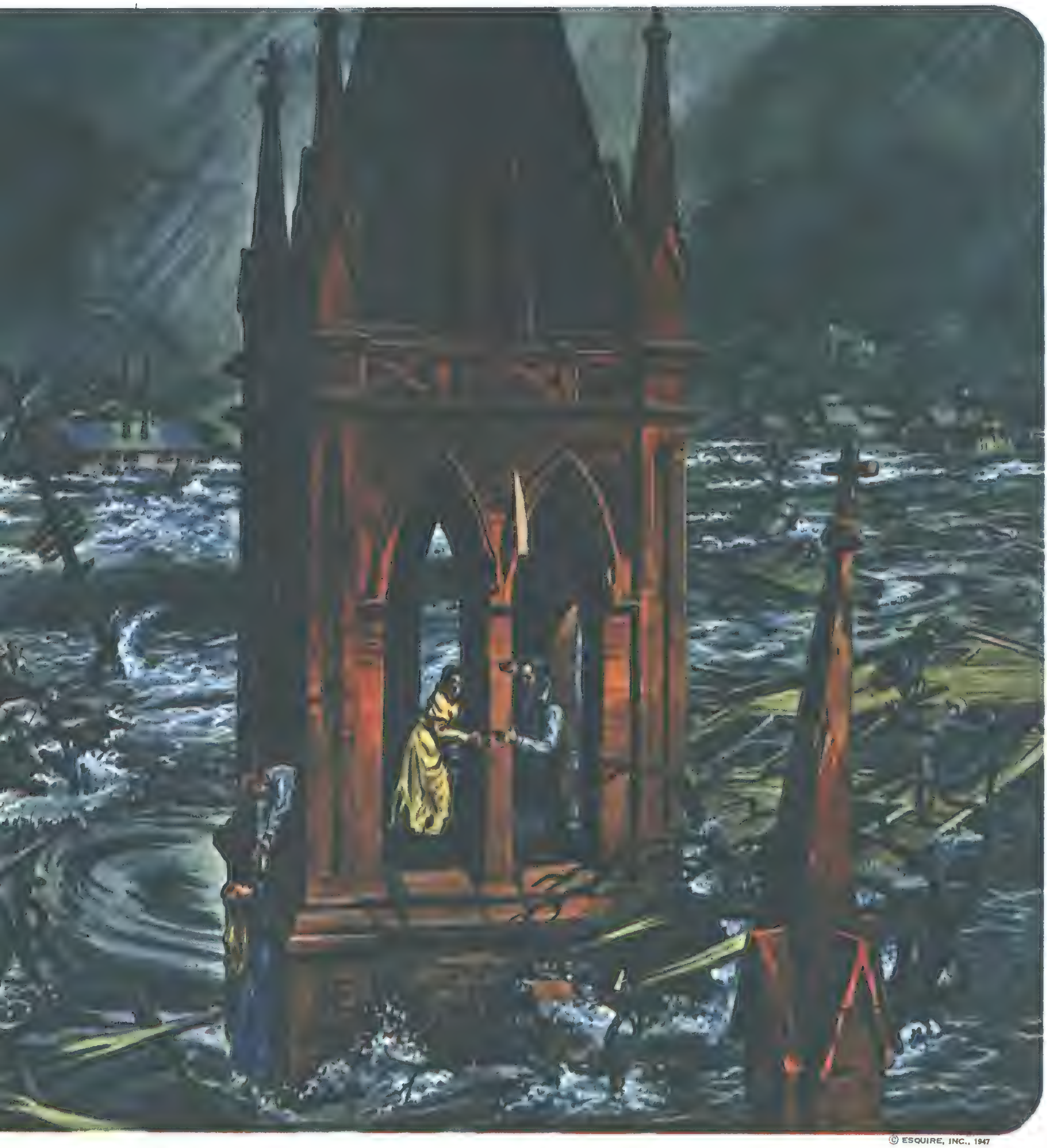

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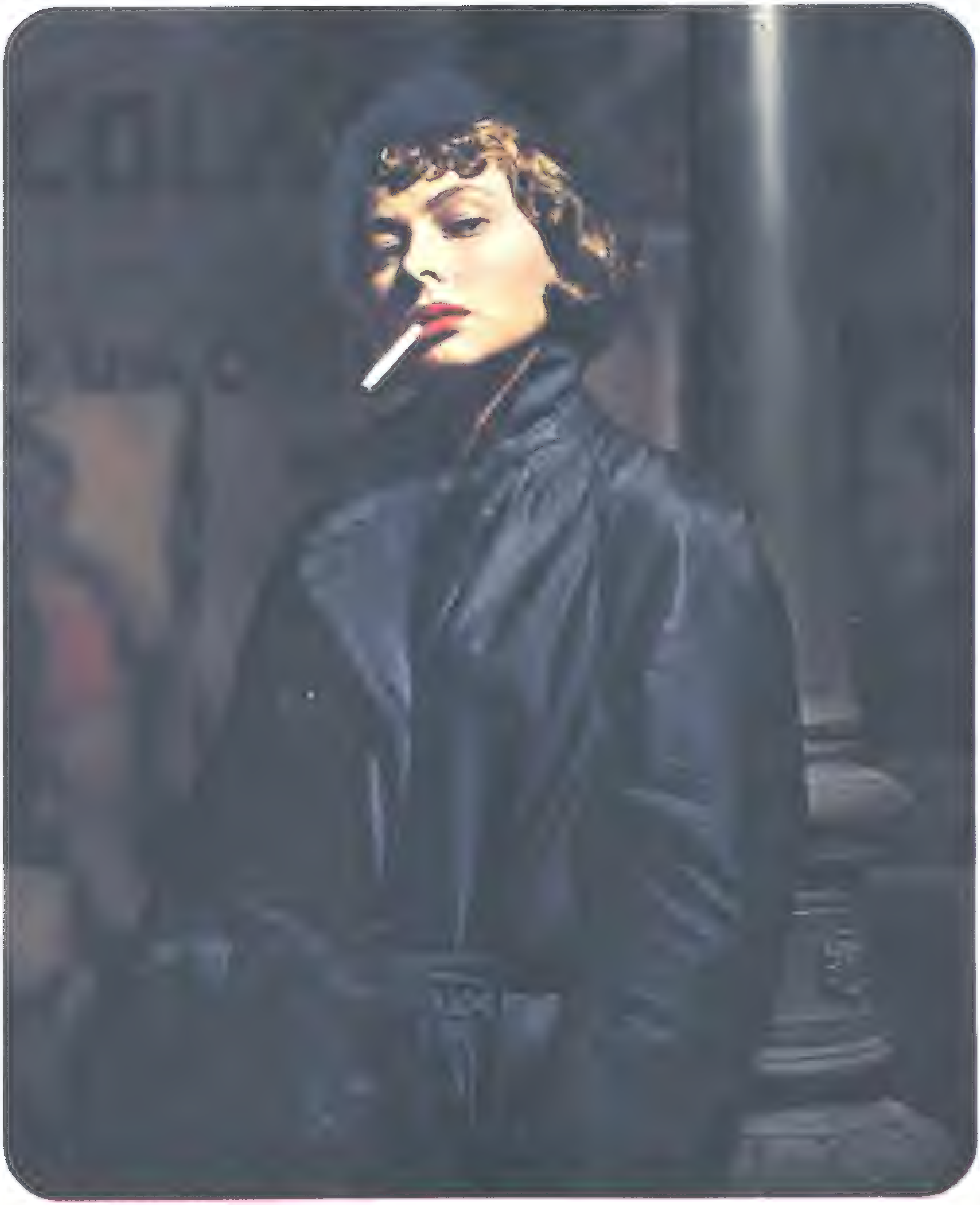
BLACK FRIDAY, MAY 31, 1889 *by Harper Goff*

(The Johnstown, Pennsylvania, Flood)



The Triumph of Ingrid Bergman

Photograph by S. Welbourne

One reason for Ingrid Bergman's success as an actress is the innate good taste she displays in the cinema as in her private life. She does not permit her Hollywood home to be photographed because she believes this personal publicity would be embarrassing to her husband's profession as a brain surgeon. Having acted the parts of a spy, nun, hoyden and psychiatrist with rare finesse, she now portrays a winsome neurotic in *Arch of Triumph*, based on the novel by Erich Remarque. She chose to play Joan Madou in this picture since it is what she calls "a crazy part," hence, a new challenge. Last fall she opened on Broadway in Maxwell Anderson's *Joan of Lorraine.*

As Love rides the range again in *Duel in the Sun, My Darling Clementine* and *Ramrod* we recall the undoing of a cinema cowboy

Sex Goes West

by JACK MOFFITT

Time was when there was no law west of the Pecos, and no sex southwest of Chicago—at least in the movies. All was pure in the Texas Panhandle. The little dogies grazed in pasteurized pastures. Even bad men respected good women. And I'll tell you how this came to happen.

It started back in the silent days when the movies discovered a stage actor who knew something about horses. He once had driven a chariot on a treadmill in *Ben Hur* while the stagehands ran past lugging pieces of moving scenery. It was a bracing experience. After this, he craved a life of action. A tall, thin, unhumorous man, he once had threatened to lick Austin Latshaw, the dramatic critic of the Kansas City *Star*, for saying that his figure bore little resemblance to Napoleon's. At that time, our hero was portraying the Emperor in *Madame Sans Gene*.

But soon he was glad he didn't look like Napoleon, for fate brought him to Hollywood, where the movies knew just what to do with a tall, thin, humorless actor who knew a little about horses and craved action. They made him a cowboy. This was a role he could play with his eyes closed. In fact, that's just the way he did do it. His squint became famous and to the world he became the embodiment of western manhood. Soon his glory spread to the women's world, east of the Ohio River.

And this proved to be his undoing. For there was no law east of the Ohio—at least as far as women were concerned.

A schoolteacher back in the paved regions began to write him fan letters. In these she used every subtlety of English learned through long association with *McGuffey's Third Reader*. It appealed to the vanity of the ham that walked like a two-gun man. It swept him off his feet. Little dreaming that sin lurked beneath her syntax, the star dispatched a courtly note, suggesting that the Little Lady visit him on the set during her coming vacation.

Well, sir, the Little Lady did this. She was received by her idol with a respectful solemnity. He gave her a personally autographed photograph of himself and, during a lull in the afternoon's gunplay, took her over to Oblath's restaurant for a glass of milk and a sandwich. She was a sweet thing of thirty or more summers. But the winters, spent with children trying to bluff their way through long division, had made her crafty. She asked the star to autograph a milk bottle top, and he did this with quiet sincerity.

Bearing these trophies with her, the Little Lady returned to the eastern badlands, where, after a suitable interval, she announced to the national press that the Terror of the Plains was the father of a Little Stranger who had come to make her life less lonely.

Consternation reigned in Hollywood. For the first time in his quick-shooting career, the Nemesis of All Rustlers was seen to tremble. He who had thwarted so many dastards was brought low by one baby. He called in the reporters and protested his innocence upon his sacred honor. But many years in the theatre had overripened his eloquence. Our hero protesting his innocence sounded a great deal like the villain in *East Lynne* pulling a cad's trick on Little Nell.

The public became convinced that skulduggery had been going on in God's Country. The Little Lady had the autographed milk bottle top to prove it. It hinted of long lazy afternoons spent under the prop cottonwood trees.

And besides, there was the baby. The Little Lady, more in sorrow than in anger, pointed out that the Cowboy looked very much like her baby buckaroo. This was perfectly true. The Cowboy looked like all babies—particularly when they are sleepy and sulky. On such evidence he could have been convicted of siring most of the infants in the western hemisphere.

But the supercilious public neglected to pursue its logic this far. It just smiled knowingly and found something rather appealing in the Little Lady's statement that she loved the Cowboy and was sure his finer nature would assert itself in time.

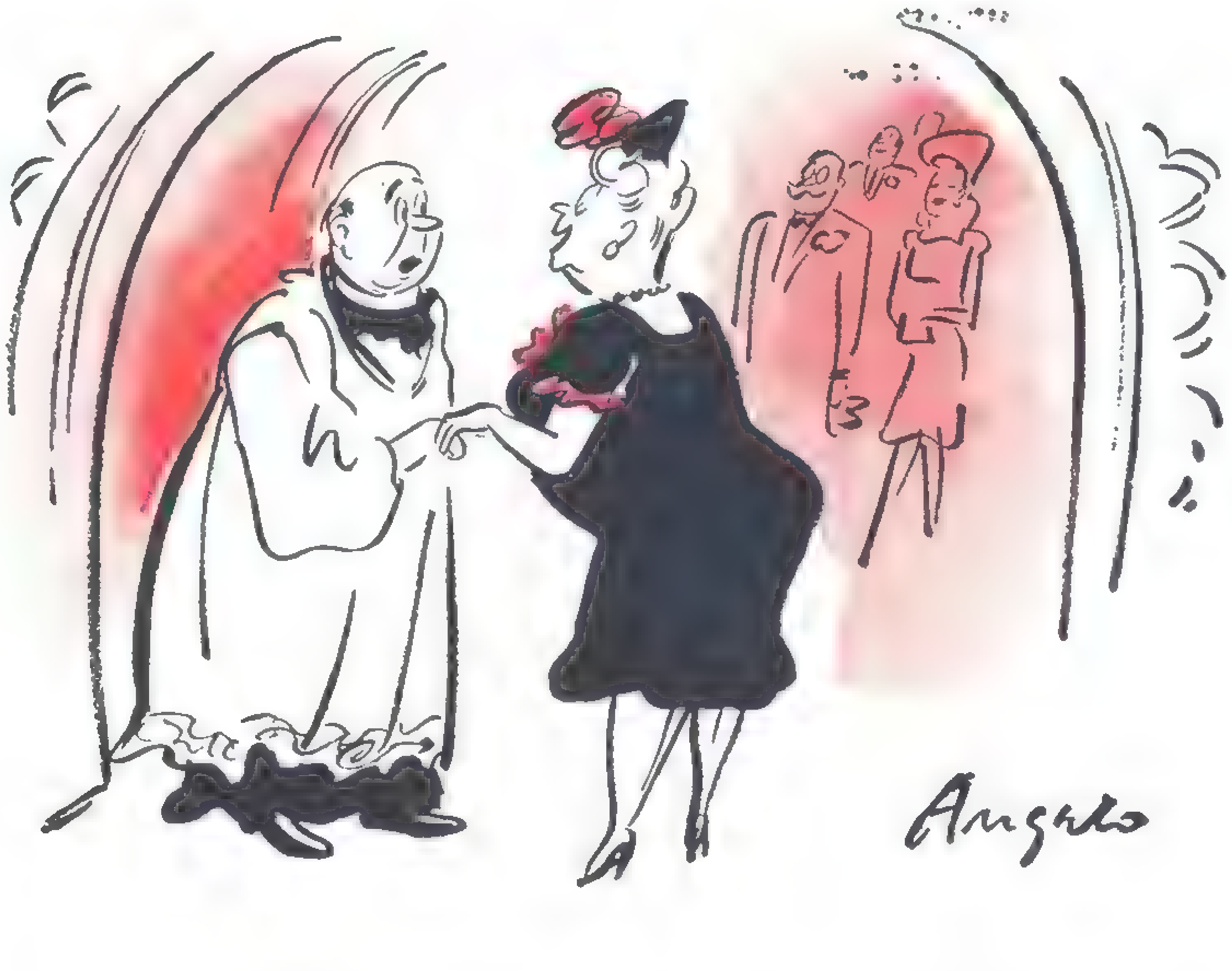
It was a situation calling for heroic measures. The Cowboy was finding Cupid's darts more galling than the arrows of the Apaches. Once more he called the press in and vowed to make no more pictures until he had been vindicated in the eyes of America's Youth.

We now have a lapse of seven years (or a "lap dissolve," as it is known in the business), which was spent by the Cowboy in virtuously making no more pictures. Then a girl reporter working on an eastern newspaper somehow got wind of a woman who was receiving a steady income by renting out one of her children. Neighbors had noted these revenues since the time of the child's birth a few years previously. Sensing a scoop, the reporter traced the lend-lease baby to the Little Lady—the former schoolteacher. Faced with the evidence, she confessed all. Because she was infatuated with the Cowboy, she had rented the child—paying for it with a small inheritance.

The Cowboy was vindicated. He hurried east and rewarded the girl reporter with a beautiful diamond wrist watch, which he presented in front of witnesses. Still in the presence of witnesses, he climbed cautiously back on the train. And he autographed the tops of no more milk bottles.

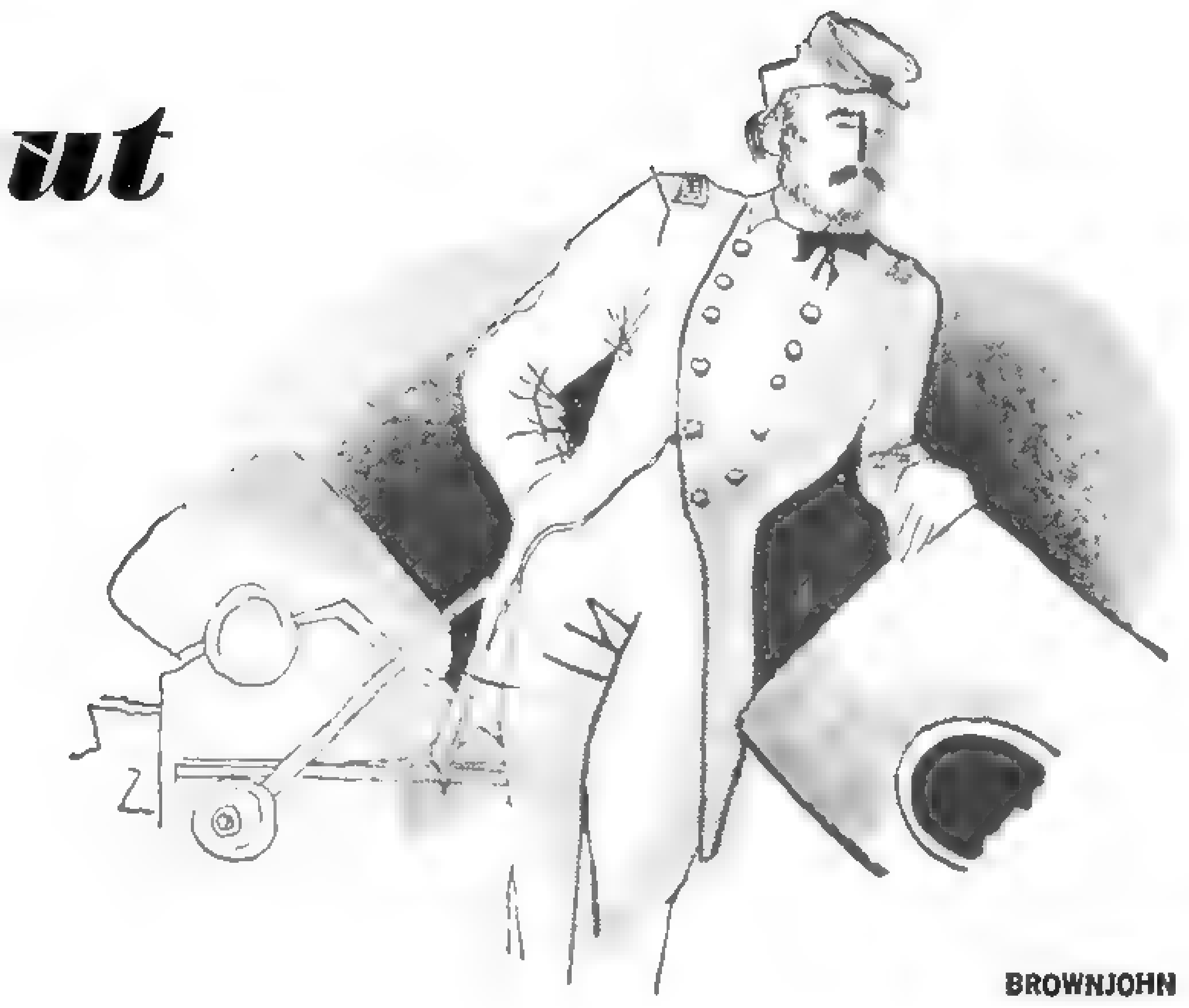
However, these precautions availed him little. The Youth of America had forgotten him. Its voice had started changing and its mind was on other things. The studios had lost interest. The Cowboy was forced to the ironic realization that the only person who still cared about him was the Little Lady who had framed him—the fan who blew out his flame.

All of this was not lost upon the other hard-riding cowpokes of Hollywood. It was decided that women would not be permitted to mess around the mesas. Romance was hobbled on the range. Whenever a heroine tried to thank Tom Mix for saving her, he turned and jumped his horse into the open door of a (*Continued on page 134*)



"It was lovely. You sounded just like Gabriel Heatter"

Captain from Connecticut



A book of reminiscences on the Civil War demonstrates how static are the vagaries, gripes and experiences of American G.I.s

by A. J. LIEBLING

"APPARENTLY, if the South should be corked up and left to itself, it would very soon turn savage and go naked," Capt. John De Forest of the Twelfth Connecticut Infantry wrote to his wife from the swamps of Louisiana in 1862. He seemingly failed to notice the culture compounded of magnolia trees, rosewood pianos, Southern Comfort and Lee's lieutenants tap-dancing backward up a mahogany staircase (or maybe it's Bill Robinson I'm thinking of) which he would have had to be born eighty years later to read about. Captain De Forest is the author of *A Volunteer's Adventures*, a book published a few months ago by the Yale University Press ($3). The Daughters of the Confederacy undoubtedly would pass a resolution putting the blast on him if (1) they read the book and (2) he didn't happen to be so dead.

A book written from the point of view of a member of the Union Army probably seems subversive to a reading generation sugar-cured in the works of Margaret Mitchell and Dr. Douglas Southall Freeman, but if the reader can keep it fixed in his mind that there *was* a non-Confederate Army in the Civil War, he will have a lot of fun with Captain De Forest. The captain was a professional writer before and after he went soldiering; he prepared this book for the press in 1890, using as a framework letters he had written to his wife and battlefield correspondence published in magazines.

The ranks of the Army he fought in were filled with the foreign-born; if immigration had been cut off in 1850 the Union could never have been preserved. The soldiers in De Forest's regiment were largely Irish and German immigrants, although the officers were American-born.

The jewel, and the problem child, of De Forest's company was First Sergeant Weber, who had been a regular soldier in the army of Hanover, then an independent German state. Coming to the United States, Weber had enlisted in the regular Army here and had fought in the Seminole War. There he had learned, among other things, that alligator tails can be made into a nourishing stew when rations run out. That trick once saved De Forest's company from going hungry in the bayou country. He was "the model and mentor and regulator of the company." But one evening he raised hell with the company cook because, he said, the cook wouldn't give him his supper. De Forest investigated and found that Weber "had got drunk, had eaten his supper, had fallen asleep and now wanted supper all over again, apparently forgetful that he had had it." The captain ate him out. "He promised reformation and ere long obtained a pass to New Orleans." There he went on a tremendous drunk and forgot to return. A month later the provost guard brought him back "just on the edge of delirium tremens." De Forest had to break him. But when the regiment went into action he fought so well that the captain gave him his stripes back.

"Of course a mere unmilitary woman like yourself cannot understand how valuable a trained first sergeant is to a company," the captain wrote to his wife, telling about it. "Let me meekly assure you that he is better worth his salt than a greenhorn of a captain, although he wears plainer clothes and gets smaller pay."

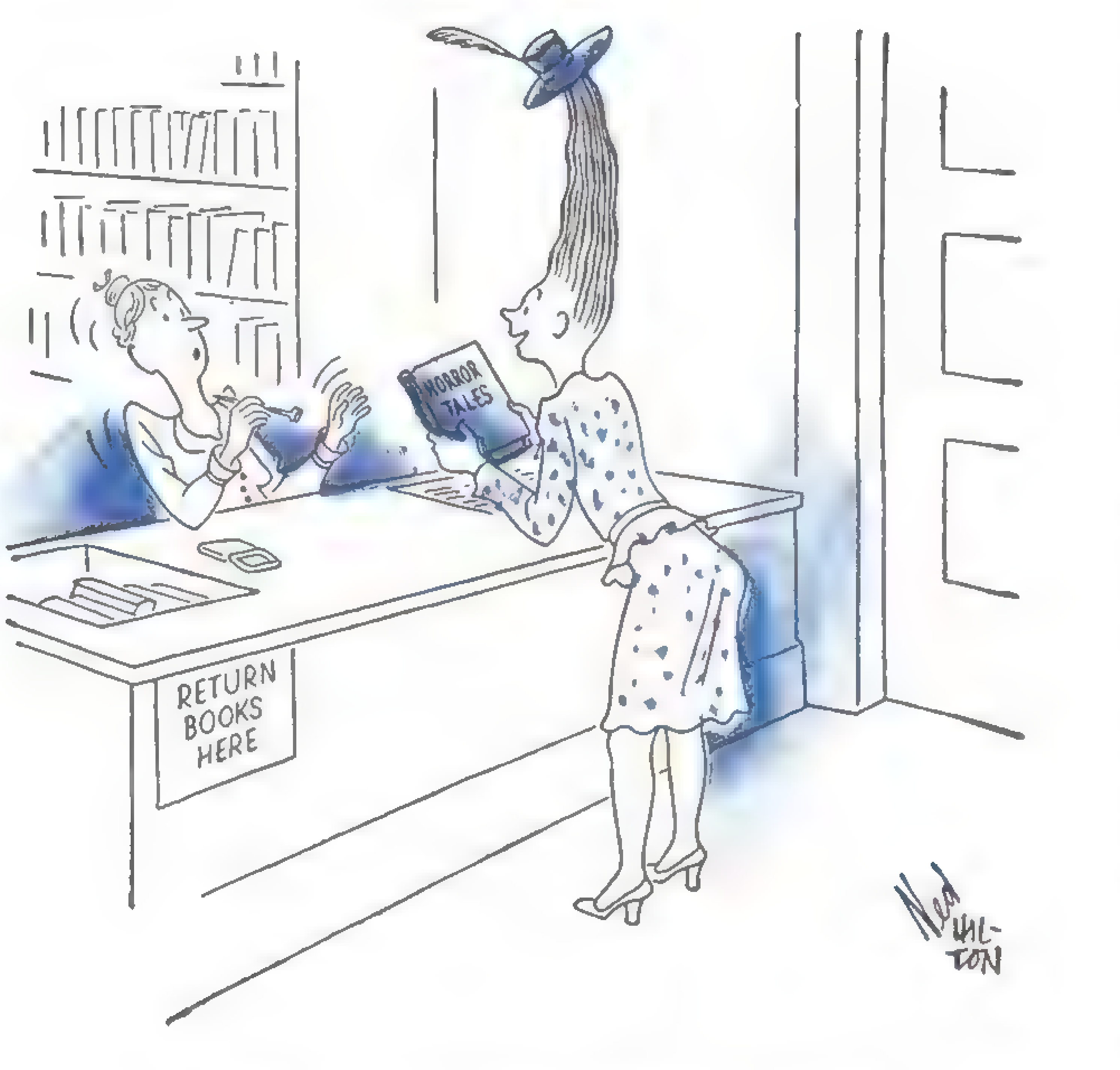
There were immigrants from eastern Europe in the Army too. De Forest writes of seeing "a grim-looking private of the Fifth New York Cavalry," a Heiduc from the Balkans, saber two Confederate soldiers and capture three others and a loaded baggage wagon, at Cedar Creek in the Shenandoah Valley campaign in the last year of the war.

But the soldiers who most interest me, of all De Forest mentions (and whom he doesn't tell much about), are the men of the First Louisiana Infantry, a white Southern regiment in the Union Army. I have never heard of the Louisiana Department of the Grand Army of the Republic, and while the Copperheads and the New York Draft Rioters get considerable fictionalized publicity, you never seem to hear of the profound division of opinion in the South.

De Forest, describing the Union troops' arrival in New Orleans, writes: "A red-nosed man, addressing me personally, declares with many oaths, 'We don't want you here, damn it! You haven't come among friends, not by a damn sight. We don't want you, d'ye understand? We wouldn't give you a cup of water.' . . . But a ragged Irishman emerges from the crowd with a shillelah four feet long which he holds by the middle and whirls around his wolfish head, meanwhile damning and God-damning and God-damning-to-hell the red-nosed man, who hastily departs around the nearest corner. Then the Irishman . . . takes off his shabby hat to the colors. . . . Other and better-dressed people follow his example. . . . Obviously there are two parties in the city and for aught we yet know, ours may be the strongest."

Later he writes, "Three regiments of white troops are to be recruited here, and no one expects any difficulty in finding the men. Probably half the fellows who defended the forts (on the Mississippi below the city) are already wearing our uniform; some of them, I know, are in the Twelfth Connecticut and many more in the Ninth." And when, a bit further on in the book, he describes the start of an expedition up the river, he reports that the First Louisiana Infantry is brigaded with the Seventy-fifth New York, the Eighth New Hampshire and the Twelfth and Thirteenth Connecticut, accompanied by Williamson's, Barret's and Godrey's troops of Louisiana cavalry. On a less substantial basis Italy, in 1945, claimed the status of a co-belligerent. I often wonder what happened to the men of the First Louisiana after the war. Their descendants never boast of them. I can imagine the madame of a New Orleans bagnio telling her daughter, "Honey, I have a dreadful family secret to tell you. Your grandpappy run away to be a kunnel—in the Union Army."

"As to the Negroes," De Forest writes, "they are all on our side, although thus far they are mainly a burden. In spite of indirect discouragements they are continually quitting the plantations and swarming to us for protection and support." This was before Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, and the slaves' owners often pursued them to the Union lines and asked for the return of their property. "Lieut. Potter, our brigade provost marshal, has on his roll seven hundred of them, all living in or about the camp and drawing rations. Potter wishes they were on the coast of Guinea, and sulkily asks Gen. Phelps what he should do with them." This sounds exactly like the American Army's attitude (*Continued on page 172*)

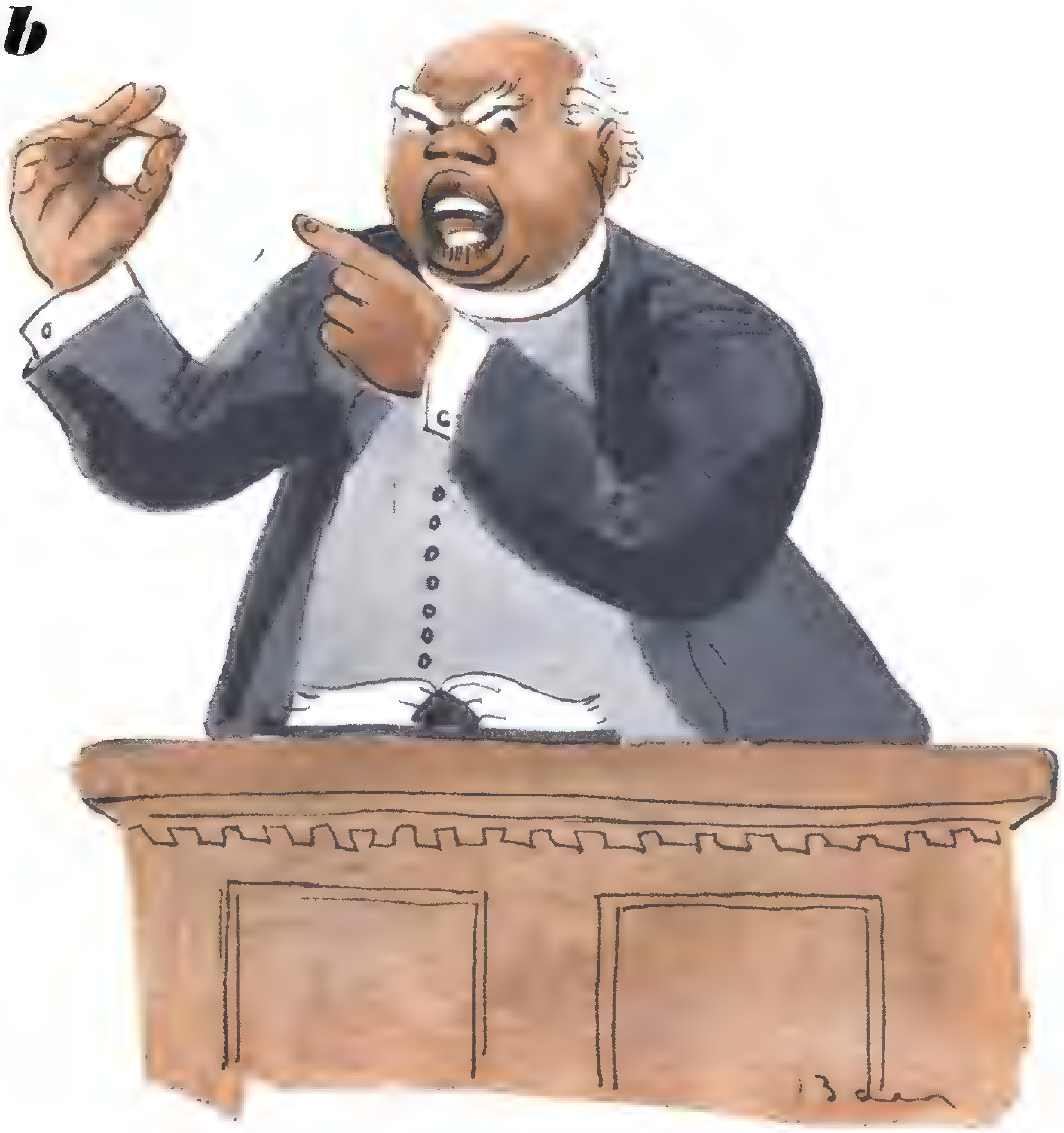


"There's one in here that's a lulu!"

The Adam Bomb

by ROARK BRADFORD

ILLUSTRATION BY HOWARD BAER



Members, deacons, co-workin' souls,
Christian friends and likewise;
Old Sunlight Church gonter reel and rock
Whilst I preach dis sermon!
So git set, all, on de aidge er de bench,
And hold yo' hat, Sister Weathers!

My subject gonter be: De Adam Bomb.
My text: My Brother's Keeper.
And I'm fixin' to bust dat bomb
And blow up some er y'all sinners—
Grumblers, liars, and hippercrits,
Cheats and don't-pay-de-preachers!

B'r Dick, take up collection agin—
I'm gonter give you sinners one more chance!

Well, de war is over and de fightin' stopped,
And de boys comin' home to dey mammas,
Cryin', "Gimme little dis and gimme little dat,
And gimme little somethin' or other.
'Cause us wants de good things us missed
When we was out yonder in de fightin'."

Dey ought to git 'em, too! Amen.
But den, on de yuther hand, hyar's me!
And you!—Us Stay-At-Homers.
We wants all dem good things, too,
And I means, we aims to git 'em.
What I'm tawkin' 'bout, black *and* white
Cryin', "Gimme, Gimme, Gimme!"

Over in Yurrop, and likewise, France,
Texas, de Philippine Islands,
China, Japan, Holl-you-wood,
And all dem far-off places,
Ev'ybody cryin' for mo'n dey got,
Jest de same as hyar in N'Awlins!

Hand full er gimme and a mouf full er much oblige.

Friends, I aims to speak de truth
And try and shame de devil.
I know y'all had druther sing
And whoop and shout for Glory.
But de fack is, souls, we had a war
All over God's Creation!

Yas, we did! Dat's amen tawk, souls!
Amen!

Guns on de ground, planes in de sky,
Ships on de deep-rollin' ocean!
Uniforms! Rations! Otty-mobiles!
And hit was a heap er soldiers!
Blowed up! Wrecked! Sunk! Destroyed!
All in one eye's twinkle!

Fearful! Fearful!

For five long years us wrecked and ruined,
Destroyed and put asunder
De best we had of mens and goods,
And de enemy, dey done likewise.
Now, all dem goods, and all dem mens—
You think we ain't gonter miss 'em?

Not me!
Hit's plenty for me!
I'll git mine; you do de best you kin!
Git de motion, souls?—
My brother's keeper.

When God made de yearth and all thar-in,
He hauled off and made old Adam,
And set him in Eden and give him Eve,
And said, "Multiply yo' numbers.
'Cause hit's plenty hyar for one and all,
But be keerful how you use hit."

You think God was jokin'?
Wait.

Now, de first big news f'm Paradise
Was all about Cain and Abel.
Old Cain craved his brother's sheep,
So he jest up and kilt him
And tuck de sheep, and den asked God,
"Am I my brother's keeper?"

Cain, git away f'm dem sheep!
You know dey ain't you'n.

My Lawd, He moved dat wicked race
And runned 'em out of Eden
And mankind had to git to work
To make hisse'f a livin'.
De times got tight and de goin' hard,
But still, hit was a-plenty.

God fixed hit like dat, friends.
God put plenty hyar, and hit's still hyar.
All us got to do is git hit.
But takin' hit f'm yo' neighbor an't gittin' nothin.'
God didn't let Cain keep Abel's sheep, did He?

My subject was about dat Adam bomb,
And I been tawkin' Scripture!
Y'all think I wandered f'm my text
And likewise f'm my subject?
Naw! I'm got somethin' in my mind.
Jest listen whilst I 'splains you.

De Adam Bomb!

Y'all been hyarin' 'bout de Adam bomb.
Some folks claim hit's magic—
Ju-ju, gris-gris, dingle-dust—
Some claim hit's made by Satan!
Whatever hit is, hit's powerful stuff.
Hit made de Japanee say, "Calf-rope!"

Oh, yes!
One bomb de size of a goose aig,
And de Japanese quit!

Now, I don't know jest how hit works,
But I hyars hit's mighty powerful.
And I know God made hit on de day
Dat He created all Creation.
And de mens dat found hit knowed dat, too,
'Cause dey named hit after old Adam.

Dat Adam bomb!
Been hyar all de time!
We jest didn't see hit!

One fly-size speck er dat Adam bomb
Would blow dis church to Glory!
But one turn er de knob on my rad-dio,
And I kin hyar Chicago!
Likewise, Chicago kin turn de knob
And dey kin hyar N'Awlins!

Git de motion, souls?
Hit's a long worm dat won't work bofe ways!

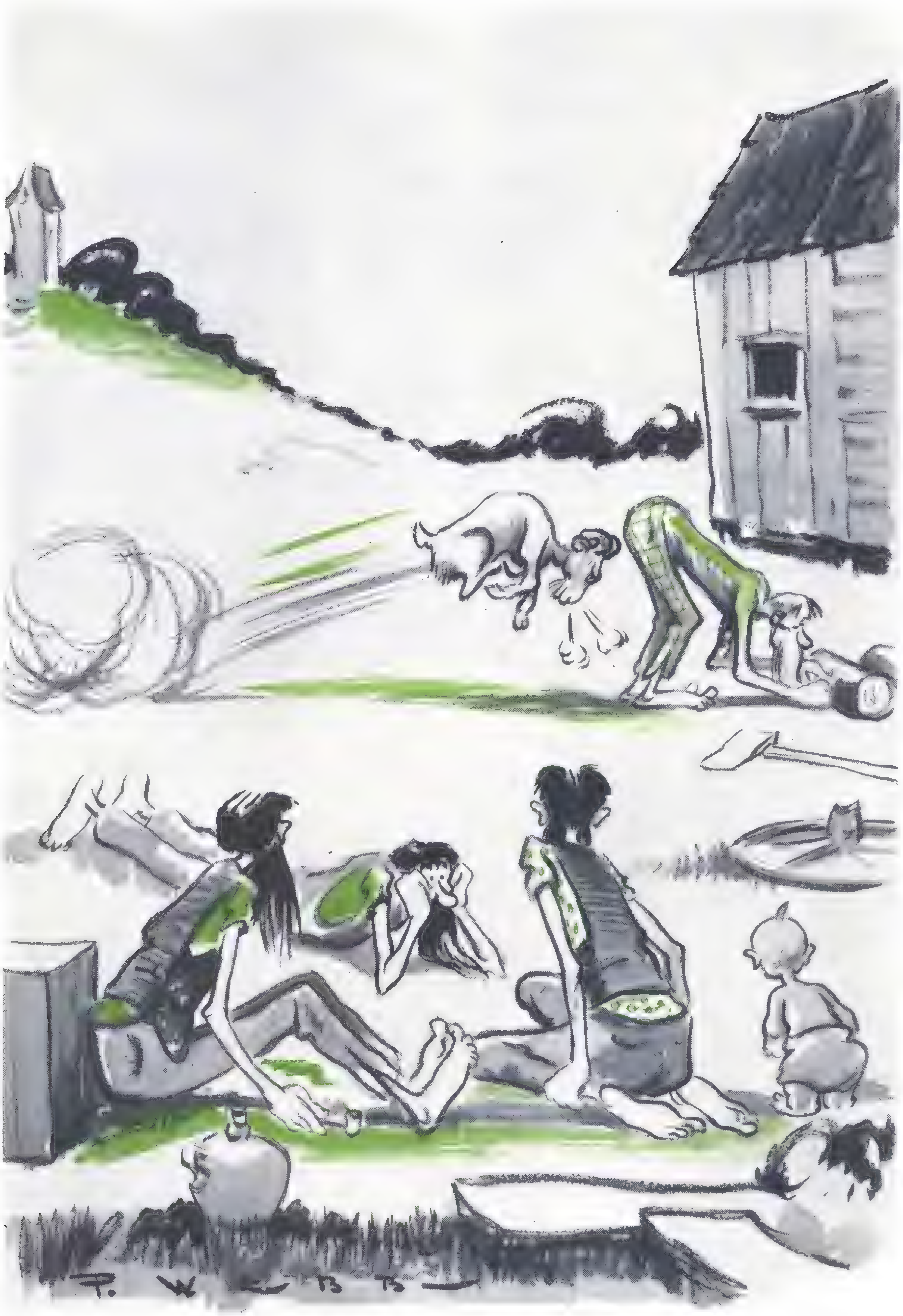
Now, 'sposin' a speck er dat bomb
Went off and wrecked dis buildin',
And splattered you deacons far and wide
And sent yo' elder sailin'
Out in space, past moon and stars—
Would we wind up in Glory?

Naw!
You want to git to heaven too fast.
God'll call you when He want you. Amen.

'Cause de time will come when a man wid de mind
And de patience to learn how to do hit
Gonter rig up de wires and buttons and all
And maybe a bell and a whistle
And do certain things to on-explode dat bomb
And pull stuff right back together!

Y'all don't b'lieve dat?
You ain't never seed hit so you don't believe?
You can't see 'lectricity in dem wires,
But, friend, I dare you to tetch hit!

Now, friends, when yo' God made dis world
He knowed what He was doin'.
Hit's plenty for all; hit's always been.
We jest got to learn how to use hit.
And Cain! You leave dem sheep alone!
You is yo' brother's keeper!



*"Gran'pap's fortunate he's headin' straight fer the cabin . . .
won't have so far to hobble to his bed"*

KENNEDY

The inventor of the world's master bridge method now bids for more important stakes

System Man: Ely Culbertson

by ALLEN CHURCHILL

Ely Culbertson, the ex-Barnum of bridge who today is the author of the Quota Force Plan for World Peace, stands out in our time like a figure from another century. He is the foremost, possibly the only, descendant of that line of colorful, accomplished dilettantes who considered themselves duty bound to offer the fruits of their thinking to their fellow men. In this country Alexander Hamilton is probably the most celebrated of the breed. Culbertson may surpass him any day.

Culbertson explains his transformation from card player to peace planner by saying he is a man with a conscience. He compares himself to a man sitting on the bank of a river. On one side of the man is a pretty girl, on the other a picnic lunch. As he tries to make up his mind whether to kiss the pretty girl or eat a sandwich from the lunch, he hears a cry. A child is drowning in the river. What shall he do? Stay on the riverbank with the girl and the sandwich, or rush to the rescue of the child? If he has any conscience he will, of course, try to rescue the child.

"I," says Culbertson, "am like that man. The girl and the sandwich represent the easy life I could lead as a bridge celebrity. The child drowning in the river is humanity drifting to its doom. The man on the riverbank, the man with the conscience, is me. I am trying to rescue a drowning world. And if the world spurns my Plan, I will at least go back to the girl and the sandwich with a clear conscience."

In appearance Culbertson stems from days gone by. He looks as you would expect Talleyrand or Voltaire or Machiavelli to look in a well-cut double-breasted suit. Not handsome, there is about him much of the manner known as grand; without being arrogant he manages always to convey the impression that a courtier is bowing in his presence. At fifty-five, after seven years spent conceiving and advocating a rational plan for an irrational world, he has lost some of the spruceness of the Culbertson of bridge. His high shoulders hunch, his skillfully cut clothes hide a paunch surprising in a man still slim, and his small, puckered face is a series of pouches, like a rolling landscape. But the ravages of time and hard work have eaten only at the outer man. Inwardly Culbertson is still unswervingly confident of his ability and charm. His machine of a mind automatically reduces everything to a system, or to mathematical odds. He has figured that one woman in thirty finds him particularly attractive.

The success story of Ely Culbertson in bridge is one to warm the heart of Horatio Alger. At the same time it is the greatest obstacle that faces Culbertson today in winning a hearing on his Quota Force Plan. For the American people steadfastly hold to the belief that a man who excels in one field cannot excel in another. Culbertson is typed as definitely as any Hollywood actor. Realizing this, he has begun to omit his name from Quota Force Plan publicity.

Yet the Culbertson of bridge, the man in immaculate evening clothes who looked as though he had never been without a thirty-dollar shirt, was a carefully contrived phony. The real Culbertson adds up to a much more human personality, with innumerable ups and downs in his life. Born in 1891 and brought up in the Russian Caucasus, Culbertson was a rich man's son. His father was the American engineer who developed the Grozny oil fields; his mother was the daughter of a Cossack chief. Before the age of eighteen, Ely switched from an idle, foppish student to Tovarich Culbertson, firebrand member of Russia's Social Revolutionist Party. Still under twenty-one, he sat for months in a Czarist jail, while one by one his comrades were taken out to face a firing squad. It was in jail, incidentally, that he discovered his uncanny ability at cards and began his lifelong study of psychology.

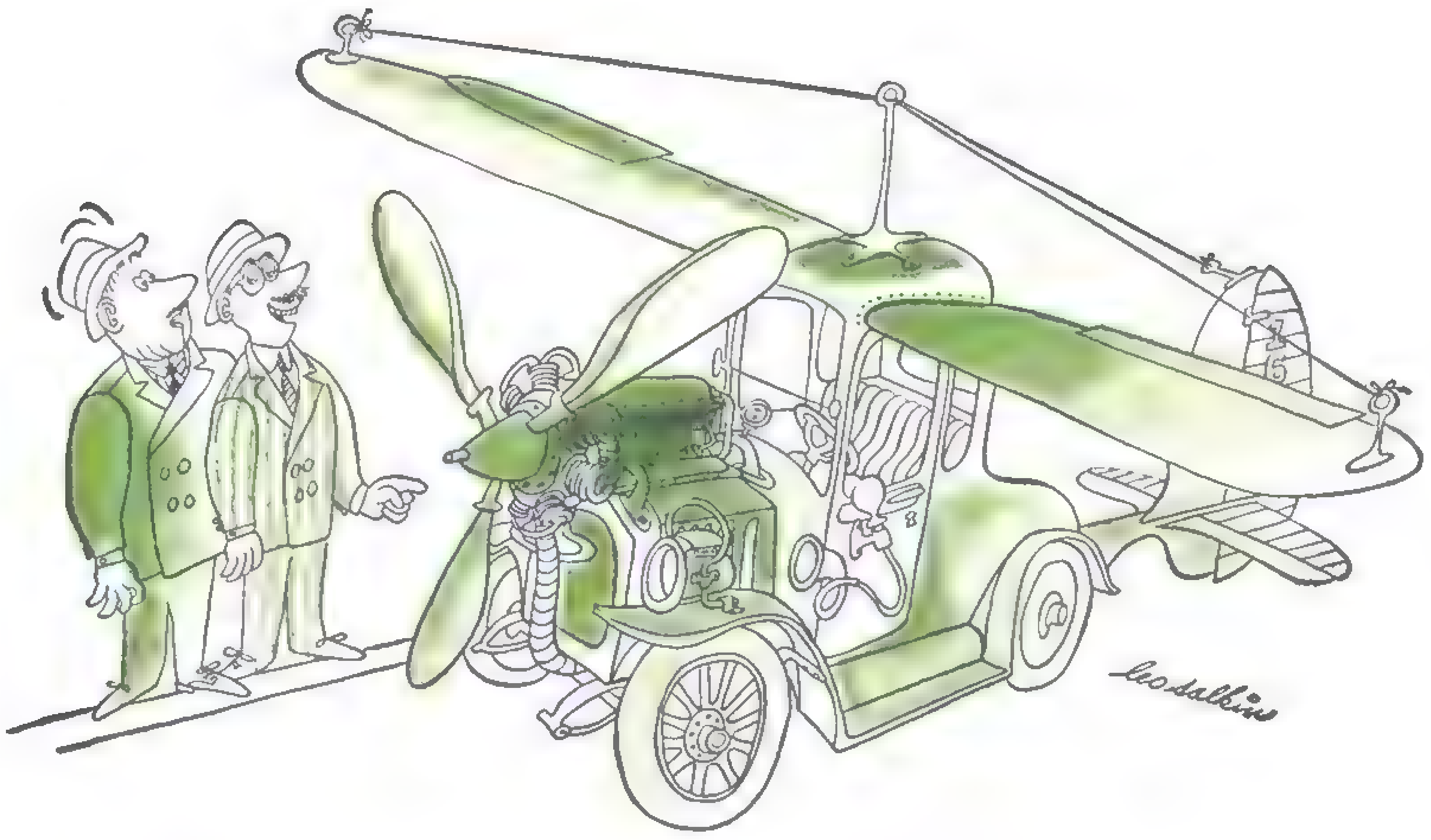
Released from jail, his family hurried the boy revolutionist off to the United States, where he was to enroll at Yale. He spent only a month in New Haven before taking off for New York. There he studied the English language and human psychology at firsthand as a Bowery bum. Later, he organized strikes among railroad workers in Canada, then rode the rods to San Francisco, where he heard of the Zapata revolution in Mexico. In Mexico he was promptly clapped into jail as a revolutionary and, going on to Spain, he was arrested and expelled for consorting with anarchists. In 1921, when he arrived in this country for good, he paid his passage across the Atlantic by polishing spittoons. At the customs he had nothing but his genius for cards to declare. And in 1928, when his first child was born, Culbertson was still in financial straits, desperate over where to get the money to feed the child.

Culbertson's lifetime has seen more downs than ups. It is his tragedy that no one knows it.

Culbertson maintains that being a peace messiah is dull, that he is sorry he ever turned his back on the sandwich and the girl. This is the sort of paradoxical statement he delights in making. It is shocking, dramatic—and drama is the spice of Culbertson's life. He has reduced that, too, to a system. He starts each day with a dramatic outburst, set off by the newspapers, about what the politicians are doing to the world. Sometimes this lasts an hour and a half. An imperturbable figure in public, he attitudinizes before his secretaries in a way that would embarrass another man. Long ago he dramatized his personality into seven different "Elys"—Epicurean, Idealist, Child, Family Man, Business Manager, Celebrity, Philosopher—bringing to each performance the polish and sincerity of the born actor. Nowadays, of course, he is Ely the Idealist.

As Culbertson tells it, it was the Idealist who in 1939, after ten years of neglect in favor of Ely the Celebrity, musceled into his easy life and turned it upside down. "You bum," the Idealist said to him, in effect, "with all your ability, you just

(*Continued on page 145*)



"Old . . . yes! But still a wow in heavy traffic"

From Washington to Maine, winter resorts invite you to make tracks for the hills

To Lick the Cold— Get Out and Ski!

by RICHARD JOSEPH

THORNE

Now the season of banging radiator pipes and dripping umbrellas is upon us. There's slush in the street and run in the nose of the summer athlete as he fondles a toddy and contemplates the growing softness of his waistline.

But such misery and inertness need not be. And its patented cure is a trip to lands where winter is white, clean and invigorating, there to pursue the clear eyes, the red cheeks and the sense of well-being that are the blessings of ski fever. Ask any skier and he'll give you the following—and true—propaganda line: learn to handle those barrel staves on your feet, and the smog and slush which bring you down will be things of the past. You will fly like a bird—and yodel like a calliope.

Where To Go: Whether you have months or week ends to invest, you can mush along with the miles of Americans now enjoying the ski treatment for what ails them in winter. There is good ski territory over much of northern and central United States and Canada.

This ski territory may be divided roughly into four great regions: western U. S. (Washington, Oregon, California, Idaho, Utah, Montana, Wyoming and Colorado); eastern U. S. (New York State and New England); eastern Canada (The Laurentians, Quebec and Ontario), and western Canada (Alberta and British Columbia). Most of the natural advantages—huge, towering peaks and the high altitudes that give you the breathless snow vistas you see in the movies—are in the Rocky Mountain ski centers. However, it is in the eastern states that the ski resources have been best developed, and proximity of towns and villages provides better hotel accommodations.

Washington: Most of the snow sports areas of Washington are situated on the slopes of the main range of the Cascade Mountains. The Mount Baker National Forest area is considered one of the Northwest's outstanding snow resorts, with exceptionally good alpine open-country skiing. Average temperatures: February, twenty-five degrees; March, thirty-four degrees. Season lasts until May 1. Good accommodations at Mt. Baker lodge.

Paradise Valley in the southern part of Rainier National Park is a snow-covered region of mountain peaks and sloping valleys, with majestic Mt. Rainier towering in the background. An average of twenty-one feet of snow provides sensational skiing slopes for experts, intermediates and novices. Season lasts through April. Average temperatures: February, sixteen degrees; March, eighteen degrees; April thirty to sixty degrees. Famous Paradise Inn offers excellent accommodations.

Other outstanding snow rendezvous in Washington include the American River Ski Bowl, the Leavenworth Area, Milwaukee Ski Bowl, Mt. Adams, Mt. St. Helena, Mount Spokane State Park, the Snoqualmie Ski Bowl, Stampede Pass and the Stevens Pass Winter Sports Area.

Oregon: The Mt. Hood Winter Sports Area, sixty-three miles from Portland, is far and away the best-developed ski resort in the state. Timberline Lodge, on the timber line, halfway up Mt. Hood, is a million-dollar WPA job. It provides really splendid accommodations at moderate rates, a famous Ski Bowl, a mile-long electrically operated chair lift, and skiing that lasts until July.

Oregon also offers excellent skiing at Government Camp, seven miles west of Timberline; the Tilly Jane Ski Bowl on the north side of Mt. Hood in the Cloudcap region; the ski bowl near Odell Lake; the Hoodoo Ski Bowl on the Santiam Pass, the Tollgate Bowl and Crater Lake National Park. Best accommodations, though, are centered at the Timberline and Government Camp areas of Mt. Hood.

California: Skiing in California is super-colossal. In northern California, the Mt. Shasta Area is outstanding, with year-round skiing at some points, and good late spring skiing throughout the region. Runs of varying lengths and degrees of slope for all classes of skiers. The Kehrlein Schuss, reputed the longest in the world, runs fourteen miles. Good accommodations at Mt. Shasta City. Similar ski conditions are offered at the Mineral Winter Sports Area in the Lassen Volcanic National Park and the Lassen National Forest.

In the Tahoe National Forest Area are the winter sports developments of the Auburn Ski Club, Rainbow Tavern, Soda Springs, Sugar Bowl and Truckee. Camp Sacramento is the hub of the El Dorado National Forest ski area.

In central California, Yosemite National Park ranks with the best winter resorts in snow conditions and facilities. Badger Pass is the heart of the region. Its modern ski house is surrounded by miles of scenic slopes and ski runs from one to six miles, with drops of from 500 to 2,500 feet. Two sled-type ski lifts, called Upskis; two rope tows. Yosemite Valley has the West's largest outdoor skating rink, a four-track toboggan slide, sleighs, ski-joring and dog-sledding. Accommodations are excellent.

Another central California snow center is Tuolumne County in the Stanislaus National Forest. Best accommodations are at Long Barn and Pinecrest. In Inyo National Forest on the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada Mountains is the McGee Mountain and Long Valley area. Reliable snow conditions at an elevation of 7,200 feet, two rope tows, many excellent slalom and downhill runs of three to five miles, with a 2,000-foot descent.

In Southern California, forty-five miles from Los Angeles, is Mt. Waterman. Elevation 7,200 to 8,000 feet, chair lift 2,100 feet long, three rope tows. Downhill runs of three, five and eight miles. One drops 2,000 feet on a 3,000-foot run.

In the Mt. San Antonio area of the Angeles National Forest is Snowcrest—fifty miles from L.A. Elevation 6,000 feet, two tows, excellent two-mile and five-mile runs, 1,200-foot toboggan slide, good accommodations. Other popular resorts in this region are in the Camp Seeley, Lake Arrowhead, Snow Valley and Big Bear Lake areas.

Nevada: There's excellent skiing for experts and novices at Mt. Rose, in the Mono National Forest, about twenty-four miles (*Continued on page 148*)

Miami & Miami Beach

Winter vacation capital of the nation, and it's really jammed from January 1 to March 31, the height of the season. Everything possible going on all the time. Miami's pop. 192,122. 160 hotels, 12,750 rooms. Average rates during peak season $18 daily, double. 40,179 rooms in 1434 apartment buildings. Rates in better private homes from $35 to $50 weekly, double. Miami Beach, pop. 32,256, has 336 hotels, 22,500 rooms, 944 apt. bldgs. with 10,269 units. Rooming house capacity, 3000.

Palm Beach & West Palm Beach

Palatial Palm Beach is the most fashionable resort in Florida; West Palm Beach, across Lake Worth, is completely democratic. Palm Beach has 20 hotels, many apartment houses and some private rooms. Pop. 3596. Palm Beach Biltmore (600 rooms) has just been released by Navy and new construction has added many apartment accommodations for visitors. West Palm Beach (pop. 40,599) has 37 hotels with 1700 rooms, 2400 apartments, and many tourist and trailer camps near-by.

St. Petersburg

Top West Coast resort center, St. Pete is second only to the Miami area in extent of its tourist facilities. Winter baseball headquarters, with New York Yankees and St. Louis Cardinals beginning spring training there February 15. Population 85,184. About 250,000 winter visitors. More than 200 hotels with 8045 rooms. Apartment facilities for approximately 25,000 tourists. Motor courts, tourist cottages, etc., can accommodate an additional 10,000-15,000.

Jacksonville

Florida's metropolis and gateway, Jacksonville is a combination business center and resort playground. A sports and fishing center, it has excellent facilities for golf, tennis, swimming, etc. More popular as a summer than as a winter resort. Population 206,442. In the city and vicinity are 69 hotels with accommodations for 5000 guests. Many new clubs, apartment houses and tourist cabins at beaches and on highways. Private homes and boarding houses can handle 1400.

Gainesville

Home of U. of Florida in rolling hill country of north-central Florida. Pop. 14,944 plus 1500 winter visitors. 2 hotels, 164 rooms.

Fort Pierce

Center of Indian River citrus section. Fine game fishing. Ocean bathing, scenic drives, city yacht basin. Pop. 9482. 2 hotels, 174 rooms.

Orlando

Florida's largest inland city, with facilities for golf, tennis, fishing, swimming, etc. Population 50,105. 14 hotels, 1615 rooms.

De Land

Beautiful residential city; orange groves near-by. Fine fishing in rivers, lakes. Pop. 7245. 9 hotels, 525 rooms. Also rooms in private homes.

Winter Haven

Center of lake and citrus region. Nearly 100 lakes within 6-mile radius. Cypress Gardens and Bok Singing Tower near-by. Pop. 8109. 7 hotels, 436 rooms. 176 apartments.

Lake Worth

Friendly city of homes, 7 miles S. of W. Palm Beach. Ocean is 5-minute drive from center of town. Fine municipal casino. Pop. 10,616. 14 hotels, 440 rooms. 144 apartments.

Pensacola

Year-round resort on western tip of Gulf Coast. Fine beaches, fishing, all usual sports. Pop. 43,304. 3 hotels, 575 rooms. Hotel apartments, tourist courts, cottages.

Clearwater

On a bluff, on highest coastal elevation in state, practically surrounded by water. Pop. 15,011. Fine recreational facilities, 14 hotels, 1400 rooms. 600 apartments.

Fort Lauderdale

Another East Coast favorite with 100 miles of navigable waterways which give Venetian aspect to city. Yacht basin with 400 capacity. Gulf stream offshore and trade winds keep weather temperate. Pop. 26,185. 20 hotels, 1123 rooms. 300 apartment houses.

Fort Myers

Hub of Lee County's resort area which includes Fort Myers Beach, Bonita Springs, Sanibel and Captiva Islands and Boca Grande. Approx. 1000 hotel rooms in county, 565 of them in Fort Myers' 10 hotels. 20 tourist courts, 6 trailer parks. City's pop. 15,198.

Sarasota

Beaches, yachting, Bobby Jones golf course, Lido Beach Casino, name bands and symphony concerts at Municipal Auditorium. Spring training ground of Boston Red Sox, winter quarters of Ringling Bros.-Barnum & Bailey Circus. Pop. 13,857. 16 hotels, 1200 rooms.

Daytona Beach

Spectacular beach, 23 miles long, 500 feet wide at low tide, and so smooth it's a time-trial run for auto-racing drivers. Beautiful cabana colonies. Pop. 25,311. 57 hotels, 3057 rooms. Many fine apartments, rooming houses, motor courts, ocean-front cottages.

Tallahasee

State capital, inland, in northwest part of state. Population 18,105. 6 hotels with 424 rooms.

Coral Gables

Adjacent to Miami and all its features. Pop. 9250. 4 hotels, 245 rooms. Rooms for rent in homes.

Ocala

Near-by are famed Silver Springs and Ocala National Forest. Pop. 10,242. 8 hotels with 337 rooms.

Leesburg

Between two of Florida's largest lakes. Good bass fishing, hunting. Pop. 5964. 3 hotels, 100 rooms.

Lake Wales

In orange blossom section, near Bok Singing Tower, Mountain Lake Sanctuary, and famed Cypress Gardens. Pop. 6210. 6 hotels, 228 rooms. Tourist courts, cottages.

Winter Park

One of Florida's loveliest little towns, reminiscent of New England college towns. Home of Rollins College. Pop. 5586. 5 hotels, 306 rooms. Apts. have waiting lists.

Hollywood

Well-developed tourist center on ocean front. 6½ miles of city beaches. Hollywood Beach Hotel has private beach and golf course. Pop. 7740. 12 hotels, 1108 rooms.

Bradenton

On Manatee River, short drive from Gulf of Mexico and its fine beaches. Yacht basin near center of town. All kinds of fishing. Country club. Pop. 12,146. 5 hotels, 584 rooms.

St. Augustine

Oldest city in the United States, steeped in tradition, quaintness, atmosphere. Fountain of Youth, sought by Ponce de Leon. Fine hotels, beaches. Pop. 12,409. 19 hotels, over 600 rooms. 9 apartment bldgs.

Tampa

Largest West Coast city, largest port in state. Living costs moderate. Tampa's Gasparilla pirate fête will be held February 10, 11. Pop. 124,476. 18 hotels, 2600 rooms, tourist cabins, trailer parks.

Key West

Southernmost city of the United States has touches of Cuba and Old Spain. Connected with mainland by Overseas Highway, the road that goes to sea for 116 memorable miles. Pop. 17,763. 7 hotels with 586 rooms.

Lakeland

In Lake Ridge section of rolling countryside, high enough to be free from coastal dampness and fogs. Center of state's huge citrus industry. Fine fishing, boating, golf, tennis. Pop. 31,461. 5 hotels, 493 rooms.

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LICK THE COLD IN FLORIDA'S SUN

The problem is not where to go in Florida; it's where to stay. Whatever your plans, you'll go where you can get a room somewhere in the vicinity of Florida's 35,000 lakes and 3,500 miles of beaches. Actually, while things Florida way are tough for the tourist, the forewarned vacationer can still hole up amid the ocean zephyrs in a manner quite pleasurable. Rates for accommodations run an alpha to omega gamut for figures lower than living costs up north (for tourist rooms in smaller inland communities) to figures astronomical (for de luxe resorts during their peak seasons). They go down as you go north, but then so does the temperature. So peruse the above chart, pick your target, and see if your travel bureau can fix you up.

Guaranteed tips for the vexed spouse whose wife is the life of the party

Taming the Social Lioness

by HERB GRAFFIS

My fine young bucko, draw up a chair and a quart while Pappy tells you how to side-step two aching hearts, plastic surgery and premature bridgework.

For I am about to advise you how to handle the situation when you take your beautiful and gay young wife out socially and she becomes the tantalizing objective of a herd of whinnying, snorting, and pawing gents who are currying her favor.

All the lady wants is to be belle of the ball. You can't blame her for that. However, due to the regrettable fact that human beings are so human, the expected joyousness of the party sometimes does not materialize and after the ball is over there is bawling and bawling out and long-smoldering wrath.

A party at which a lovely young wife appears should always be on a high plane of aesthetics and angelic spirits. It can happen, though, that the affair does not meet these qualifications in every respect.

She comes in a lamb and is made a social lioness.

Many an untutored fresh husband is shoved by the Green-eyed Monster into clumsy and painful handling of this delicate crisis. He is rushed in by emotion and comes out jet-propelled by knuckles, toes, chairs, glassware and the scorn of his bride. That is so unnecessary and completely futile. Of that I am sure, having observed and considered thousands of such cases on various social levels over a lengthy stretch of years.

Consequently I have compiled and herewith present, for the guidance of the young and ardent, directions which, had they been made available earlier, would have prevented the Trojan War and innumerable other melees.

Trouble starts because about 83 per cent of fairly comely wives under the age of thirty-eight nurse—possibly modestly and subconsciously—the notion that they have Helen of Troy's sort of fatal fascination for the virile and discriminating male. This wouldn't be too bad except that half the time the lady is right. More than half the time the man is wrong—about anything—so the odds are decidedly in favor of the lady.

So, view the circumstances as the curtain rises and the characters walk on the stage with Scene One being refined revelry by night. The young wife probably has been worn pretty weak by making the concessions required by the maid. Then she's wondering if anyone will notice unfavorably her first faint showing of dishwater hands, housemaid's knee, bedmaker's bend and other occupational maladies of wives.

Furthermore, prior to her grand entry, she may have traded a few tart words with her spouse concerning this being absolutely the last public showing of the rag she is wearing, regardless of any prior lien the internal revenue department has on the husband's income. Other ripostes may have been exchanged on the subject of previous soirées at which the exhilarated husband danced with an apparently amorous wench, then temporarily disappeared into the night for parts unknown.

En route the bride also may have been briefed with a review of an evening in the gone but not forgotten past during which she was bubbling with merriment and distillations and had no more inhibitions than an open-faced pie has toward hungry flies.

All of that is challenging to independent young people and without them realizing it, makes them defiant.

Therefore, as the Eve of the species never has been afraid of snakes, it is not long after the loving young couple has arrived at the party that the bewitching young wife turns on her charm to allure at least one feverish male who is not smart enough to know he is being used as an instrument of reprisal.

This happens while the husband is presenting his credentials at the bar, stabbing at buffet fodder, roaming into the kitchen where determined drinkers already are concentrating, or merely inspecting the assembly to case a likely looking number himself. Conditions vary, depending on whether the party is in a public or private place, a home or club. But the general policy is the same.

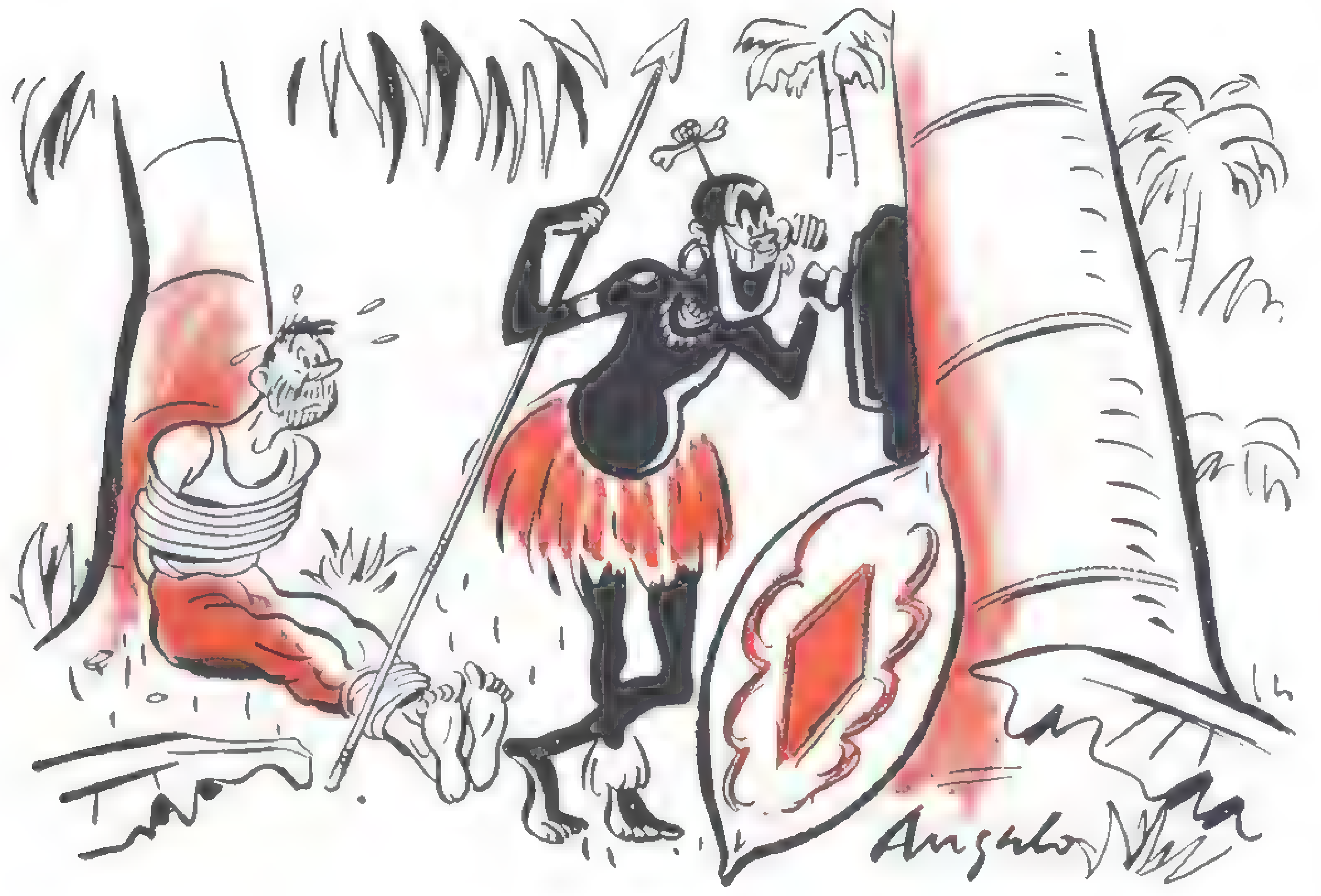
Because the lady is quicker on the draw than her husband, she is well on the way to getting herself mixed up before her watchful groom steps from the dugout and onto the social field.

Immediately the husband becomes disturbed by the hunch that his bride is the target of a Mephistopheles on the make. The husband may try manfully to dismiss that suspicion and devote himself to casing the prospects for his own operations. However, the more he gazes and wanders around subjecting himself to strange and sportive wenches, the more he is affronted by the sight of his wife with some fellow who is paying her more attention than she gets at home. What makes the annoyance to him burn deep is obvious evidence that his wife is by no means averse to the play being made for her.

At that point the young and inexperienced husband probably begins to make his mistake by being bossy. That error generally incites the innocent gambling ewe to eleutheromania which is a fancy word meaning excessive zeal for freedom. She does not let her resentment become known publicly. She smiles sweetly at her spouse and at the same time whispers viciously to him that he'd better stop thinking he can drag her around on a leash and jerk her away just when she is her own dear girlish self and receiving merited tribute.

The guy feels that everybody must be looking at the two of them and thinking that he is a surly, belligerent cad and his wife is the bright life of the party. Not wanting to appear as sour as he feels, the husband goes back to his corner, having lost the first round by trying to exercise his authority privately.

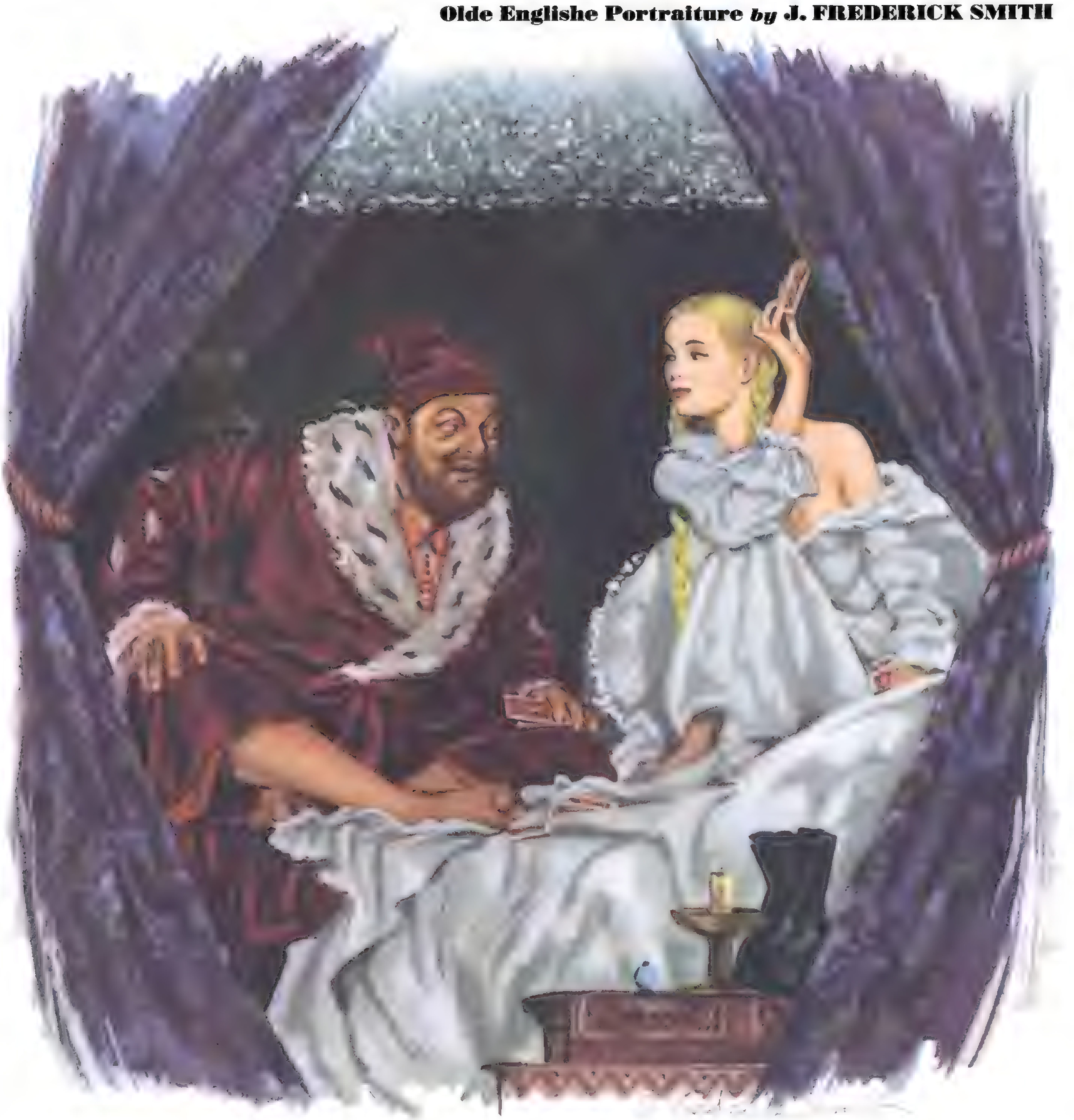
That is what comes of the untutored fellow trying to be tactful. After this happens the bride's temperature rises considerably because of the concealed ire her husband has stirred, but more because of the warmth other (*Continued on page 120*)



"Surprise, dear—wait until you see who I'm bringing over for dinner"

ESQUIRE GALLERY NO. 32

Olde Englishe Portraiture *by* **J. FREDERICK SMITH**



Anne of Cleves was a clever Rhenish princess who outwitted Henry with cards, and was also smart enough to keep her head even as his wife.

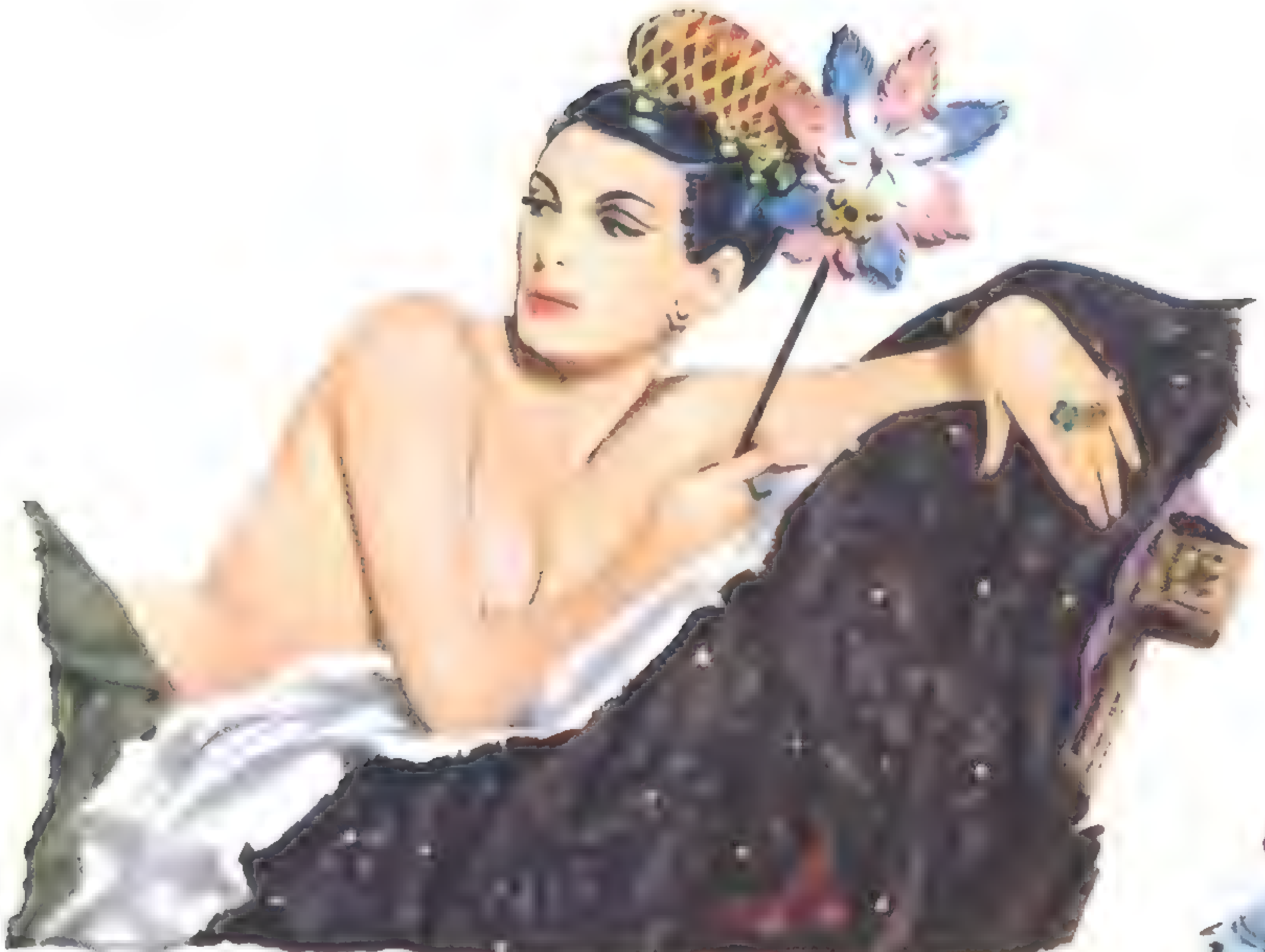
The King who could do no wrong had to admit to at least six mistakes

The Wives of Henry VIII

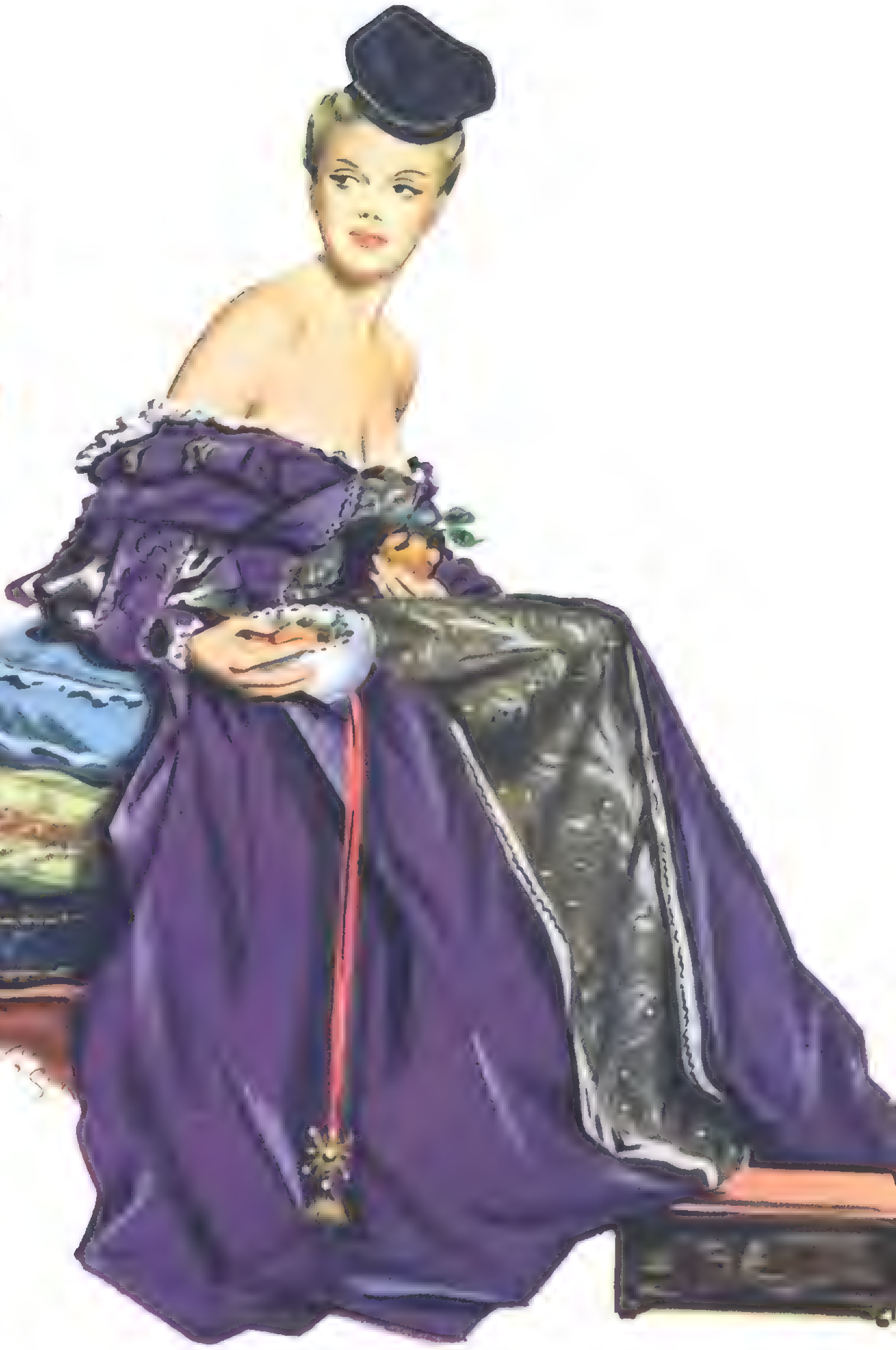
Like a 16th-Century Harpo Marx avidly pursuing his quarry, King Henry VIII rushes through history, twirling the matrimonial swinging doors until it is difficult to mention any date in his reign that was not with a blonde. Bluff King Hal paused six times at the altar, and thus may have some slight claim as the founder of the assembly line.

Give him credit, the merry monarch was more than a boudoir athlete. As a lad he stood well over six feet, broad of shoulder, brimming with animal spirits and derring-do—the very parfit gentil knight ready to split the world on his lance. The very opposite of his tightwad colorless father, Henry VII, Hal had the makings of the most brilliant king who ever lived. If his eyes were a touch piglike in their smallness, he still had a curious mind and the vitality to put it to work. A glance at his frame was proof enough that he could trounce yeoman and noble alike at wrestling, jousting, hunting, archery, tennis, and the heel-clicking acrobatics of the dance of that day. Yet he could even write his name in a passable hand, play on the lute, and compose a couple of Masses which his courtiers proclaimed as masterpieces of musical expression. Such was his promise that the common people of England thought to see the day when Henry would stand astride the world like an English Colossus. Even Erasmus, probably the most famous scholar of the Renaissance, for a time pinned his hopes on the versatile king, thinking at last to have found in the English court that golden place where power might take cognizance of learning and make for it a proper place in the councils of decision. But he was best as a king in the old-time sense—he ruled like an Oriental potentate. His dress was the glory of England personified. Encrusted with jewels, burdened with cloth of gold, golden chains and all the frills and furbelows that imaginative tailors could pile upon his great body, Henry strode about like a god and took what he pleased. Not strange that such a man could cause an enemy to be boiled to death, or behead countless unfortunates purely as an expedient to keep possible rivals on the defensive. Not strange that this big, vital, troubled and restless child in a king's body should have written a matrimonial chapter in history never to be erased.

Catherine of Aragon was his first wife, child of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain (strange how great events crowd each other, eh



Catherine of Aragon, a stunning Spanish beauty, was Henry's first wife. She was twenty-four, six years older than he, an accomplished and winning girl. But Henry had a perpetually roving eye, and once he tired of Catherine, his persecution was unceasing. He almost tore the world apart to be rid of her.



Anne Boleyn, a maid in waiting, danced into Henry's life and away with his flinty heart. Saucy, beautiful, and willful, she had something of Henry's own driving ambition in her. Probably she alone among his wives bore him true love.

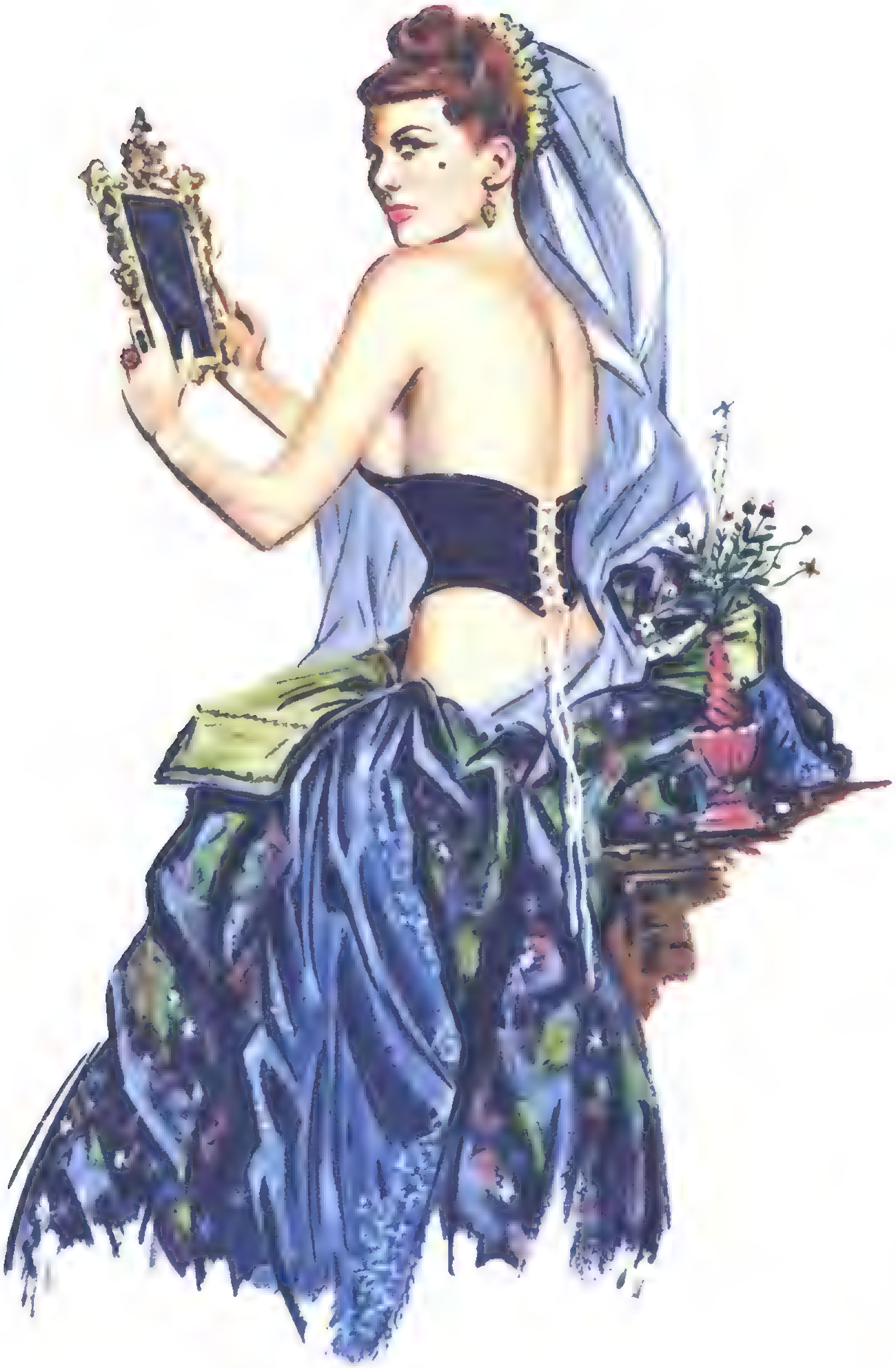
Columbus?) and originally married to Henry's weakling brother. But brother died, and Hal married the Spanish princess, six years his senior, not unwillingly but chiefly as a political alliance arranged for him by the court. Poor Catherine intrigued him for awhile, with a few wars thrown in, but only until Anne Boleyn came on the scene. Say this for him, Henry truly loved Anne. That much shines through the bumbling, inarticulate letters he wrote her—starting them off as a king to a lowly subject and ending them as a heartsick lover kneeling before his adored one. He tore Europe apart with his machinations to get her. It should not be said that he set himself up as head of the English Church solely that he might divorce Catherine and marry Anne, but it never could have been done any other way, and Henry was a hard man to turn. He wanted that adorable girl he had been seeing about court and he got her.

As a wife, Anne was harder to handle than as a mistress. Catherine was out of the way, pining in seclusion. But Anne was interested in life, in politics, and in getting her own way. She was a bit of a trial to willful Henry. The old boy found that this girl who was as cute as a kitten also had sharp claws. Once queen, she was difficult to handle, too. She wielded her own influence about court, beat Henry at his own game of parlor politics, and in more than one way made him look a bit foolish to himself. Probably that was the worst crime of all against the pouter-pigeon king. He began to look for ways in which to incriminate his upstart queen. And finally, he found it easy to believe the tales of her unfaithfulness. He—whose infidelities were to be forgiven, of course—meanly had her framed. And beheaded. And great Henry cried alone that night, in rage and humiliation and self-pity, and perhaps because he had loved her.

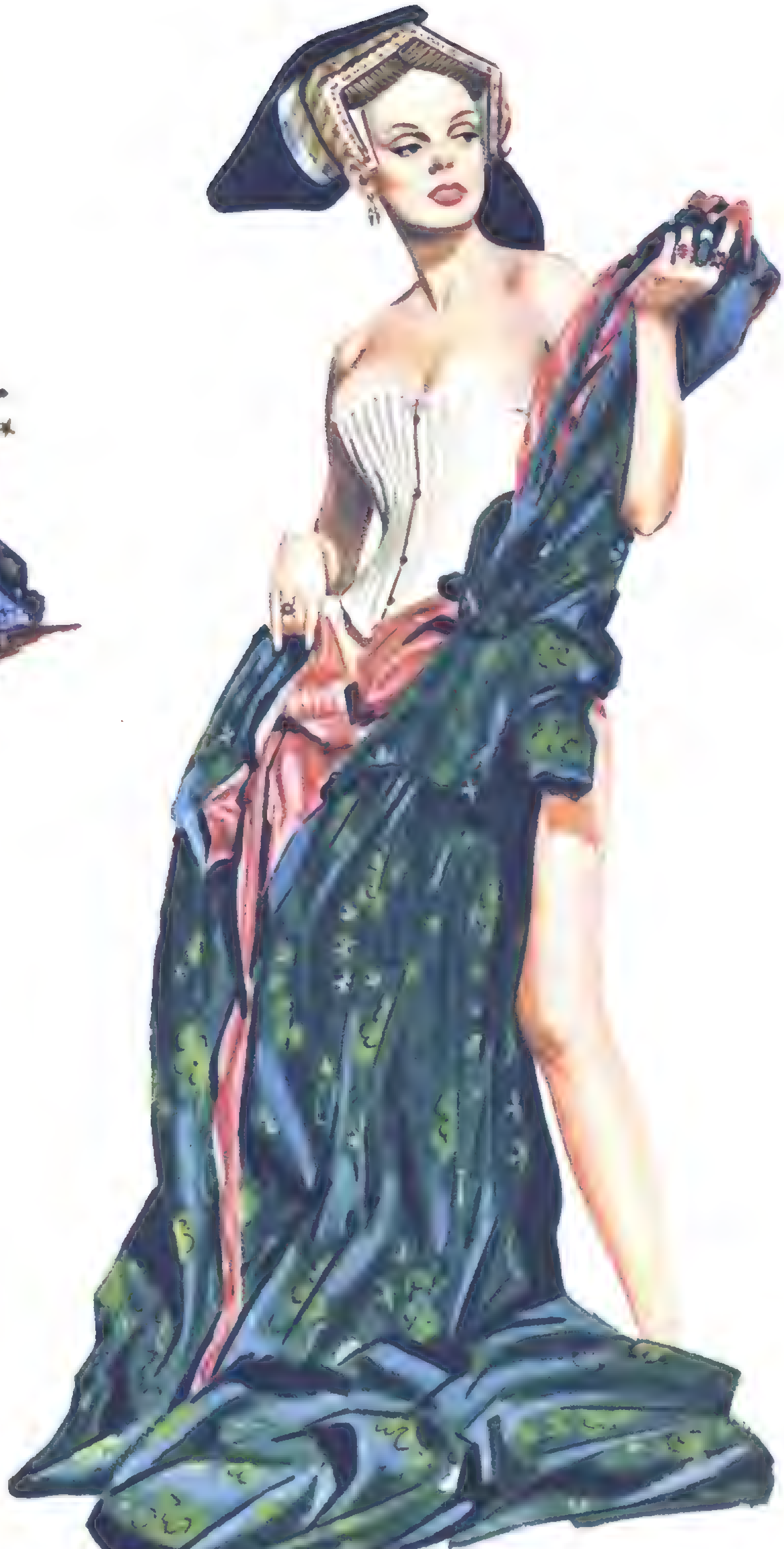
He was forty-five when that bloodshot eye lighted once more with the flame of love. This time it lit upon young Jane Seymour, a delicate morsel without the fire and worrisome spirit of Anne. Henry, ever unselfish, said that he would marry again if "constrained" to do so by his subjects, for the good of the nation. Oddly enough, he was constrained and Jane became a bride. Poor little one—just about half his age. He was fatter now through the middle, the muscles were sagging, eating was a little more important than romance. Jane lingered long enough to give him the son he wanted, then died.

Anne of Cleves was next, another political alliance, this time from the valley of the Rhine. Brainier than the others, she was less attractive to the old voluptuary, and he soon enough found it convenient to divorce her, and retire her as Queen Emeritus. Hal was slightly miffed to discover that Anne scarcely took this as any hardship, and indeed, seemed to be happier than with him. But, before the problem could prove bothersome, a round young temptation hove into view—Katheryn Howard, 18, and fresh as the morning. The king, now in his evening, grew brighter in her presence. And the silly girl, unminding the glint of the executioner's ax, and exalted with a "greed of grandeur," became his queen. It took no seer to predict her end, or the path to it. Young Thomas Culpeper had always loved her, and still did even in the shadow of the throne. And who can blame the young queen if she looked beyond the aging hulk of her roistering spouse to the stripling waiting beyond? Well, Henry did, in a screaming, smashing fit of rage. In his mercy he had the youth sentenced to be hanged, cut down alive, split open, his insides to be burned and finally to be killed by beheading. On the block, before the ax fell on her girlish neck, Katheryn wept for Culpeper and cried: "I would rather have had him for a husband than be mistress of the world." Once more King Henry was alone with his one great love, himself.

Katharine Parr, a 30-year-old widow who must have either been brave or blind or foolish, next married the doddering Romeo. There were four graves by now to mark her predecessors. But she beat her fate even though her strong religious convictions aroused the killer in Henry. He died first, before he could get around to finishing her off. It was 1547. Henry had thrown away his talents on every side. The hopes of his subjects that had risen when he was a glorious young Prince of Wales had gradually vanished as he mistook cloth of gold for statesmanship, bravado for courage, and bungled his foreign policy as hopelessly as his marriages. He lived in a day of great kings. Charles the Fifth became emperor of Spain and half of Europe dur-

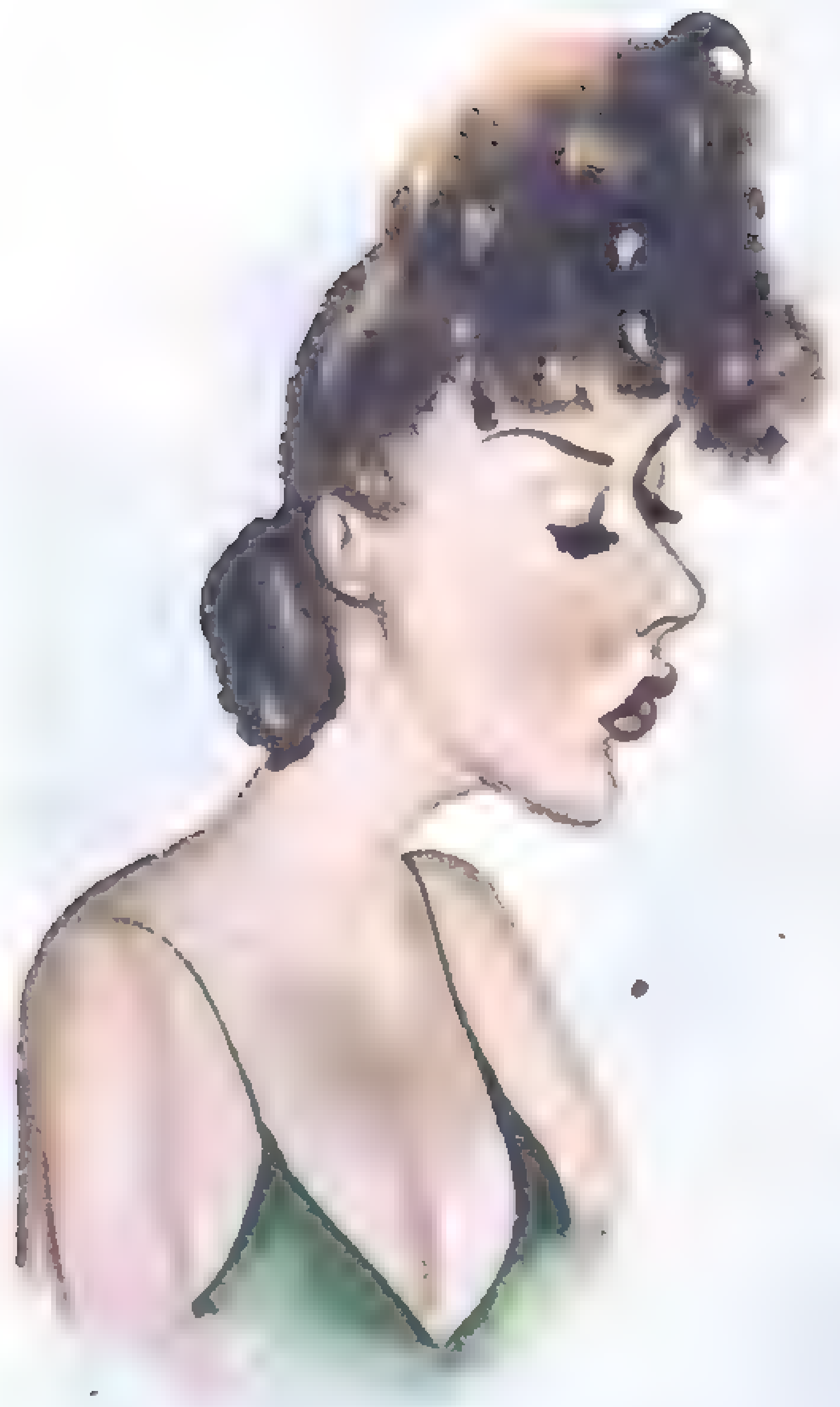


Jane Seymour, meek where Anne Boleyn had been a firebrand, was Henry's ideal—girlish, docile, and lovely. She was a lamb not much over twenty; the wolf was a hulking forty-five. Yet he could not be grateful for anything. Her death by illness left him unmoved.

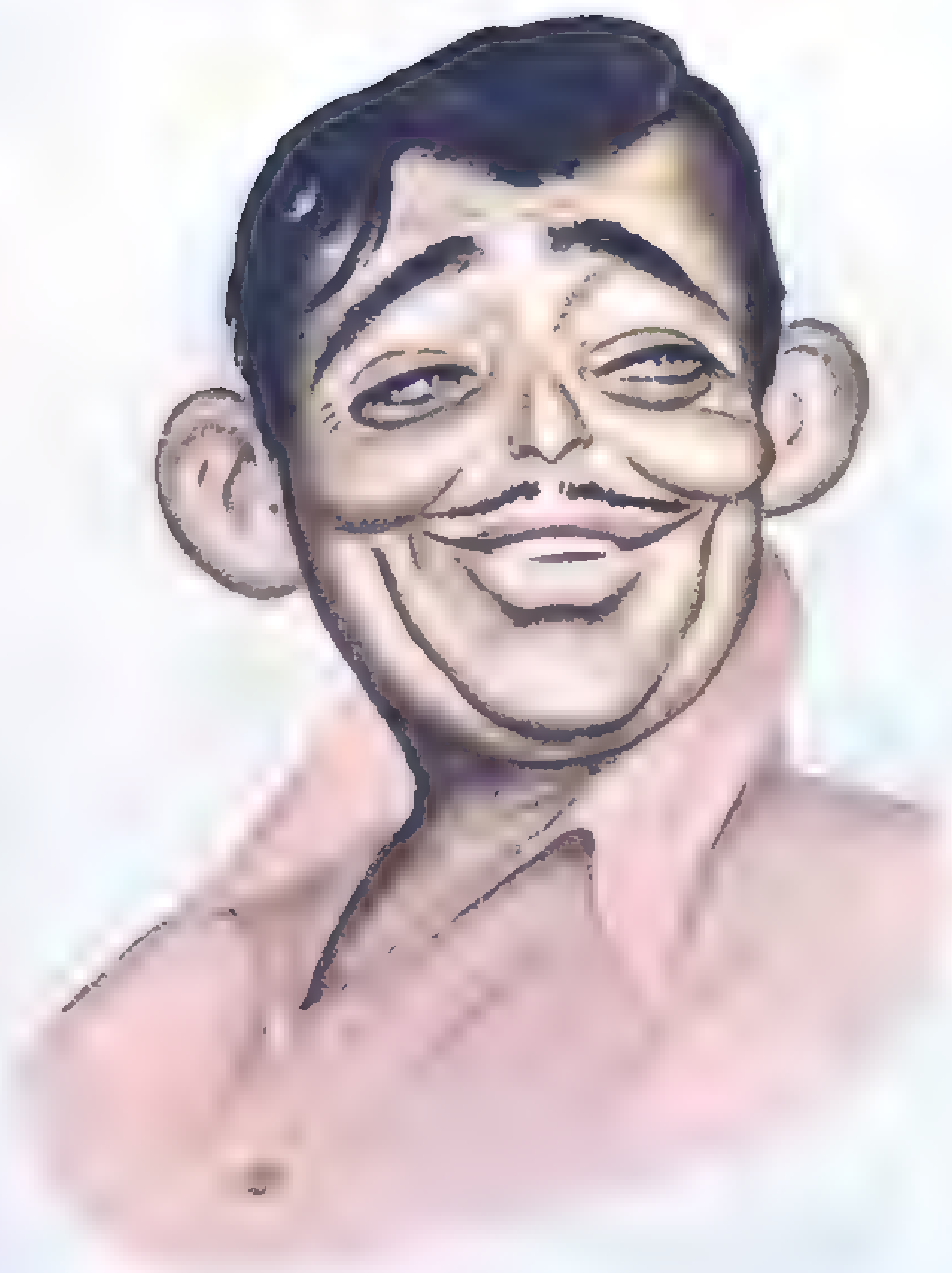


Katheryn Howard was the giddy girl Henry yet called "the rose without a thorn." Small, well-rounded, vivacious, she loved to play at being queen. Spring and winter made an odd contrast. The most loyal courtier could not resist a smirk behind his hand at the contrast of the slight girl at the side of her gouty old escort. Gayly imperious, she risked her aging King's displeasure by seeing a suitor of her maiden days while the King dozed over his wine cups. Her last date was with the headsman.

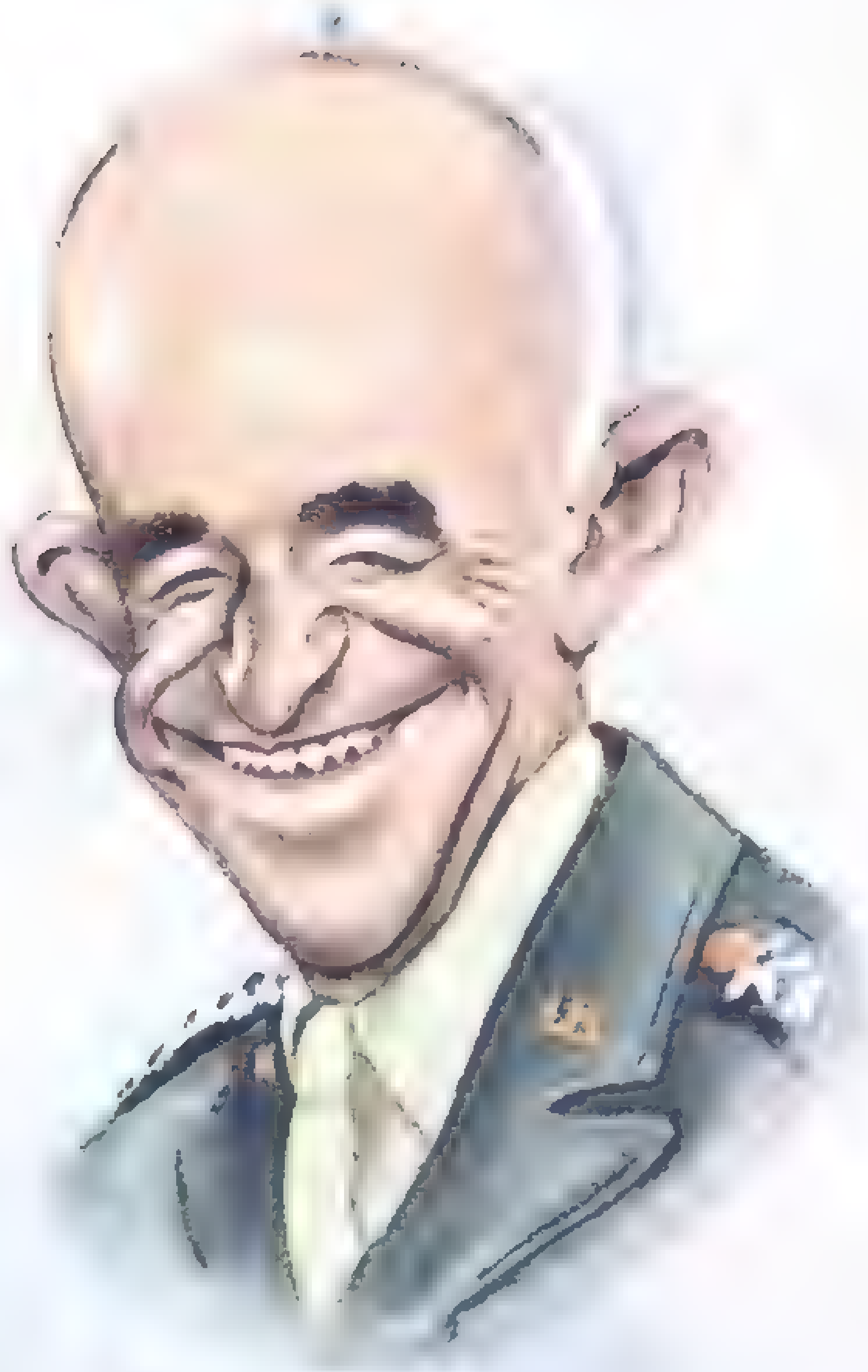
ing Henry's time; Francis the First held forth in France, and met with Henry in 1520 on the famous Field of Cloth of Gold, a background which went with the Englishman as ale goes with roast beef. To England's great loss, war and even politics were playthings to bored Henry. A major battle for a kingdom was one in his mind with the breaking of a few lances behind the castle. Not surprising that he was easily led to support the warlike counsel of Cardinal Wolsey against the French—Hal personally led an English army across the channel in 1513 and made a few grandstand plays in the successful sieges of Thérouanne and Tournay. But in spite of these brave gestures he pursued for the most part a chuckleheaded national policy. He antagonized the Church, repudiated his stanchest supporters, and if the people of his kingdom had ever seen him through modern eyes, he might have gone the way of Anne Boleyn to the block in payment for his mistakes. As it was, with kingship an accepted idea, he was merely an ugly burden—and very puffy under the eyes—for the land to bear. Yet the time was not far off when a king who could do wrong so willfully was to pay the price for it. One of the men beheaded by Henry was a long-faced Englishman they called Cromwell—an English King was to pay off that debt with his head, as Oliver, descended from Cromwell, gave the order. Blustering Hal even muffed his chance at royalty, as patient Catherine of Aragon (who knew him well) might have predicted. Swagger as he would, he was more comic than epic. And Anne Boleyn's little girl, the one Henry had despised, daily grew closer to the hour when she was to become England's greatest ruler, Queen Elizabeth. ⌗



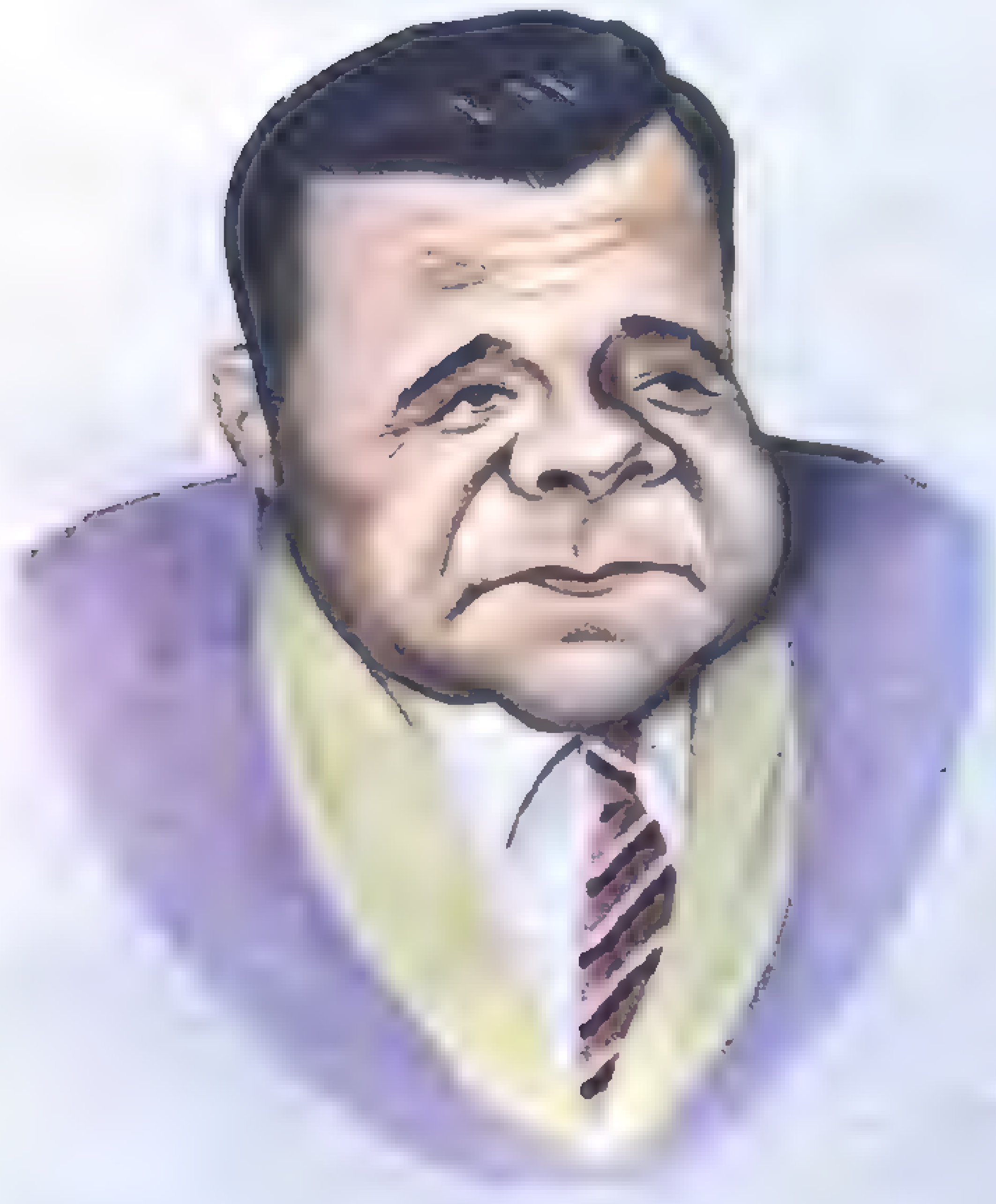
1. From bookings to books
(FEBRUARY 9)



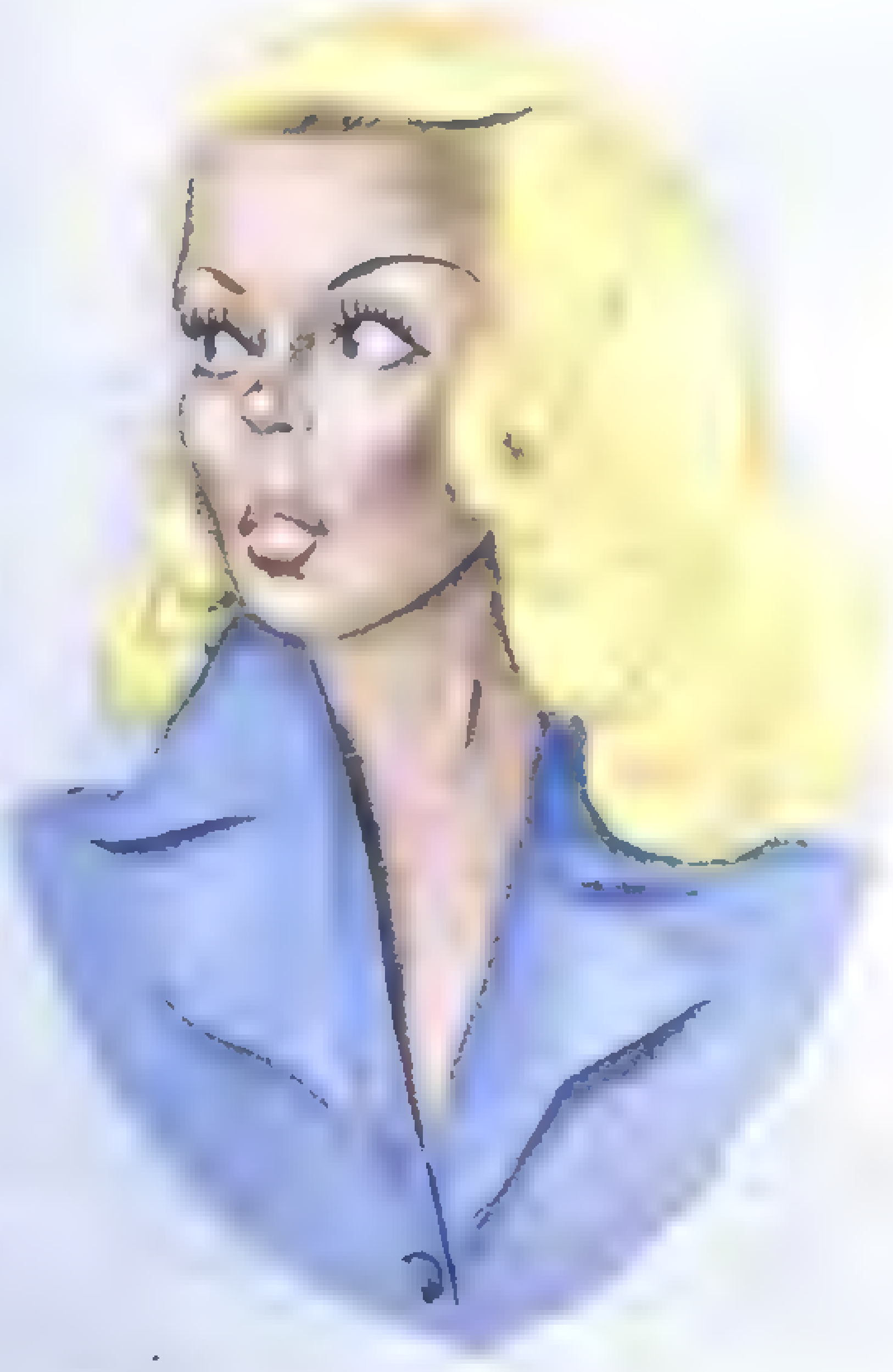
2. Bombardier of female hearts
(FEBRUARY 1)



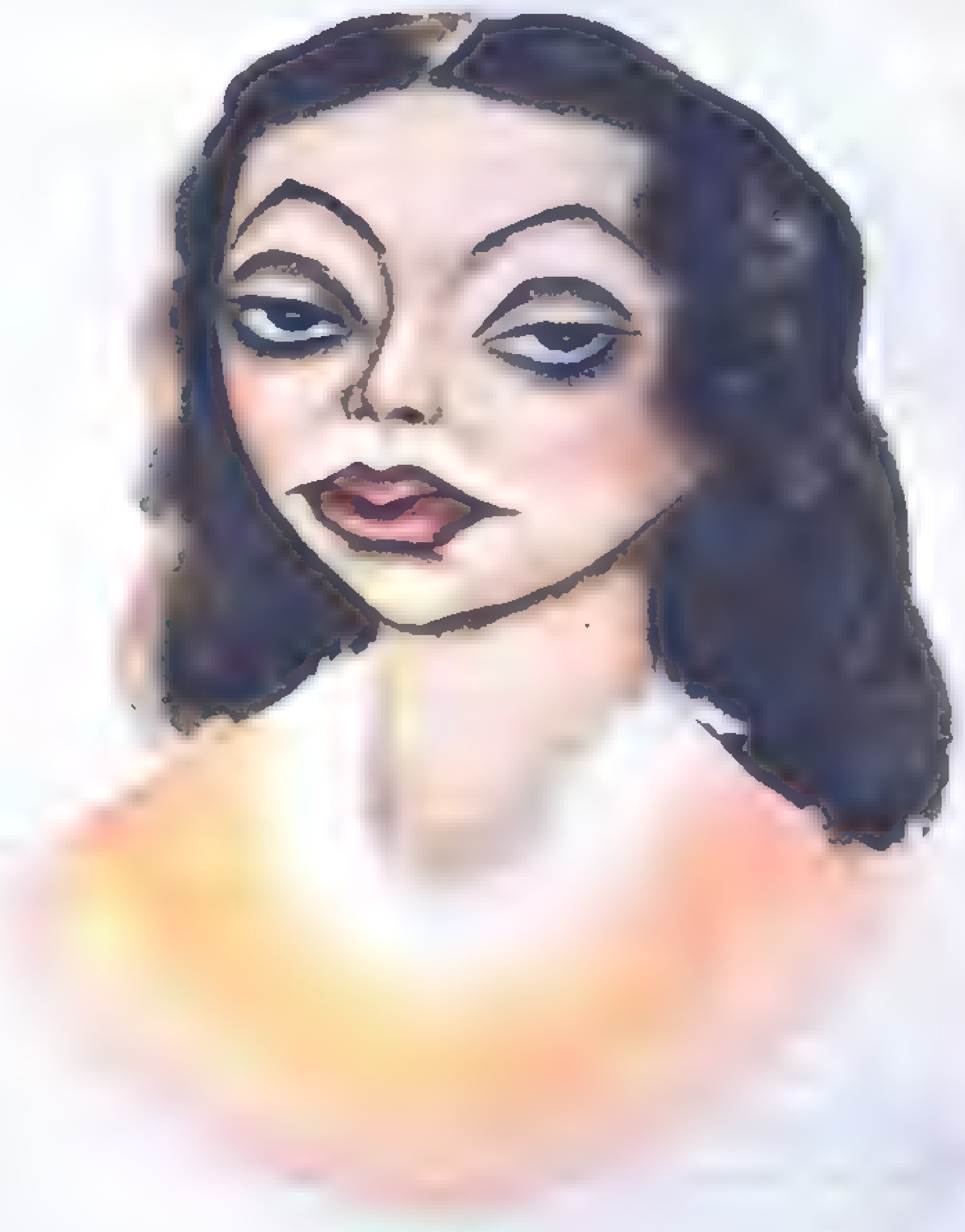
3. Brass hat without brass
(FEBRUARY 12)



4. No babe in the woods
(FEBRUARY 6)



5. She put glamour into knitting
(FEBRUARY 8)

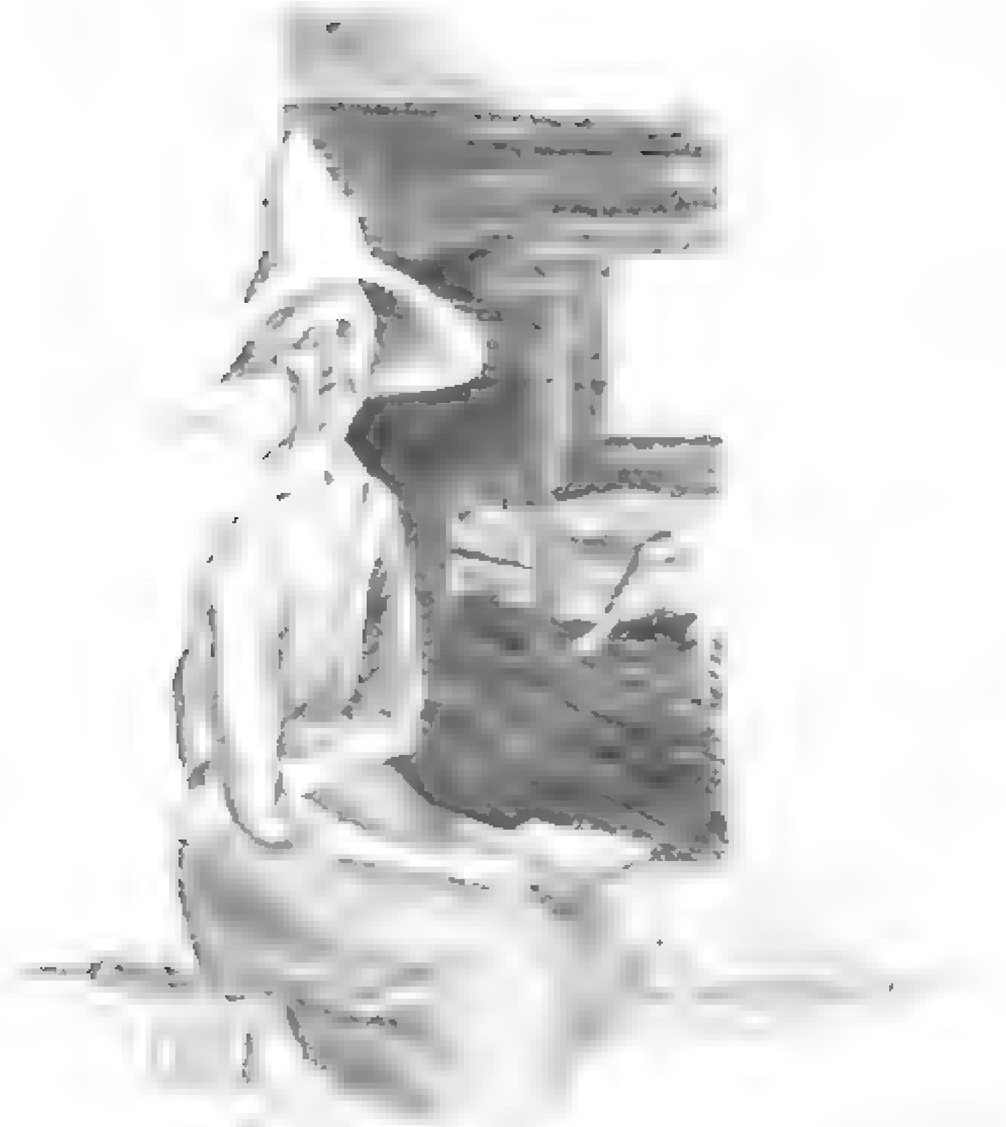


6. Katharine the Great
(FEBRUARY 16)

FEBRUARY'S CHILDREN

Caricatures by Alan Jedla

Here's February's crop of prize children whose now-famous names sprouted unknown onto the face of the earth in this month of rigor, frost and seemingly everlasting winter. Their names are almost household words. Yet these six of the second month, whose birthdays range all the way from the Gay Nineties to the Galvanizing Twenties (and it's up to you to guess who and when) pretty well run the gamut of human achievements—from brains to brawn, from Kleig lights to first nights, from pen to sword and bat to star. Come to think of it, February is a mighty fruitful month after all. It's true that you really will have little right to rate yourself genius on the basis of this as an I.Q. test or to confer upon yourself the degree of F.S. (Face Spotter), but there's always a chance that the twist of a nose or the lift of an eyebrow may throw you off, so here they are: 1. Gypsy Rose Lee 2. Clark Gable 3. General Bradley 4. Babe Ruth 5. Lana Turner 6. Katharine Cornell.


WEBER

The woman at the farmhouse knew the way to town, but she was more certainly lost than the strangers who missed the detour

Road with No Turning

by NORCROSS HEDRICK

THEY were city people, lost on a country road. Roger and Helen Norcossön had missed their way at the last detour. It was a blindingly hot day and they became aware that the passing blur had stilled to sand dunes punctured by dull swords of wire grass and clotted groups of scrub trees drinking their own shade in the dry heat-wavering air. They saw an unpainted farm shack and a scrabble of outbuildings behind a fence falling into the sand holes.

"The house looks like something out of Grant Wood."

"But where are the fields of Iowa?" Helen looked at him and they laughed because they had drawn some of their known world about themselves again and felt comfort. The change from the immunity of riding in the front seat had been very sudden.

"Maybe someone up there knows where we can hit the main road."

Helen took off her pumps and waded in the sand. Then she caught hold of Roger's hand, and slipped the shoes on before they went up the lane to the house. They were very gay by the time they saw the woman. And then their laughter seemed to sink down inside, as water would sink if spilled on the sand dust before them.

The woman was sitting in a sagging rocker on the porch as though waiting for something. She wore a high-crowned hat that was almost in style again. The blue felt was streaked and limp about the freckled parchment of her face. Her taffeta dress was of the mode of twenty years before. There was a book on her lap, a silver spur lying on the open pages to mark the place. Then she stood and they fell to the floor with a quiet and a metallic sound. Roger picked them up. The book was *Swann's Way*—in the original French.

"You've come for me," she said. "I wish you had not waited so long. If you had come yesterday . . ." her face changed a little and then was back to its untouched deadness ". . . you could have seen my husband, Bruce, and then you would know why I have lived here for so long. But now he's asleep in my bed. He never likes me to wake him after his Saturday night."

Helen tried to think of words to make a scratch across the monotony of the dull voice, but there was no rising moisture of thought.

"Last night I went to see what his Saturday night was like. I went to the dance in Echo." She pointed toward town. "I taught in the high school there before I married Bruce. He rode. In rodeos. And back East he got to be World Champion Cowboy. But I stayed and ran the ranch. Twenty years I've been here."

Helen wanted to say something, anything to relieve the uncomfortable tightness she felt, but the woman went on: "They all died. My babies always died. One lived almost a month."

"We're sorry, Madam," Roger said in the deep, accented voice which Helen liked. But now she wished he would be silent lest they both be cemented, even for a while, into the woman's agony.

The woman continued as though she had not heard. "I never went to a dance in Echo before. But last night the coyotes came down to the house and I rode the brood mare to town." She stood.

"Echo, that's where Bruce always went on his Saturday nights. It always seemed a dull place. But last night I learned about the girls in the back room of the Pastime Pool Hall. I went in and brought Bruce home. He had been doing that every Saturday for a long time."

"Could you direct us to the main highway?"

The woman seemed not to hear. "You should have come yesterday. Now I cannot go with you."

"Roger, you ought to go in the house and see . . . I have the feeling something . . . something horrible . . ." Helen interrupted.

"He had such a beautiful body. Did you ever see a man ride a horse so that it was like a poem, or lovely music?"

"Roger, you must. We can't just stand here."

As if those words established a current between the woman and Roger and Helen, she looked at them with the innocent regard of some creature who had never lived among men.

"No," she said, "turn around and go back now. Yesterday, had you come . . . but we must not think of that. Bruce is in there on the bed." She paused and spoke again: "After there is no happiness, there is one way you may escape: cut away all."

She looked at the spur on the book and picked it up. "He won't need this any more."

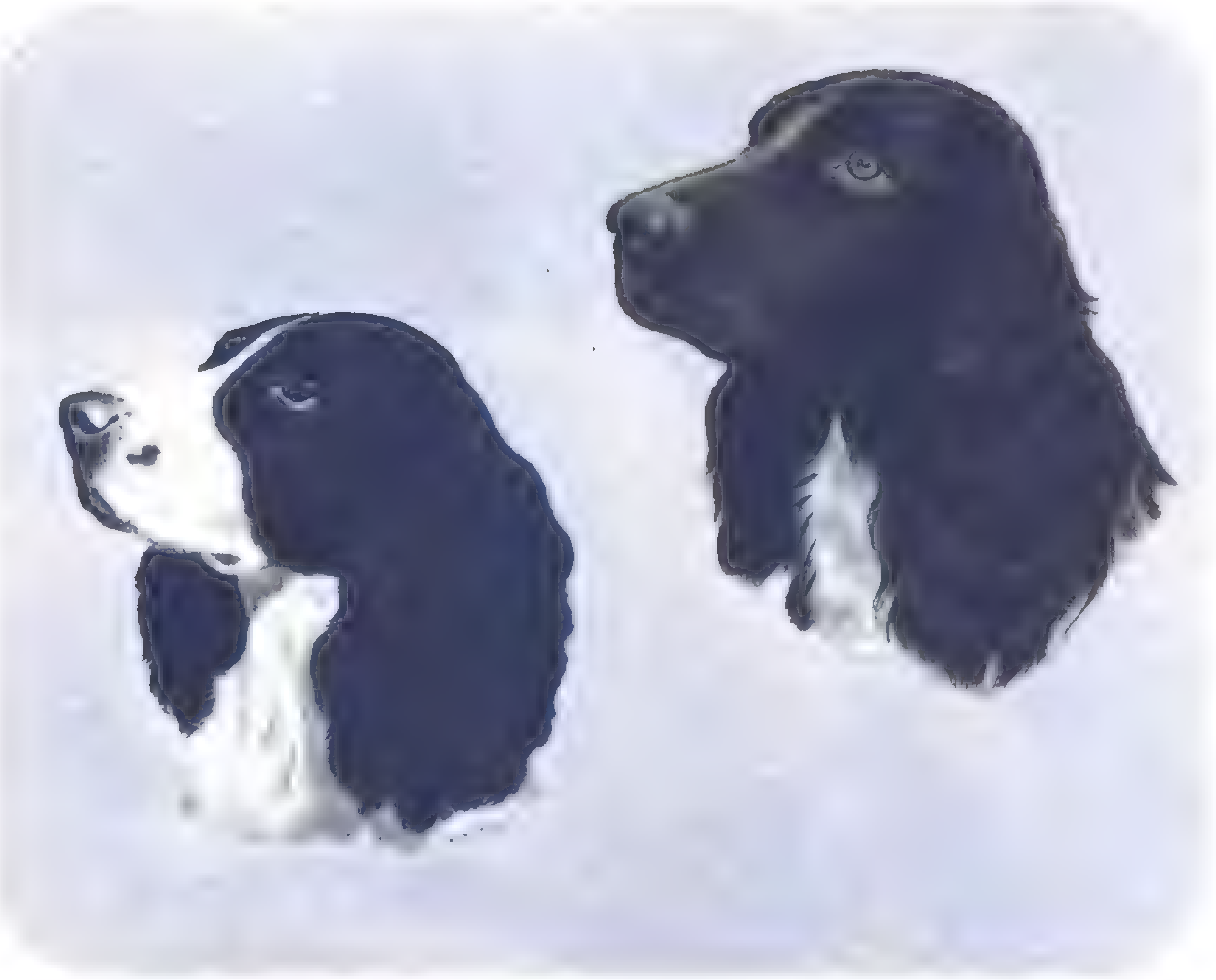
They went back to the car and drove toward the detour where they had lost their way. Helen shrank beside him. They were little human beings scuttling across the crust of a world.

At the detour they stopped to make sure of their direction. Ahead, approaching on the rough road was a state police car.

"Should we stop them?"

"I don't know," Roger said.

The car came nearer and they could see the sunlight shining on the leather gun harnesses, and on the badge of the driver. ⁂


ATHERTON

English Cocker Spaniels: Field Companions

Cinar's Spot and Cinar's Chuck of Earlsmoor, like most Cockers, are excellent hunting dogs, agile and gay during field trials. Owned by Dr. Sam Milbank, they live with their Scotch trainer at Fisher's Island, a game preserve. Their only flaw is in over-ambition—occasionally when their impetuous natures get the better of them they "break" (the dog that goes in the straightest course wins). Nevertheless they have, through combined effort, brought home the Tom Brigg's memorial trophy for the best-calling spaniel of the year five times out of a possible seven. Spot was a timid puppy, but now he's so fast in the field, he makes spectators laugh. Both dogs are sensitive to scolding, and generously shake hands after their punishment.

His radical dream faded as his bistro went merrily ahead gouging customers

Gilhooley's Glamorous Club Casino

by ROBERT W. MARKS

I USED to lie awake nights dreaming that I was the sole proprietor, manager, and general nabob of my own night club. A night club to me was what Africa was to Livingston, what Mecca was to Sir Richard Burton, what laudanum was to the private dream of Mr. DeQuincy. I saw in the eye of my mind girls of unearthly beauty moving slowly and sinuously across voluptuous carpets to the counterpoint of cymbals and sistra. I had glimmers of a room in which hundreds of Mr. Saroyan's beautiful people would sip tall drinks and enjoy the beatific vision in untrammeled peace.

Well, now I have my club. It's one of the show places of New York. Each night on its overcrowded floor, polished diplomats rub elbows with the best Kiwanians of the Middle West. But somehow the place is minus the beatitudes. Instead of the sensuous tinkle of the harem bells you hear a ham mimic giving an imitation of Lionel Barrymore calling Dr. Kildare. And on the phone in the bar you will usually find no slinking soubrette arranging a rendezvous—but Oscar, the chef, saying, "Hello, Looie, I want you to send me another twenty pounds of baloney; business is good tonight."

This is the way it came about: four years ago I was a press agent. I handled some of the best night clubs in town. One day an amiable fellow named Joe, a man who had made a mint in zippers, said to me, "Gilhooley, how'd you like to start a night club? I want to be part backer of a club, but one that's different . . . you know, no clip joint, just a place with good food, lots of pretty girls, and good music."

In a flash, I saw the handwriting on the wall; and it was a nice, clean, legible script. Joe was willing to put up $50,000. I figured I needed three times that—at inflated prices. I had to hire a place, get an architect to design some sensational kind of décor, pay for the decorations, put a show together, buy costumes, hire music, equip a kitchen, sign two orchestras, and launch a circus-size publicity campaign. Three times that would still be a drop in the bucket; but with $150,000 cash, I figured I could wangle enough credit to cover the rest.

Joe was co-operative. His zipper business had brought him close to a lot of other big shots who would rather lose some money on a show than hand it over cold to the government.

We had a meeting late one night in a little delicatessen on Sixth Avenue—Joe, six of his friends, and me. One fellow said he'd kick in $25,000 if he could have the restaurant concession. Another was a hat-check concessionaire. He was willing to throw in $25,000; but he wanted the check rooms. A third had dough to offer in return for the bar concession. And so it went down the line until I had $230,000 subscribed . . . and found that I had even leased the rights for gardenias and palm reading. The only thing I had to myself was the show and the name.

That's why whenever you happen to come into my night club the headwaiter will be sure to insult you.

I was what my backers called a radical. "Look here," I said, "the people who are going to come to this club are coming because they want to have a good time. They are tired, worn, frustrated. All they want to do is enjoy themselves. Let's have a unique club—let's give them a good time."

"Hell," said Joe, lighting a long Havana cigar, "they can have a good time for nothing any day of the week. What they really want to do in a night club is spend money. And it's our job to help them." He smiled benignly.

I stood for a broad program of social reform. I wanted a headwaiter who would give every customer the best table available without waiting to be bribed.

"Nothing doing," snapped the restaurant concessionaire, when I broached the notion. "I'm running a high-class ptomaine palace, not a borsht house." He stood firm.

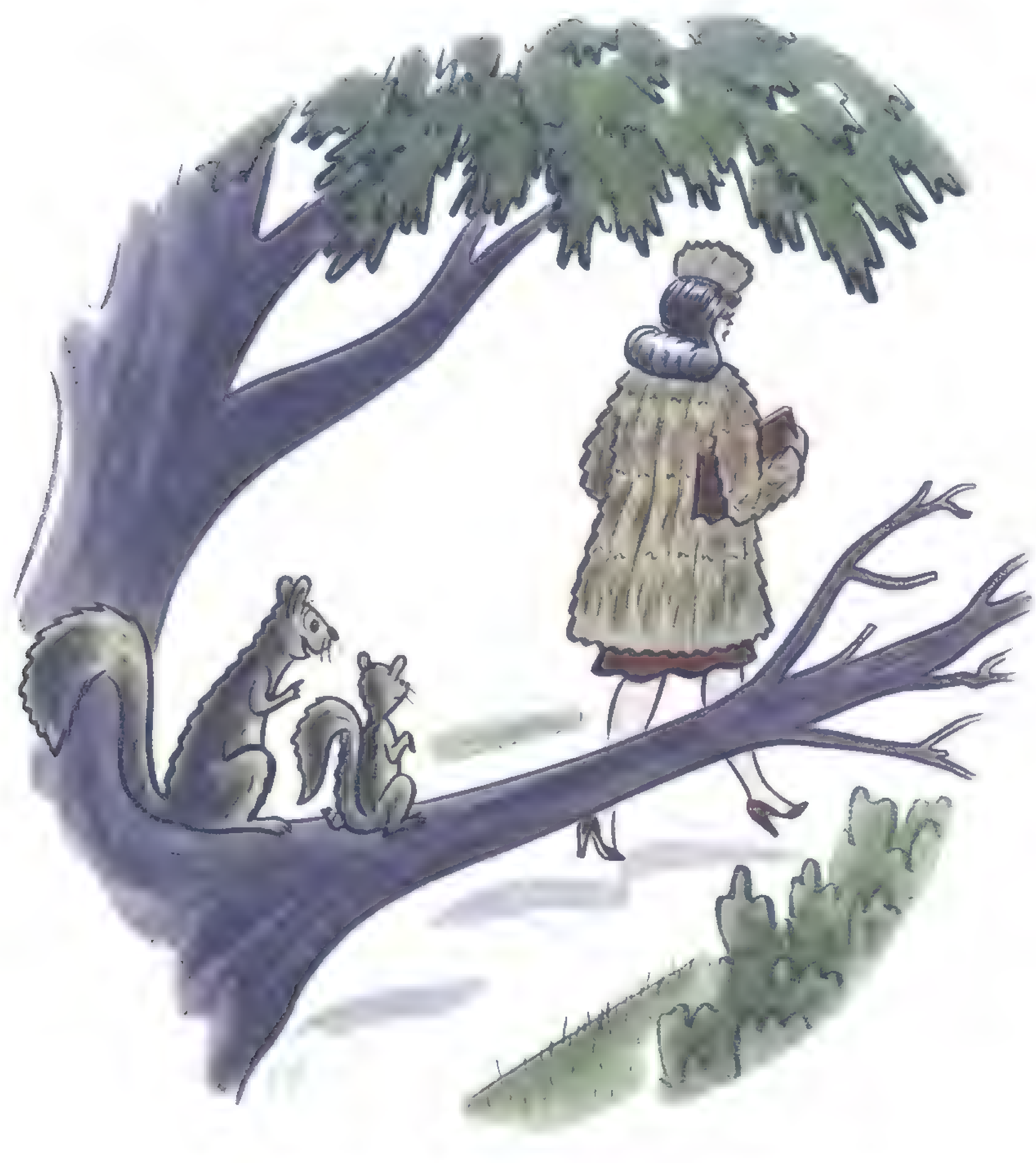
I wanted the customers' hats and coats checked without charge. I felt that the highway robbery of the check rooms often left an unpleasant taste in the gift horses' mouths. "Try to change that," said a backer named Giuseppe, "and you can forget about my $25,000."

That's the way it went. One by one, all my hopes floated down the river. I personally didn't have enough money to maintain a controlling interest in a hamburger. On the other hand, the backers did leave me the floor show. I decided to concentrate on that—once the morbid details were settled.

A contract was drawn, giving me nothing much but the name and a percentage. For pocket money I had the privilege of borrowing from the headwaiter. Nevertheless my name was to be featured on the canopy. In letters a foot high was to be the slug, "Flash Gilhooley's Club Casino."

In some mysterious way, this title was supposed to convey the atmosphere of the tropics. Every piece of decoration, consequently, was to be as tropical as a grass skirt. I located a reformed stable, somewhere in the East Fifties, and we hired a correspondence-school interior decorator to make the place torrid. Every exposed joist was

(*Continued on page 123*)



"The third from the left, bottom, is your father"

The gentleman casually performing the impossible derring-do in these remarkable color shots is Ross Allen, the crowned king

of hand-to-hand alligator wrestlers, a fact known to all but the illiterate and vicious 'gators themselves. Here we see the brash

Mr. Allen proving the point to a seven-foot 'gator with doubts. Allen's technique consists of tackling the brute from in front

or behind, clamping those awful jaws shut with his hands, holding the aforementioned securely with but one hand and wrestling

him underwater with his remaining hand and both legs until he takes the count. Follows a more permanent jaw-clamping job

with a small rope, and Mr. 'Gator is hauled away to the Allen Reptile Institution, at Silver Springs, Florida, for re-

search and bag-making purposes. Be reminded that the power in an alligator's ugly face is sufficient to chew off a man's

leg with one snap, and consider that Allen has caught thousands of Everglades animals by hand, including the

deadly cottonmouths. When not hurtling overboard in search of such prey, Allen raises and milks them for venom.

ALLEN VS. ALLIGATOR

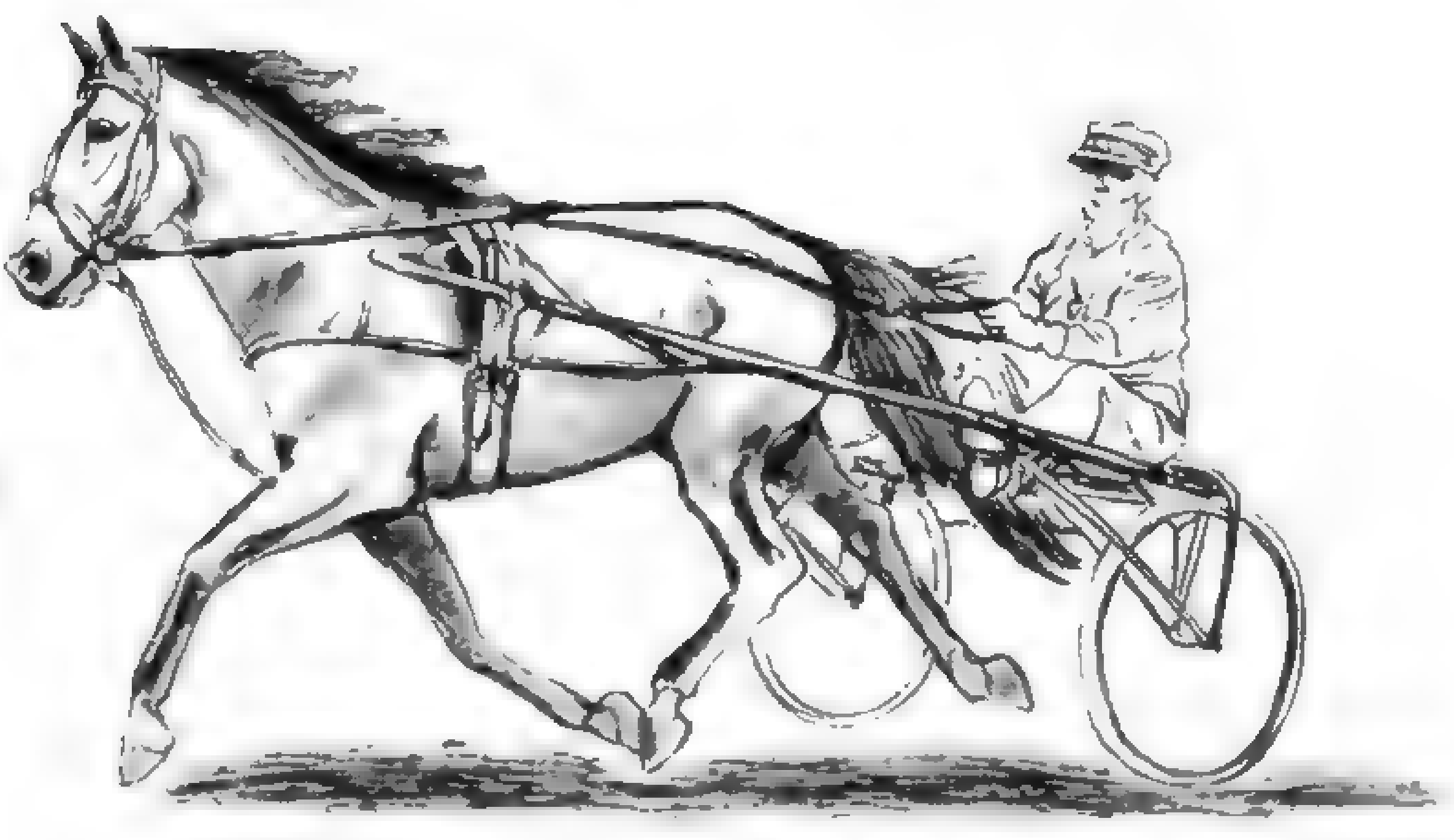
Photographs by Ed Rinker

After twenty-one years of playing rugged patty-cake with alligators, Ross Allen is a remarkably unscathed sight. Stocky, in his middle thirties and possessed of guileless sky-blue eyes, Allen is agile as a cat, as witness that 'gators have had his number but once, and even then he was slick enough to escape with but three broken fingers. Called to Hollywood to combat reptiles for such epics as *The Yearling*, Allen has built a reputation reluctantly, largely because no one wants the job. Actually, he is not a stunt man, but a serious herpetologist, completing his own zoo of all native Florida animals. Already he has one of this country's finest collections of venomous snakes.

A look at the storied life and time of Dan Patch, a crooked-legged pacer which outearned both Seabiscuit and Whirlaway

Million-Dollar Horse

by ROSCOE MACY


MOORE

It may shock those who follow the ponies to learn that Whirlaway was not, after all, the top money horse of all time. But what really stuns is that the animal which outearned Whirlaway was not even a running horse. The record books place Whirlaway's lifetime earnings at $561,000. Yet in the opening decade of this century a crooked-legged mahogany bay pacer—a harness horse—grossed an estimated million dollars for his owner in seven years of exhibition races and in indirect returns.

Just get a few veterans of harness racing talking about Dan Patch, and watch the superlatives fly. "He was the speediest creature that ever wore harness." "In or out of harness, he was the most intelligent horse I ever saw." "A kinder, wiser, finer-dispositioned horse never lived." Dan Patch had the largest and most faithful popular following of any animal in racing history.

At the height of The Patch's career, there was a Dan Patch cigar, and toy stores everywhere featured Dan Patch sleds, coaster wagons and hobbyhorses. One manufacturer advertised the Dan Patch washing machine, warranted to turn out a clean tubful in two minutes. As state fair attractions, Teddy Roosevelt, William Jennings Bryan, and the fireworks display "Burning of Moscow" ran poor seconds to this lovable horse.

Even after The Patch was retired to stud, throngs of the faithful made pilgrimages on the Dan Patch Railroad out of Minneapolis just to gaze at him in his stall as he munched his oats, had his coat curried or took his regular after-luncheon nap. "Men, women and children," declared an article in *The Harness Horse*, "seemed content just to see him—as if he were George Washington or Abraham Lincoln."

The saga of Dan Patch had its beginning in an ill-judged wink. Big, smiling Dan Messner, village storekeeper at Oxford, Indiana, pushing into the horse ring at a dispersal sale, flickered his eyelid as a greeting to his friend, the auctioneer. He was astounded a moment later to hear the latter shout, "Sold to Dan Messner for $255!"

Dan was what they called, in 1894, a "dead game sport." He paid over the money, then ruefully inspected his purchase—a lame, decrepit, old mare named Zelica. She had good racing blood in her, yet in all her life had been entered in but one match, which she lost. She was a standard-bred, though, and the first Dan had ever owned. A few miles away across the Illinois state line the famed and temperamental Joe Patchen, briefly holder of the world's harness record, was in stud. Dan decided to invest $150 in breeding his mare to the former champion.

The week Zelica foaled—in March, 1896—Dan was absent on a business trip. But one look at the depot idlers' faces as he stepped off the train was enough to tell him that his money had gone up the flue. At the livery stable he studied the gaunt, scraggly colt and sighed. The things that were wrong, he saw, were not the sort an animal outgrows. For racing the colt's knees were too knobby and his face too amiable. Kind of a friendly little cuss, Dan thought; might make a pretty fair delivery horse someday.

Messner christened his colt Dan Patch, after himself and Joe Patchen, then left the colt's handling to Johnny Wattles at the livery barn. Johnny soon came to set great store by his charge, often neglecting the livery business to see that young Dan had his daily workout with a racing sulky.

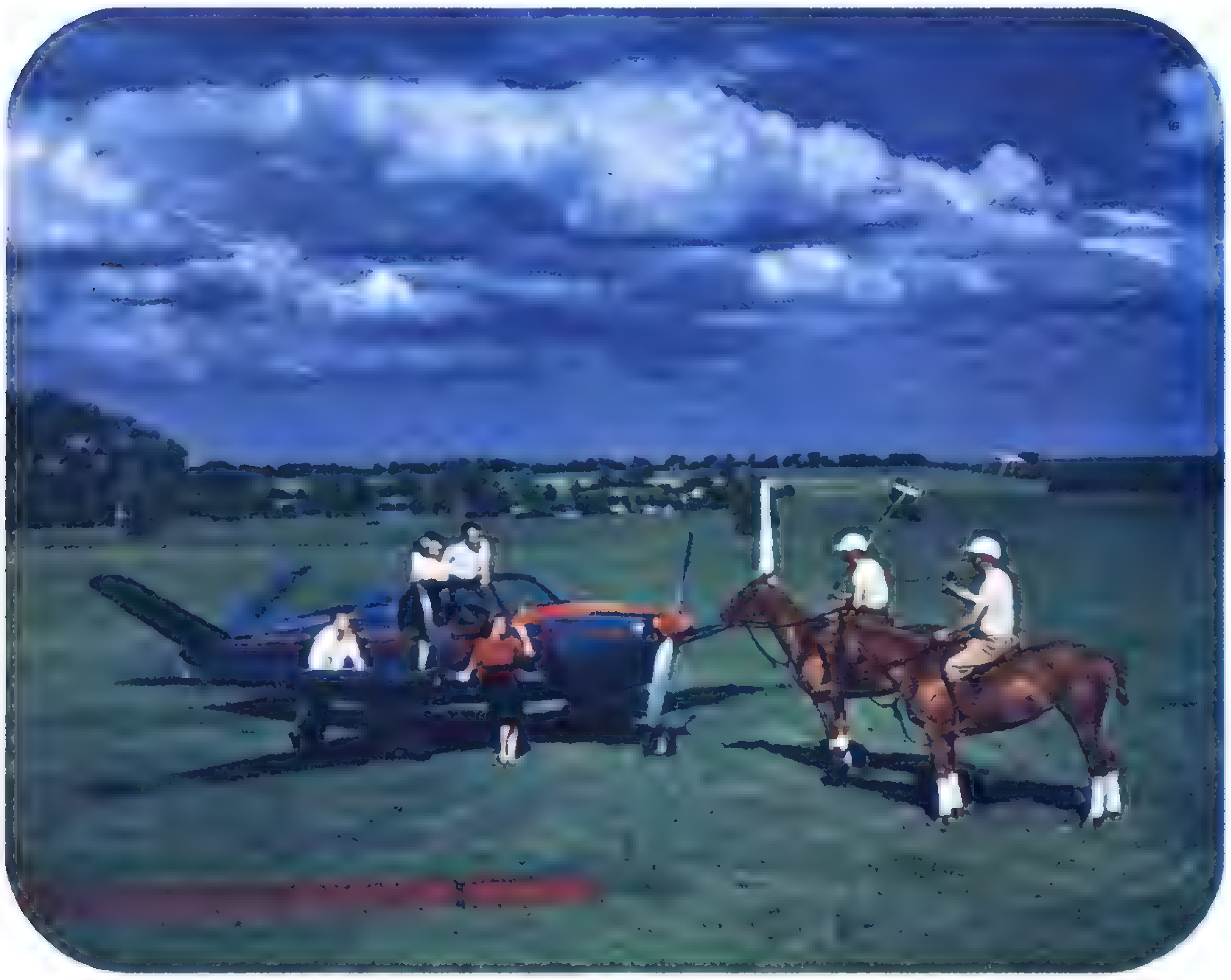
That Dan Messner had no hope of salvaging his investment through track earnings is indicated by the fact that The Patch was a four-year-old before he competed in his first race. Worn down by Johnny's persistent urgings, Messner finally matched the horse with two speedsters of modest reputation thereabouts.

The race was held in the Summer of 1900. Only a few neighbors were present to see the bay stallion win in straight heats under wraps. Dan Messner scratched his head, shook his stop-watch and looked again. "Hm-m! Reckon mebbe we got something here after all, eh, Johnny?"

That same year, after a brief training stretch under the veteran driver, Myron McHenry, the Messner stallion was entered in his first big-time match at Lafayette, Indiana. Here was real competition, a dozen seasoned pacers, some of them with wide experience around the Grand Circuit, the big-money tracks of the nation. Rated as top-heavy favorite by the bookies was the rugged speedster, Milo S. No one even looked at Dan Patch.

The track would not accommodate a single-tiered start with so many entrants, and McHenry drew a position in the rear rank. The big bay, confused at finding himself hemmed in by so many other horses, was lost in the ruck during the early stages of the race. Then, near the halfway mark, he broke to the outside of the thinned-out line and sped past the others. But the recovery was too late, the homestretch too short. Milo S. nosed out a victory.

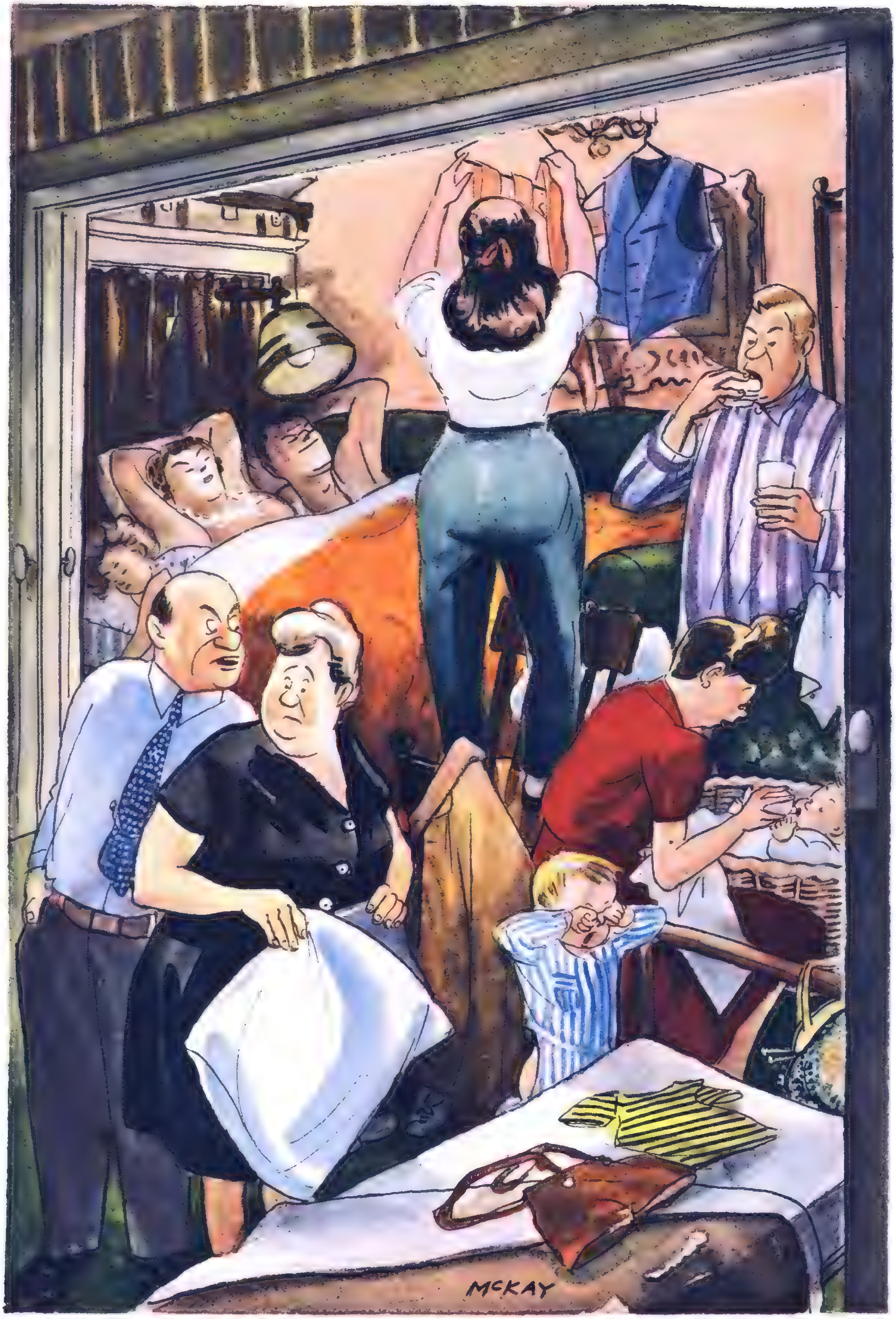
And that, it turned out, (*Continued on page 165*)


GROENHOFF

For air prospectors

Introducing Beechcraft's Bonanza with its special-design feature of the Vee, or Butterfly tail, an all-metal, low-wing, four-passenger ship capable of carrying a hundred pounds of baggage. Although equipped with the conventional controls, its construction makes it possible to disregard the rudders in making turns and to use them only for cross-wind landings and take-offs. It flies through the air with a maximum speed of 184 m.p.h., cruising speed of about 170 m.p.h., landing run of 315 feet and a cruising range of 750 miles. It's equipped with such luxury items as electrically operated flaps and retractable tricycle landing gear, landing lights, soundproofing, carpeting, adjustable sunshades. It sounds good enough to live in, let alone go places!

DEDINI



"Remember the good old days when none of our married children would live with us?"

MacArthur Shogunate

KENNEDY

Our present unhappy experience in Japan proves something we should already have known — you can't get democracy by decree

by BRADFORD SMITH

When we entered Japan after the surrender almost a year and a half ago, the Japanese were expecting to take a licking. They remembered Bataan and Nanking and Guadalcanal as well as we did, and though the common people were never told the horrible facts of their army's brutality, they knew enough to be scared. They also had a long background of military government to make them cautious. For twelve hundred years, up to 1868, they had been ruled intermittently by military governors—shoguns—while their emperor was nothing but a puppet living in retirement. Most of these years had been full of the bitterest kind of civil war, the burden of which had fallen on the people. When they protested, they got their heads lopped off. A samurai's right to kill any commoner at will was recognized in law.

That was what military government meant to the Japanese. And that was why they were scared as they awaited the MacArthur shogunate.

The day MacArthur was to enter Tokyo the city was dead with an unconvincing stillness. I had no five-star car to ride in, so I took the electric train up from Yokohama, jammed in with demobilized soldiers and mothers nursing their babies. It was a funny feeling to sit opposite a man, still in uniform, who a few days ago had been an implacable enemy.

Though the train was packed, only a few Japanese were in sight in that part of the city where MacArthur was expected. Rubble and the smell of death surrounded the American Embassy where the flag was to go up again. There were still several million Japanese in Tokyo despite the incredible devastation of the bombings, but they weren't showing themselves.

Yet within a few days they began crawling out of their holes. A few showed sullen distrust, but on the surface most were helpful, friendly. Centuries of obedience to authority had taught them the folly of resistance and the wisdom of co-operating, in appearance anyway, with those in power. That was why I had refused to carry arms when I went up to Tokyo before we had occupied it. While many officers carried weapons everywhere and talked about what could happen with several million Japanese still under arms, I was sure enough of the Japanese habit of obedience to feel no concern, for I had lived in Japan long enough so that I didn't believe what I saw in the funny papers.

We were afraid of the Japanese, and they were afraid of us. But we were the victors. When they found that we didn't intend to abuse them, when—in spite of a few bad incidents maliciously played up by the Japanese press—they discovered that American G.I.s couldn't help being the products of their democratic upbringing, they thawed out. And with amazement they watched American soldiers give their seats to old women in streetcars (in Japan women give up their seats to men), share their chocolate with the kids, talk to their own officers without cowering, blow their money for tourist junk and hold hands with girls in the park, uninhibited by a complete language barrier.

When they had just about got used to this, they discovered that the Supreme Commander was the very perfect model of an ancient Oriental ruler—firm, austere, dignified, autocratic, ruling with a firm hand.

The Japanese liked a firm hand; they had always been used to it. Their psychological image of a ruler was that of a father—stern but just, fearful in anger and swift in punishment. MacArthur filled the bill. Free-thinking Japanese were heard to say that if there could be an election for emperor, MacArthur would easily win over Hirohito. Crowds of Japanese came every day to the Dai Ichi Building across from the moat, there to stand with their backs to the imperial palace and to watch with silent respect while the great man strode quickly to his car.

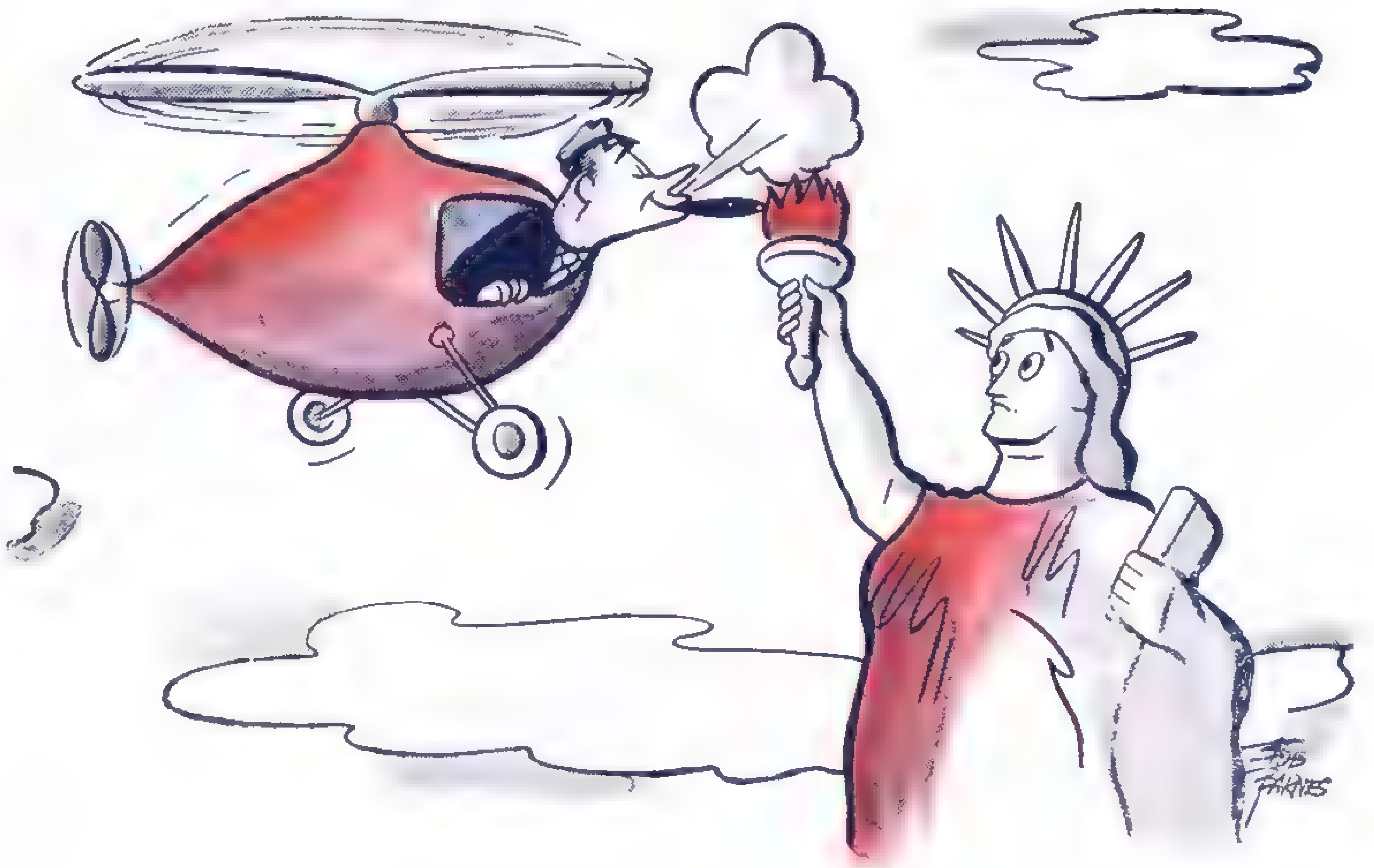
The combination of democratic, friendly soldiers and regal ruler was a marvel, one of those touches of genius which could not have been planned. Unfortunately there was a third element—the MacArthur headquarters crowd, the Bataan Club, the little men clustering about MacArthur who sought his favor like the inmates of a harem, and whose struggles to increase their personal power at each other's expense had a comic-opera quality and tragic possibilities.

As an example of the extremes to which this pettiness could go, take the case of a young noncommissioned officer who wrote an editorial MacArthur liked. The headquarters general under whom he served got the NCO on MacArthur's Japan-bound plane to be on hand for any likely writing jobs. The general did this not to reward a deserving soldier, but to score a point against his enemies—all the other generals in headquarters. Another general who was in the habit of writing material for MacArthur and hadn't much else to do was furious at this threat to his position, ran to his master, and got the poor NCO sent back to a replacement center in the Philippines.

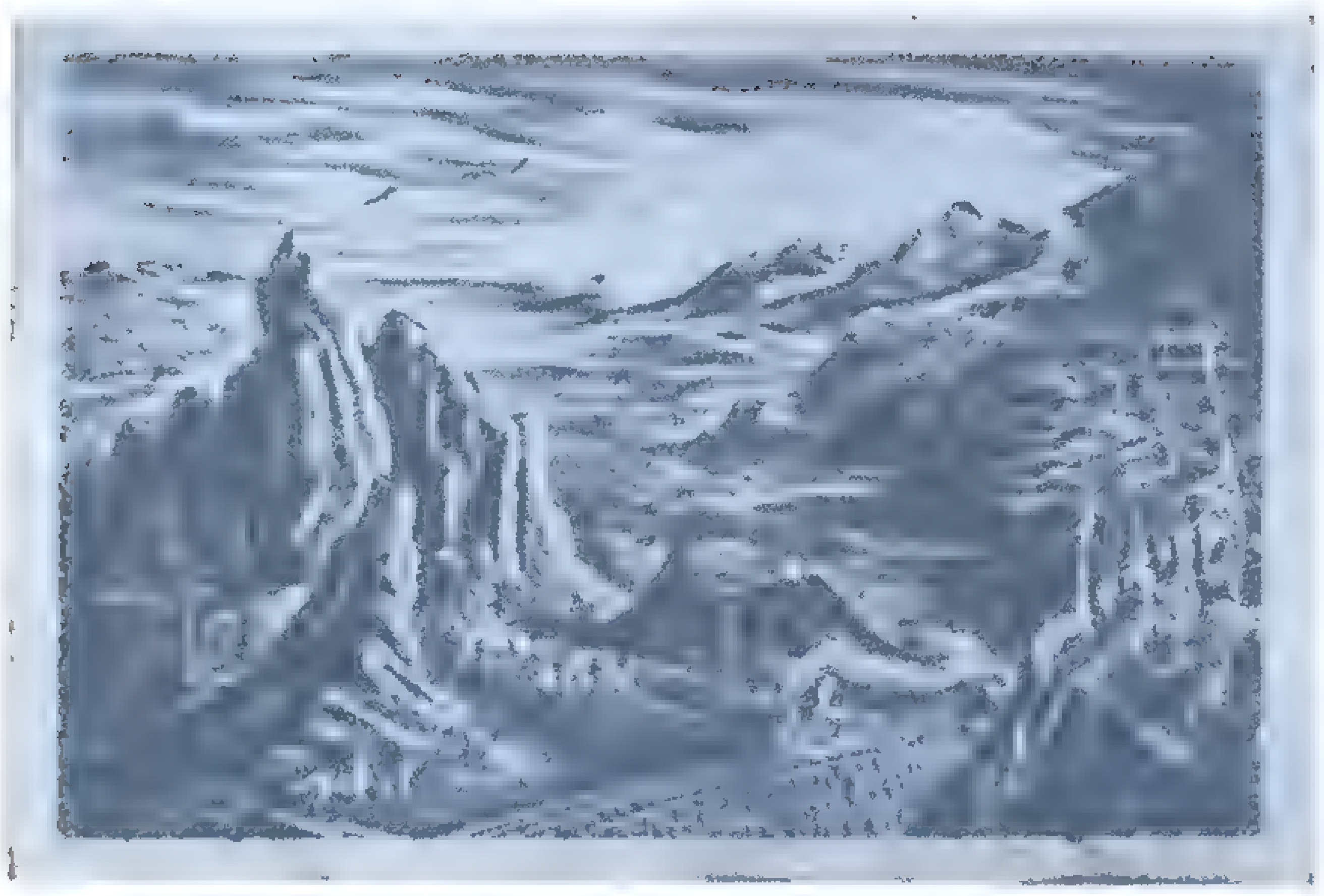
Things like that happened all the time. As a result, every general was so afraid of his position that he wouldn't propose a bold and forward-looking plan for fear of having it torn down by some other general. So we went to Japan with only half-baked notions of how we were going to control and administer the country. Headquarters maneuvering got rid of the non-Bataan general sent out by Washington to head up military government. His duties were parceled out to the inner circle. For days after we reached Japan the radio stations continued to dish out Japanese propaganda under the direction of the same people who had denounced Americans as beasts. A simple and effective program to control Japanese information media immediately on landing had been turned down by the responsible general. He was afraid that other officers, taking this as a bid to increase his own power, would persuade MacArthur to divvy up his various responsibilities and prerogatives among them.

Chaos in the first days of occupying an

(*Continued on page 138*)



It was darned indecent of fate, Herbert thought, to turn him loose in the caboose of a runaway freight on the right-of-way



NEAL

The Rescue of Old 97

by KIMBALL McILROY

HERBERT knew something was wrong the moment he looked down the rear platform of the caboose and saw the engineer and fireman sprawled along the right-of-way on either side of the tracks. That was no place for an engineer *or* a fireman, not with the freight still picking up speed.

Charlie and Fred came out of the caboose to peer over his shoulder.

"Who are them guys?" Charlie asked.

Before Herbert could reply, the engineer shouted as the train swept past him, "Jump for your lives! The bridge is out and the throttle's stuck."

"Trying to scare us!" Charlie said.

Herbert got ready to jump. He crouched on the caboose steps and took several deep breaths.

Fred asked anxiously, "You know how to swim, Herbert?"

Herbert looked down. All he could see below him was the swirling waters of the swollen river. The bridge swayed wildly under the weight of the train. He clutched the handrails and closed his eyes and didn't open them again until a different click-click of the wheels told him that they were once more over dry land. Then he backed up onto the platform, sweating profusely.

"That was close," Fred said.

"Aw, those fakers!" Charlie sneered. "Telling us the bridge was out."

Behind them there was a mighty rending sound and a loud splash.

"It is now," Fred said.

"What do we care? We're on this side with nothing to worry about."

Herbert finished mopping his face and put his handkerchief away.

He was glad the bridge had held. On his first run as a brakeman, it wouldn't have looked good if anything had happened to the train. Especially since he was breaking regulations in letting Charlie and Fred ride in the caboose.

The train was picking up speed nicely now. The wind whipping past the caboose exhilarated him. He grinned at his companions.

"This is better than riding the rods, isn't it, boys?"

Charlie considered this while he rolled a cigarette. Then he nodded. "Them rods like to break a guys back," he said after a while.

The milk of human kindness flowed through Herbert. He felt good about it, regulations or no regulations.

"I was just wondering," Fred said, "who's up in that engine."

Herbert's little world ground to a jarring halt on a mental picture of the engineer and fireman sprawled along the right-of-way and the engineer shouting that the throttle was stuck. He looked blankly at Fred.

"Yeah, who?" Charlie asked casually.

"Nobody," Herbert said.

"Then how're we going to stop the train?"

Herbert shook his head. "I don't know."

"Maybe you better go up and do it," Charlie suggested.

Herbert shuddered. "You mean crawl along the tops of all those freight cars until I get to the engine?" he asked.

Charlie shrugged. "How else?"

Herbert had another mental picture: The superintendent, dispatching him on his first run, saying, "Personally, I wouldn't trust you with my kid's windup train, but they tell me I got to use you and so I'm using you. But if anything goes wrong, and it probably will, I'll wring your neck."

"I guess I better," he said.

From the ladder at the rear of the caboose, the long line of freight cars ahead seemed to Herbert to writhe and twist like a snake with the colic. The narrow catwalk on top of the cars looked no wider than a tightrope.

"What you waiting for?" Charlie called up to him. "A streetcar?"

Herbert clambered onto the roof of the caboose and clung to the catwalk. The ground rushed past on both sides, an incredible distance below. But he thought again of the superintendent and began making his way forward.

He had reached the third car before he saw the tunnel. It was approaching very quickly and looked so low that the train itself might not fit into it. Abandoning caution, he turned and ran for the caboose.

He made it, swinging precariously down the iron ladder just as the tunnel entrance passed overhead.

"You were quick," Fred said.

Charlie frowned. "We don't seem to be slowing down none."

Herbert explained between deep breaths, "I didn't get up to the engine. I just saw that tunnel in time."

"Who's going to stop us, then?"

"You try it," Herbert suggested. "I'm all out of breath."

Charlie shook his head. "I wouldn't know how to turn it off if I did get there."

Herbert didn't know either, but he couldn't admit it. He was a railroad man and he should know.

"I'll try it again," he said.

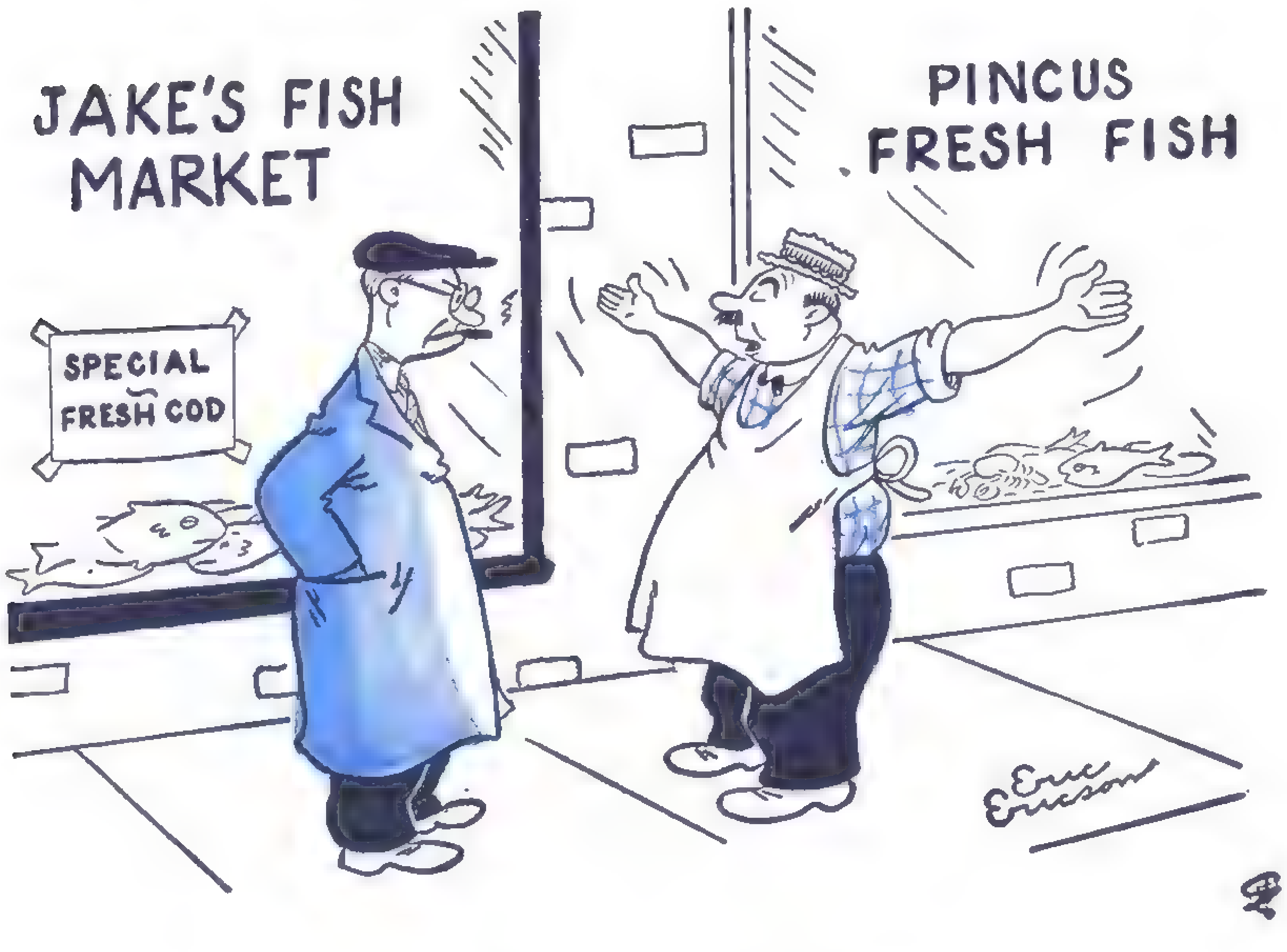
The train was out of the tunnel again. He cautiously climbed the ladder and peered ahead. There were no tunnels or overhead bridges in sight. Assisted by an impatient boost from Charlie, he pulled himself onto the catwalk.

This time he was midway along the fourth car before a bridge appeared. The train had taken a sharp curve, throwing him off his feet so that he lay with his toes hanging over the car edge and only his fingers hanging tight to the catwalk. From this awkward position he saw the bridge.

Fred, watching anxiously from the caboose, saw it too.

"There's a bridge coming," he shouted helpfully.

Herbert pulled hard, as if he were chinning him-



"Well, I sold one this big"

self horizontally, until his chest was over the catwalk. He got to his feet. The engine had already reached the bridge. He began to run. On the second car the little strings of the bridge-warning device caught him and almost knocked him down. Only with the aid of Fred's outstretched arm did he manage to swing down the ladder to the platform of the caboose.

"Back again," Charlie observed disapprovingly.

Herbert glared at him. "*You* go up to that engine," he said.

"I already told you, I wouldn't know what to do when I got there."

"Well, neither do I."

That stopped them. They looked at him.

"You mean you don't know how to turn it off?" Charlie asked.

Herbert said, "That's right."

The train, already swaying dangerously on even the gentle curves, was still picking up speed.

"What I can't understand," Fred said, "is why we don't put on the brakes."

Herbert felt as if a heavy load had suddenly been lifted from his shoulders. He had to laugh at himself. A railroad man and he hadn't thought of the brakes! He was glad the superintendent wasn't there.

Like the other cars, the caboose had a hand brake. Smiling apologetically, Herbert began to turn the wheel which operated it. Soon he could feel the pressure of the brake shoes against the wheels. It was all he could feel. There was no noticeable slackening of the train's speed.

"We still don't seem to be slowing down none," Charlie said.

Herbert turned the wheel as far as it would go. The result was a chilling squeal and nothing else.

"I guess braking one car doesn't stop the train," Fred commented. "Live and learn."

The caboose thundered past scattered buildings and over a level crossing. Herbert went down the steps and, holding tight to the handrail, leaned out to look.

The train was approaching a station and the station platform was packed with people. When they were closer, Herbert could see that the people were waving and cheering.

The caboose whipped past the station and its excited throng like a runaway rocket while Herbert and Charlie and Fred stood on the rear platform and waved back. Herbert felt like a politician making a somewhat hurried good-will tour.

"They've heard about us, anyway," he said.

Fred nodded. "I know, but are they going to *do* anything about us?"

The station disappeared around a bend. Under the caboose, the wheels click-clicked at an ever increasing tempo. The brakes had worn down so that they no longer even squealed.

"I think Herbert should be the one to do something," Charlie said.

"I wonder if this guy'd mind if we borrowed his wheelbarrow!"

Herbert knew that someone was going to have to do something pretty soon, but he was a little uncertain as to just what should be done. As he stood gazing despondently over the railing, he became suddenly aware of something far down the track behind them. While he watched, the object came closer until he could see that it was a gasoline scooter.

"Hey, look!" he shouted.

Charlie and Fred looked.

"He's going to bump into us before long if he's not careful," Charlie said.

"Bump into us, nothing," Herbert said. "He's coming to take us off."

Fred nodded. "Just like a rescue at sea."

Herbert wondered who was going to stop the train after they were taken off, but he didn't worry about it long. He wasn't planning on being in its way.

The scooter gained rapidly and within a few miles had caught up with the train. The man driving it stayed a few feet behind the caboose and motioned them to jump. Herbert eyed the distance between the caboose and the scooter without enthusiasm.

"I'd feel happier if there was a rope to slide down," Fred said.

Charlie asked, "Why not?" He pointed to a coiled emergency rope hanging on a hook near the door of the caboose.

Herbert was wholeheartedly in agreement. He took down the rope and held it up for the driver of the scooter to see. The driver nodded and stretched out a hand. Herbert threw the rope, holding one end.

It was a bad throw or perhaps the wind was too strong. The rope fell on the tracks in front of the scooter and in an instant was inextricably tangled in its wheels and gears. The scooter lurched and went off the rails, precipitating the driver into the ditch along the right-of-way. Until he was out of sight he remained seated there, shaking his fist.

Charlie glared at Herbert. "Now look what you've done," he said.

"How was I going to know that would happen?" Herbert demanded. "Anyway you just stood there like a dummy, watching."

"Did you expect me to jump down and get it?"

"Maybe instead of arguing we'd better be figuring how we're going to stop this train," Fred put in mildly.

The freight was now careening wildly down the tracks, swaying so that they had to hold tight to stay on the platform.

"Let *him* figure something if he's so smart," Herbert said. He was watching a smudge of smoke on the horizon that hadn't been there a couple of minutes before.

Fred noticed the smoke too. "Fire somewhere," he reported.

"Funny fire," Charlie pointed out. "It's moving."

Herbert kept his eyes on the smoke until it rounded a bend and turned out to be coming from a train. He felt a sudden upsurge of hope.

"They're going to try again!" he shouted.

Charlie said, "No ropes this time. We'll jump."

They stood and watched the train creeping up behind them.

"Sort of exciting," Fred said. "Like a race."

Herbert wasn't exactly excited. He just wanted to be off that freight train.

"I hope they win," he said.

The other train was close enough now for them to see that it consisted of an engine and a flatcar. It was on the other track, which meant that it was going to pull up alongside and let them jump with comparative safety.

"This'll be a cinch," Charlie said.

The men waiting on the flatcar were waving now. Herbert waved back cheerfully.

"I'll go first," he said. "To make sure it's safe."

He climbed down the steps. The other engine pulled up level with the caboose and then forged ahead. The flatcar was creeping up.

"Careful," Fred warned.

Herbert nodded. The nose of the flatcar came up with the steps and he prepared to jump. On the flatcar, the waiting men had formed a semicircle to catch him.

Then suddenly, while Herbert stared in amazement, the distance between the trains began to increase. It increased abruptly as the rescue train took a switch and headed away on a right-angle spur line.

Fred said, "Well, what do you know about that?"

Clinging to the handrails, Herbert watched the other train until it disappeared. Then he pulled himself back up onto the platform. The three of them looked at each other.

"What're we going to do now?" Charlie asked.

Herbert was frightened. With the mishap to the rescue train, their last chance had gone. It was only a matter of time. Sooner or later they were bound to hit something or take a curve too fast.

"Somebody's got to get up to that engine," he said.

Surprisingly, Fred offered. "I'll try."

Herbert said, "You'll have to be careful."

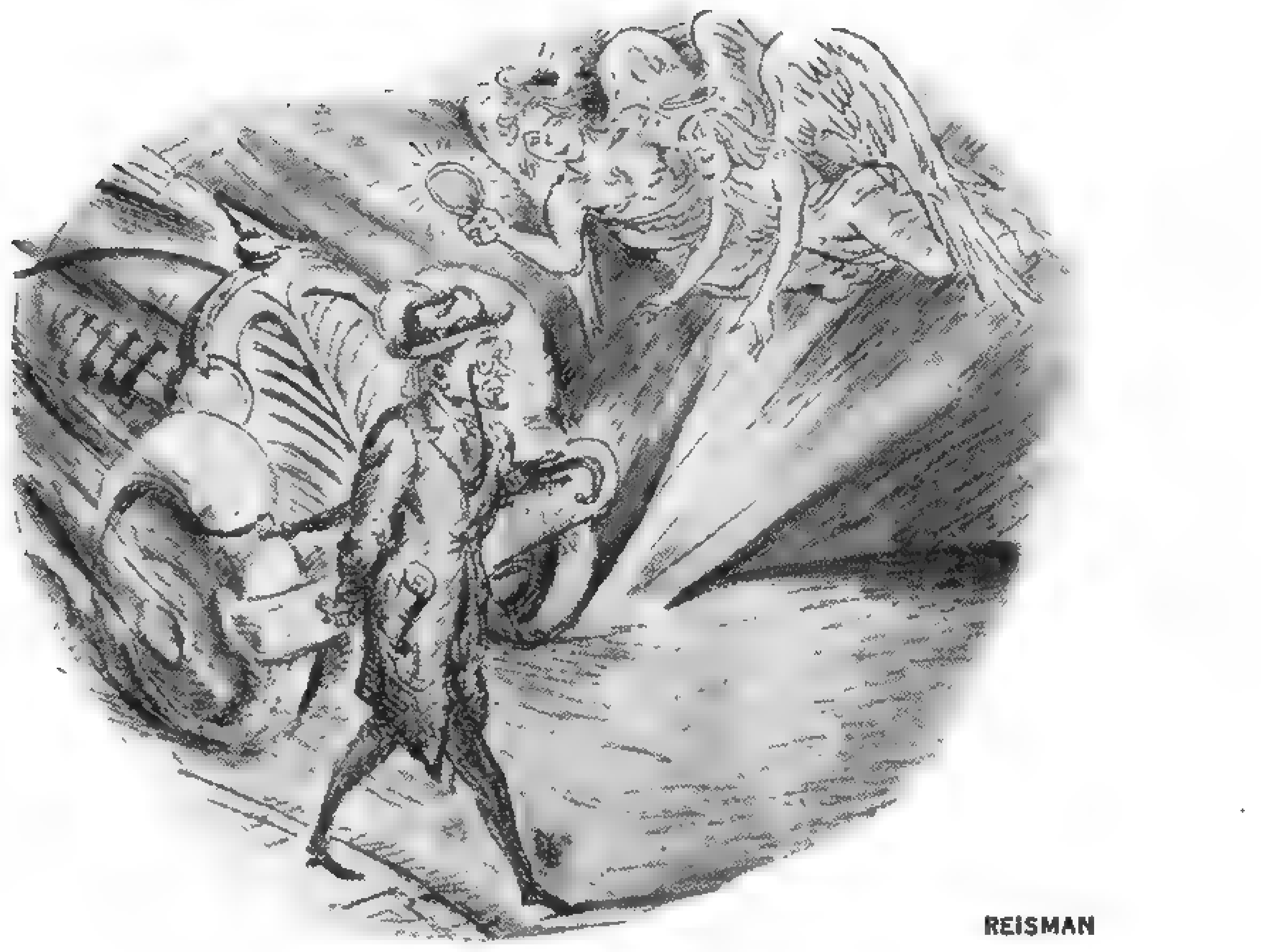
Fred nodded. "I'll be all right just as long as no bridges or tunnels come along. I'm sure-footed from second-story work." He swung up the ladder and clambered onto the top of the caboose.

Herbert stood on the ladder, with only his head above the roof, and watched him. Fred was sure-footed. The wild swaying of the train seemed hardly to bother him as he leapt skillfully from car to car. Soon he was about halfway to the (*Continued on page 156*)

Having proved by calculus that today was Doomsday, the Professor awaited the trumpet call in high exultation

World Without End

by JOHN HETHERINGTON



At a quarter of six on the evening of May the Seventh, 1946, the Professor let himself out by the front door of his cottage and, shuffling down the pathway, turned into the High Street.

He did not lock the door of the cottage behind him. There was no need, for the world would end in twenty-seven minutes.

The Professor did not hurry. He had ample time to reach his destination, the Market Square. As he made his way down High Street hill, a stooped figure in shabby black, with ruddy cheeks and silver hair, his bright eyes dwelt lovingly on the placid scene.

It was fitting that the world should end on such an evening when the air was like wine bubbling out of old dusty bottles.

To the pedestrians he met, the Professor gave a little lively chirrup of greeting. They responded with half-amused friendliness. The Professor, if eccentric, was a familiar figure and well-beloved.

He lived his own life, asking nothing of anybody, a gentle hermit owning neither intimate friends nor enemies. Even the youngest child in town knew the Professor was a bit queer, that his queerness had caused him to be pensioned off, years before he reached retiring age, by the seat of learning where, for a generation, he had led unwilling minds along the paths of higher mathematics.

The Professor was not embittered when he learned that his teaching career was to be cut short. On the contrary, he was delighted. He had devoted years to determining, by mathematical deduction, that the world would end on May the Seventh, 1946, and now he would have the leisure to establish the hour and the minute.

Soon after he settled in the cottage at the top of the High Street, Mrs. Hale, who came in for two hours each day to clean and dust and cook his one hot meal of the day, found herself enjoying the spotlight of minor celebrity. In the Professor's first year, she related many times the story of his activities.

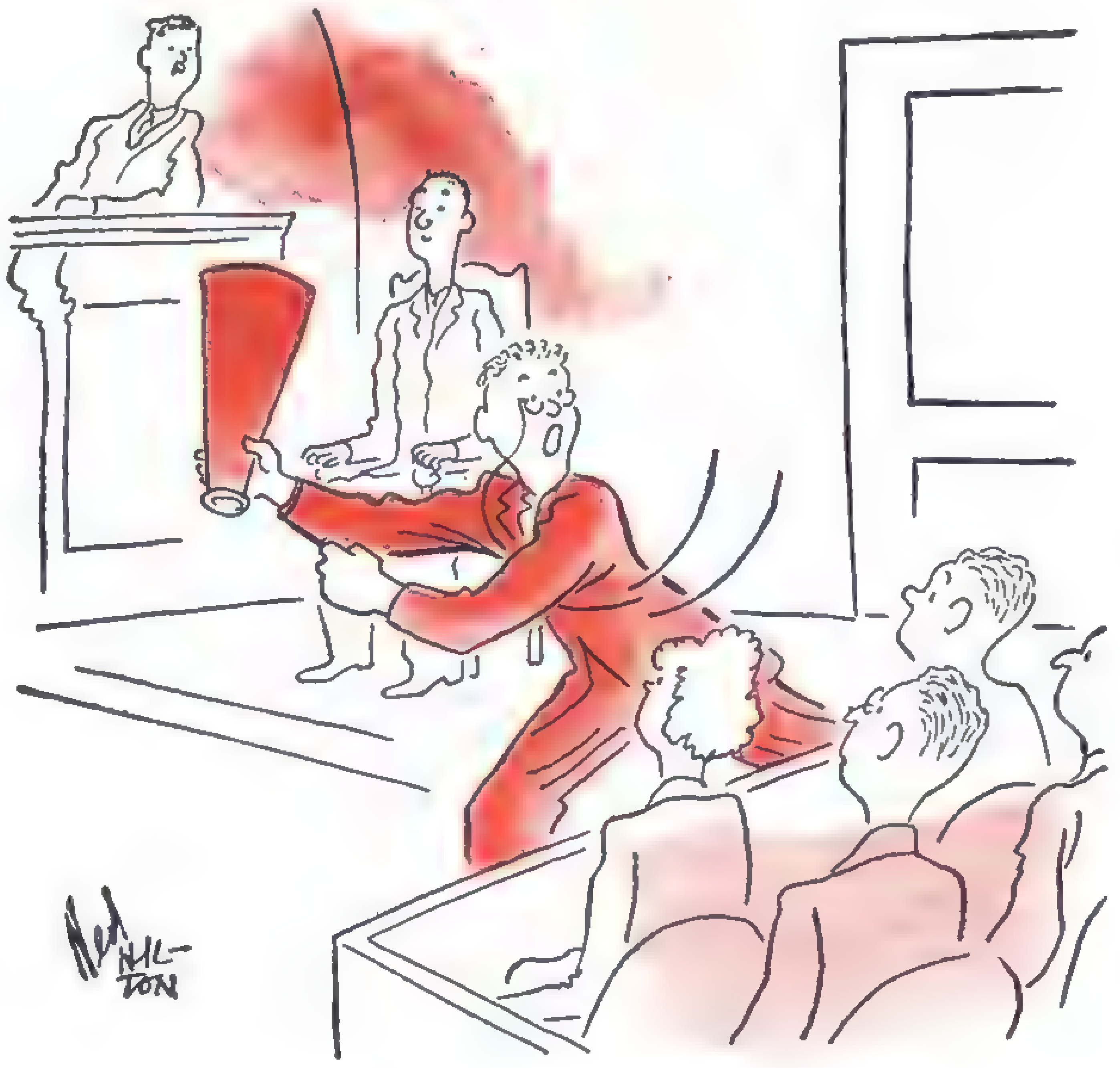
"That queer, he is," she would say. "Some mornings I find him sitting there and the table all littered with papers, and him never been to bed the night through. He blinks at me and says, 'Lord, Mrs. Hale! You back again? Why, you've done the house once today already!' Never seems to realize he's been sitting there all night long, penciling and figuring. And me, not wanting to alarm the old gent, says, 'Now, Professor, you've been at it long enough. It's time you gave over.' Then he looks at the clock and chuckles, 'Mrs. Hale, how time does fly!'"

Mrs. Hale then was wont to lean closer to her audience, and with narrowed eyes, confide:

"Reckons the world'll end on May the Seventh, 1946, he does. He's working it out right to the minute. Poor old gentleman's crazy, of course, but just imagine if he turned out right. My!"

A second world war came and went, and the Professor, even if aware of the march of events, seemed untouched by them. Men said this was Armageddon, that it was the end of all things, but the Professor was wiser. He knew that the world would not end until May the Seventh, 1946, and that it would not end then by the hand of man, but by the power of the greater forces appointed to encompass its destruction, which he had calculated to the very second.

In time the town grew accustomed to the Professor. He came to be regarded as nothing more than a harmless old man. The novelty of the theory had worn off, and the town had lost interest.



"We want acquittal, we want acquittal, sis boom, sis boom, we want acquittal"

In fact, it is doubtful if the townspeople remembered that the time he appointed for the end of the world was at hand.

The Professor did not halt to enlighten them. He had long ago planned what his own actions should be on the occasion of the ultimate miracle. He would await it at the Memorial Fountain in Market Square. Others might spend the final moments as they chose.

He did not pretend to know how the sundering of the world would be accomplished. He reasoned, however, that it would not be the traditional process of fire and chaos, but rather, heralded only by the Last Trumpet, a serene dissolution from which all people would be snatched up and borne away on soft golden clouds.

Thus dreaming, he came to the Market Square and shuffled across its smooth-worn cobbles to the stone platform on which the fountain stood. The clock outside the Crown Inn caught his eye. Its hands stood at three minutes past six. Nine minutes remained.

A butcher's boy riding a bicycle clattered by, whistling. The Professor smiled on him benevolently. It was good that people should hear the Last Trumpet with hearts at peace.

An urchin with a dirty face and hungry eyes edged his way around the fountain and stared at the Professor who groped in his pocket, drew out five pennies, and said:

"Here you are, my lad. Buy yourself some sweets. But you'd best be quick about eating them." He chuckled at his own jest.

The urchin seized the coins with a gasping exclamation of unbelief and scampered off across the cobbles. The Professor watched him go, then returned to his contemplation of the peaceful Market Square. Ah, it was good that the world should end on such a day, with the air soft and the splashing of the fountain's waters like music!

The waning sun struck full upon him, lighting his face with a saintly glow. He closed his eyes, savoring the sun's warmth, feeling it flow down into his body until his blood seemed filled with golden light. When he opened them the hands of the Crown clock stood at 6:11.

The Professor straightened his stooped shoulders and threw up his head. His eyes were open, but they saw nothing except the curly white clouds sailing overhead. He listened intently . . . Ah, there it was. The far cry of a trumpet. Soon it would fill Market Square, the town, the world with the majesty of its holy thunder.

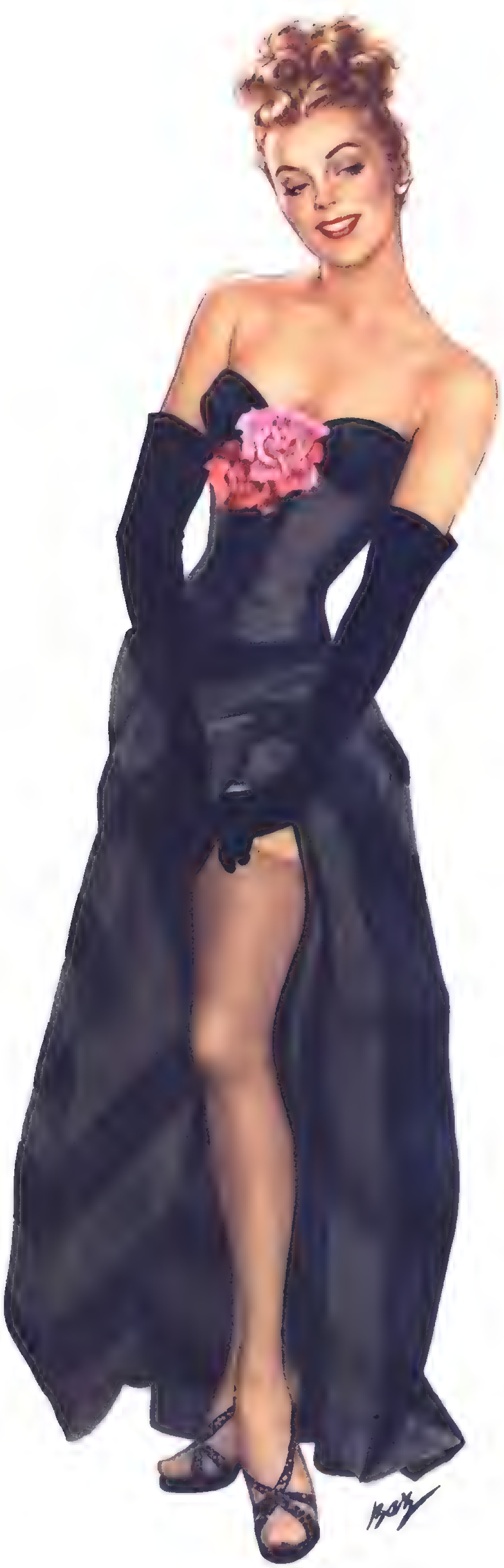
Hands outstretched, he stepped down from the base of the fountain onto the cobbles. A tranquil joy possessed him. Again the trumpet cried, near at hand. There was a rushing wind about him. Then he was flicked aside like an old dry leaf, and soft golden clouds bore him up.

A crowd gathered in the Market Square round the automobile and the body of the old man. An urchin with great dark, hungry eyes stood in the forefront, his cheeks bulging with sweets.

"I sounded the siren twice," the automobile driver said, "but the old chap stepped in front of me . . ."

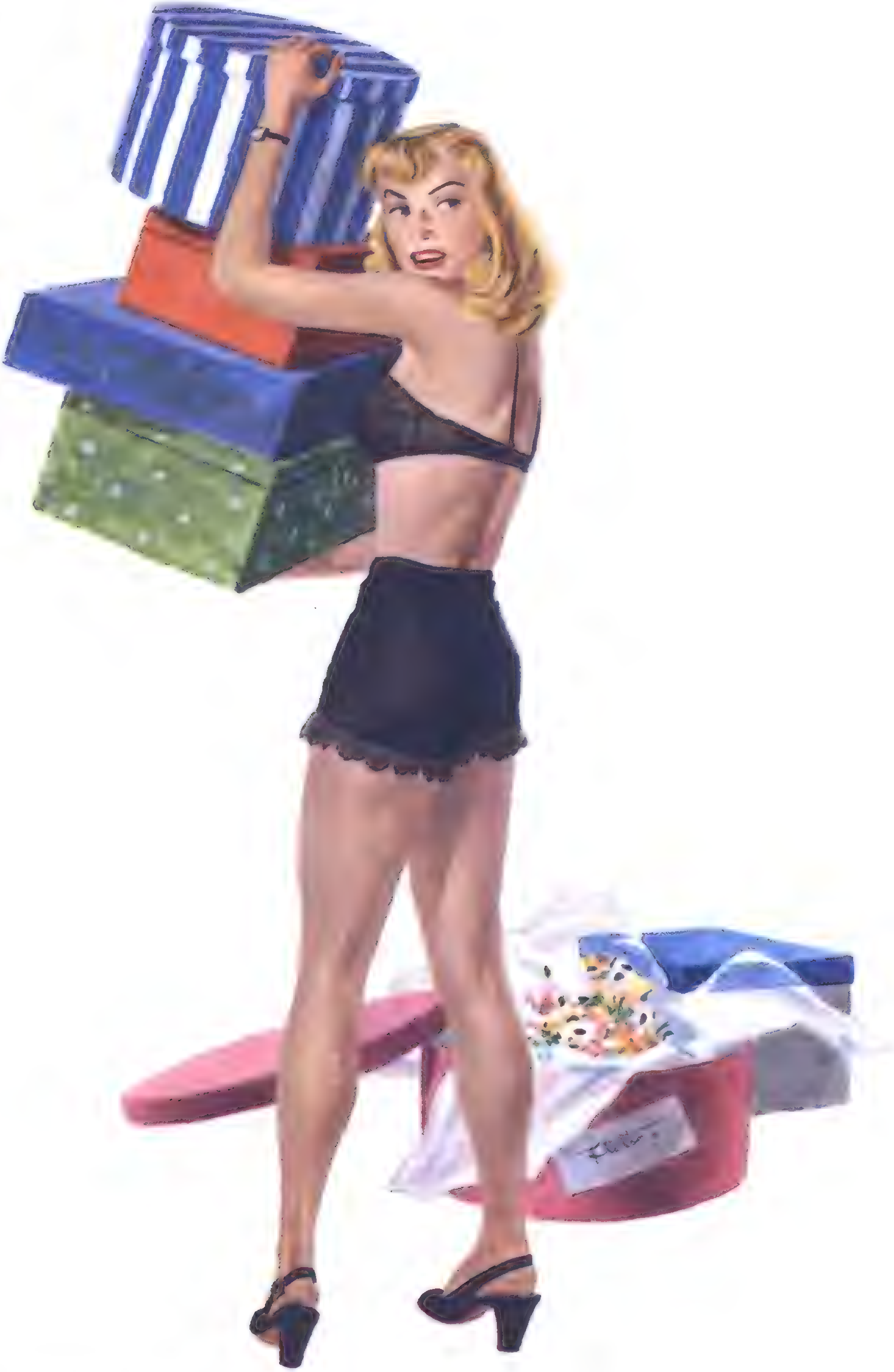
The Professor lay on his back, arms outflung. His face wore a smile of ineffable peace.

The hands of the Crown clock stood at 6:12. ##



Worldliness by BEN-HUR BAZ

What, the student may well ask, is mightier than a beautiful woman? Man has brain and muscle and experience, yet what avail these against a calculated or even casual gesture from the distaff? In his Esquire Girl, Ben-Hur Baz has portrayed perhaps the most deadly of all the earth's creatures, a lovely woman gifted with the knowledge of her loveliness and the intelligence to employ it. That smile—is it instinctive or deliberate? That pose—natural or rehearsed? The promise—for all men or for one man? There are those who would fair destroy themselves to find out. And yes, gentlemen, she knows it.



Divertissement by WALTER KLETT

As Ovid despairingly mused in his Art of Love, "A woman is always buying something." This Esquire Girl surely is the model for her sisters in all time—in more ways than one—in thinking to divert the eyes of connoisseurs from her manifest charms with that foolish wisp of veiling, flowers and fluff that is laughingly known as a hat. But this deliciously symmetrical creature is as innocent of reason as a kitten—and as ingenious in her own feminine way. With each changing season she plies the shops to acquire these absurd and expensive trifles. She says she does it all for the Boys, which is probably as good a reason as any. It's ours not to reason why, lads, but to pay and keep smiling.

GREENHALGH

Too crazy to be afraid, the old man set an elaborate trap for the outlaw

How the Healer Caught Johnny Fourteen

by WILLIAM BRANDON

There was a character in those days called the Healer. He was supposed to be able to make sick people well by touching them with his hands or with a knot of mesquite wood he always carried, which he called a staff. I don't know how genuine he was, but he was well-known and people even came from out of the Territory looking for him to help them. There were plenty of folks who swore by him. He did cure one of our horses of laminitis one time, which is held to be incurable, but maybe the horse didn't really have laminitis.

He spent most of his time traveling over the country, sometimes holding song meetings at the ranches he'd visit, and sometimes healing. He shied away from towns. He was regarded as a religious, and occasionally preached marriages and funerals. He was not above reading a lecture to a bunch of cows or to a lark in its nest or to his old cow-hocked bay horse that he called Delancey Street. He had a mop of long grey hair flying around his head, and an underslung face with big lumpy jaws. He was at least half crazy.

He owned a place near us on the Tres Ritos where he ran a few cows, but since he wasn't home much his daughter Devulina did most of the work. She was a giddy young woman with wonderful brown eyes. She'd have been courted more than she was except that she was kept stuck so close to the homeplace with work. She must have been eighteen and still unmarried when the Healer caught Johnny Fourteen.

On that evening the Healer came to our place walking, carrying his old rim-fire rig on his back, and shouting mad. He asked me where my father was, and I told him all the family but me had gone into Kingston and wouldn't be back till Sunday, and he said, "All right then! I'll do it my ownself." I said, "Do what, Healer?" and he threw down his saddle and shook his stick and said, "Catch Johnny Fourteen, that's what!" He told me Johnny Fourteen had just held him up and taken his horse. "Said he'd been ahoof for two days," the Healer thundered, "so it was fair somebody else should trade with him a while. He'd been a-toting his saddle, and he stood there with a pistol on me and made me change saddles. Knowed who I was, too! Called me by name, and still had the gall to rob me! There's one outlaw I aim to learn what for, bub, mind my word!"

I was excited to hear that Johnny Fourteen was in our part of the country again, and I was dumfounded that an old man like the Healer expected to get him, but then the Healer might do anything.

He went into our lean-to where we kept food stored and took a bone-handled razor out of his pocket and cut down a watermelon that was hanging in a yucca net. He stuck the watermelon on a stake and braced it against the back of a chair by the kitchen window. He put his own black hat on the watermelon and lit a lamp on the kitchen table. He went outside, with me following him, and walked around in the darkening evening looking at the watermelon through the window.

"It'll do," he said. He went back in the house and left the front door half open and sat down by it where he could watch out.

I said, "You don't think Johnny Fourteen is coming here, do you?"

"Bet your boots he's coming here," the Healer said. "This is the only place I could of walked to. He'll belly up and smell around and make out your folks are gone and he'll see me setting asleep in the kitchen so he'll come up to the windy and shoot me dead and blow that watermelon plumb to the kingdom—*and* when that little miracle comes to pass I'll step outside and tap that outlaw's skull from behind with my staff here, and we'll see who rides Delancey Street, me or him." He gave me a knowing grimace and spat a stream of tobacco juice into the dooryard.

"Don't look so curious, bub," the Healer continued, "there's more 'n one way of drawing a boil on a wicked man. You can take from a killer same as a cat. Looky there, there's a hundred legger crawling on you." He reached over and brushed my shirt and all the stuff I had in my shirt pocket fell out. I saw that the pocket was slit from top to bottom. The Healer grinned like a chipmunk and held up his right hand and showed me his razor sticking out of his sleeve, the blade lying between his fingers. "He made me change saddles, he did, so a slice with Oscar here and off comes the saddlebag he had his money in." The Healer reached under the tail of his coat and pulled out a heavy leather sack and chinked it. "Gold coins, bub," the Healer said. "And the one thing Johnny Fourteen's famous for is being stingy. He'll travel a week to get this back. Behold, I see the wicked man spreading himself like a green bay tree."

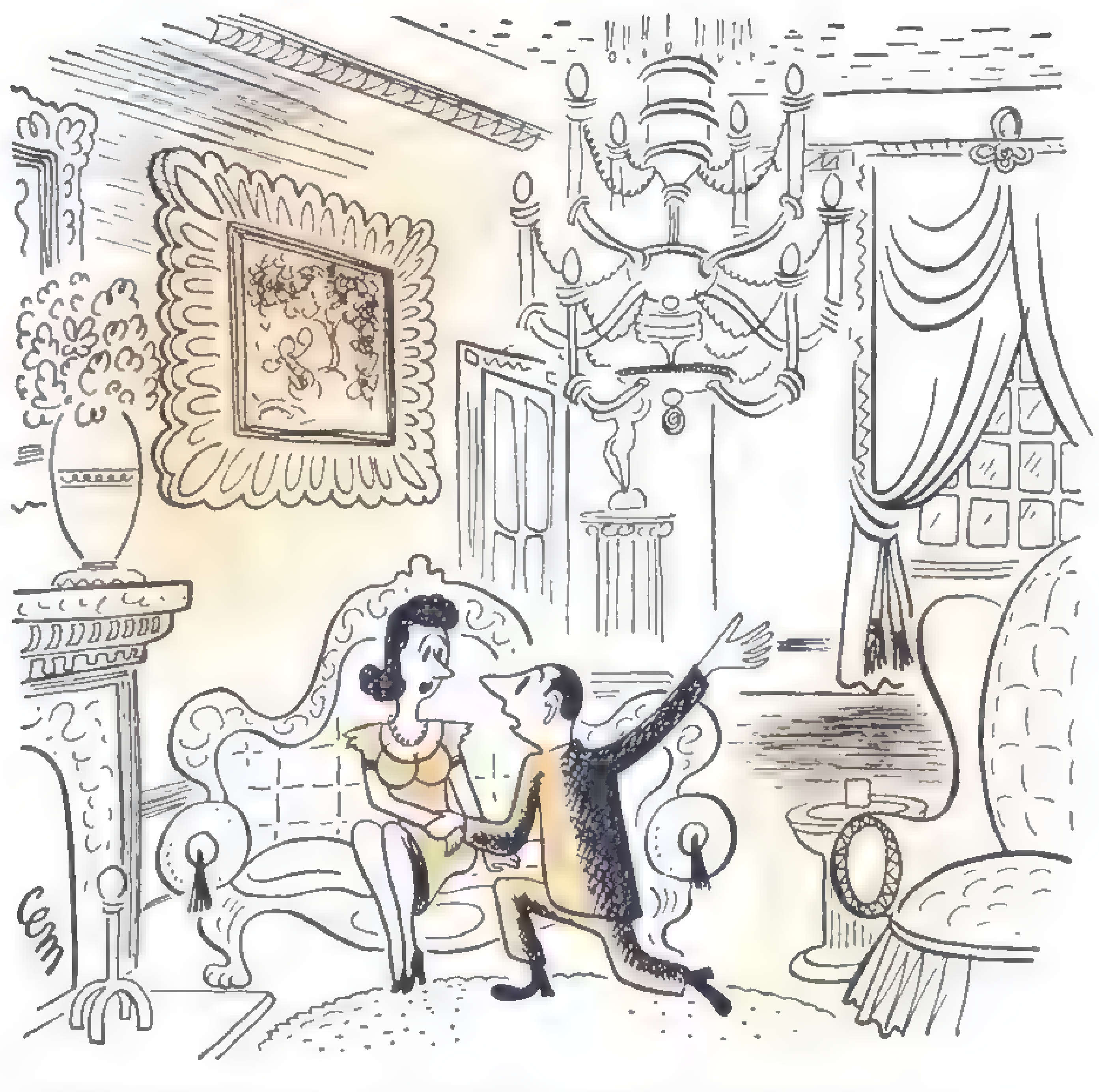
I certainly admired the Healer's courage, but I thought Johnny Fourteen would most likely kill him. No one could get the best of Johnny Fourteen, and I didn't think the Healer's plan amounted to much. The Healer said it would be as safe as knocking a hog in the head, once Johnny Fourteen went to shooting through the window. He preached me a sermon about the wicked man's eyes being frozen on his wickedness. He was crazy enough to be confident but didn't get me convinced. I decided to be mighty scarce when business opened.

It turned out I was asleep. The Healer woke me up by poking me with his stick. He said, "You hear 'em, bub?" I listened and heard horses. The lamp in the kitchen was burning itself out in a dim red glow. The house was nearly dark. The Healer's eyes switched this way and that, white and gleaming. "He'd afound it out when he made camp. That's two hours to camp and three hours ago, right on the dot. He's got another horse somewheres, hear? Stole it from my place maybe, dog take his hide." I suggested that there might be someone with him but the Healer said no, he'd been alone. The horses had stopped and I waited to hear someone in the yard, or a gunshot at the kitchen window.

Then a woman's voice called out, "Daddy! Are you in there?"

"Land of Goshen!" the Healer said, and started out the door. He stopped and dropped his club and stuck his arms up in the air. I could tell from the way his head jerked that he swallowed his tobacco. I was so scared that I couldn't yelp. A hand came around the Healer and lifted the sack of gold coins out of his pocket. There wasn't a word spoken. The Healer stood still with his arms rigid in the air for quite a while, until we heard the sound of horses leaving the place.

That was how the Healer got the news that his daughter Devulina had run away with Johnny Fourteen. ⫲



"Darling, let me take all this away from you"

He was old, tired and defeated, but the senator could look back at the past and draw upon a sure and sustaining strength

Old Incorruptible

by W. A. S. DOUGLAS

BROWNJOHN

The senator hung up the telephone slowly, sprawled back in his easy chair. From the windows of his pleasant suite in the little Capitol Hill Hotel he could see the big dome under which he had just about lived and had his being for thirty-two years; two years of appointment by the then governor of his state to fill a vacancy by death—almost five full terms by gift of the people; a gift now recalled, as his campaign manager had just advised him.

Through the open windows, through the almost golden haze of the September evening, came the yelps of a newsboy:

"Wuxtry! Senator Carson defeated in state primary! Russia wants Dardanelles! G. O. P. warhorse out! Carson defeated! Wuxtry!"

Old, blue-veined hands reached out to the near-by desk; one to pick up a checkbook, one to grab a pencil. A thumb flipped over the stubs, the pencil made a last deduction.

"Two thousand, one hundred and ten balance," muttered George Carson. "And a little better than three months' salary coming before I go out in the cold. Just about enough to pay my bills and keep going till New Year's. Another headline for the papers, 'Senator Carson Enters Old-age Home!' "

The telephone bell tinkled and he picked up the receiver. "George," came a rich contralto voice over the wire, "I'm so sorry. This is Margaret, George."

"Yes, Margaret, I know. Little Honey Head..."

"Why, George!" came the voice delightedly. "You haven't called me that in twenty years! But you've got to modernize. Andy calls me 'Jeanie with the light brown hair.' After the song, you know. George, are you glad it's over?"

"Indeed I'm not. A rarity among defeated politicians, I am. Edging to seventy, Honey Head..."

"George, you *mustn't*! I'd come up there right away and shake it out of you but I'm in the middle of a hairdressing job. Big party tonight at the Mayflower. Planned in a hurry, Andy and me. Twenty-four people gathered on the fly; ten senators—that is, nine and you. Eight o'clock. Right?"

That, considered the senator, would be a lovely party. Margaret and her multimillionaire husband, Andrew Moody, knew how to give parties. Generally there were ideas back of the parties; such as smart lobbying for a bill that would help Andy's business enterprises; or there might be smart lobbying against a bill which might embarrass Andy and his associates if it passed. Senator Carson had seen through these bits of finagling—or thought he did. But Margaret and Andy had left him pretty well alone along those lines. Maybe she figured what's the use? I've known George Carson so long and so well; there are lots of others who are a great deal easier to handle.

"Honey Head," said the senator softly, "go ahead with your party. There isn't one of your nine senator guests who is not glad I have gone down. If it was to some quiet place, just by ourselves, even without Andy. . . remember our first little party? The night we got the returns on my election to the senate? Thirty years ago, Margaret. . ."

"The toughest of all your fights, George," came the woman's clear voice.

"You were wondering if you would have to go back to Ranceville and I had been wondering if I should go back to that musty little office and work for you or stay on here in Washington and marry Mike. . ."

"And you married Mike—and got your little feet on the first rung of the ladder. I had my feet there too, and I climbed for a while, Honey Head. I'll just sit here. Have a good time, dear."

He hung up on her protests and stretched out further in the comfortable old easy chair. The shades were up on the windows, the floodlights had been turned on the Capitol dome. He had never liked those glaring lights. Everything had been soft and dark and understanding in the old days; then, all of a sudden, harsh and hurried—and glare. He had tried to prevent those floodlights—but had failed.

Back in the Summer of '14, it had been, when he had first come to the Senate of the United States; appointed by Governor Ed Rancille. Good old Ed; he had intended running for the Senate himself, had Ed, in the regular election; but he passed on and George Carson had taken up the fight, had won and held on—till now.

That night of his first victory Margaret had talked about just now over the phone. Soft and clear like this one. He had driven her in his old Ford down the Baltimore pike to a chicken dinner place in Elkridge. Sitting there, the two of them, the expected triumphant call had come through from the state capitol; that long-gone session of the Senate had run through the summer, just like this one.

And after dinner, under the stars, he had proposed; thirty-eight asking twenty to spend the rest of her life with him. She had told him then about Mike, the struggling young patent lawyer—and her promise.

"Maybe, George, if you had asked me a year ago it might have been different."

And she had tried a lighter vein.

"Besides, no rising young senator should marry his secretary, even if she is from his home town."

She had said, with a laugh which had just a suspicion of a tear in it, that he should find himself a rich woman to wed. Washington was full of them and with help of that sort he would end up as President.

Honey Head had married her Mike—and divorced him; and then she had married the man Mike had worked for, the best and richest of all the capital's patent attorneys. He had died and left her over five millions of dollars. And then, this was just six years ago, she had married her third husband, Andrew Moody, to whom five million dollars was little more

"Oh—damn!"

than small change. George Carson had never proposed again—in the interims between husbands. Margaret was big time; bigger by far than a prairie senator who had made use of his seniority to quarrel effectively with Presidents and floor leaders when he disagreed with them.

He used to think, as he came away from parties and dinners at the big Massachusetts Avenue mansion, that Margaret was getting kind of hard; hard and brilliant. Forever conniving, string pulling; she had great power and gloried in it, made use of it boldly. Many times he had heard her called the smartest woman lobbyist in Washington. But tonight, over the phone, she had been very near to her old sweet self—little Honey Head who had brightened the shabby law office back home.

A kid outside was yelling the headlines of the early morning papers. He was still big news:

"Carson Defeated! Senate Dean Swamped in Primary!"

Well, he hadn't been entirely anti-Roosevelt — or anti-Truman either. He'd gone along on a lot of stuff, particularly farm legislation; back home he had been called the farmer's friend. Presidents annoyed him far more than did their policies.

Well, the neighbors had seemed to like it for they kept sending him back to the hill. This summer, as in other summers, he had stuck it out in Washington, doing the best he knew how on strike troubles and postwar muddles. He had given no time to campaigning for his manager had said it was, as always, in the bag. But his manager had been wrong.

"Gentlemen, I assure you—my client is trustworthy, loyal, helpful, courteous, kind . . ."

No, he wouldn't go back to Ranceville. After all, Washington had been home for so many years; and the visits to his state had been fewer and fewer; that was what his successful opponent, McCarter, had capitalized on—an absentee landlord, he had called George Carson. But nobody coming from home had ever failed to find a welcome. Doing the right thing had cost money—and he had spent his senator's salary as he had got it. There had been opportunities, plenty of them. Margaret had said once:

"George, you're poor as a churchmouse. Give me your note for a thousand dollars. I'll turn it into twenty thousand. But legitimately, George."

Of course he had said no.

And now he wondered what he was going to do.

He must have been sitting in that old easy chair for hours. Dark and quiet outside. He glanced at the illuminated dial of the desk clock. Two in the morning! He must have fallen asleep. Margaret would be deep in her finagling by this time. The phone bell tinkled.

"George, dear, did I wake you? No? Good! Well, George, will you take a Federal judgeship? That vacancy right in your own bailiwick?"

A Federal judgeship! That would take care of everything! He was sixty-eight! Little time for the earning of a judicial pension. But, after all, hadn't he worked for his country for thirty years and more? But—beware of the Greeks bearing gifts!

"Margaret, this isn't your suggestion, is it?" he asked, his voice a little stern.

"No, no, George. I know that strait-laced soul of yours too well. Henry, your own Democratic colleague, started it off—and before I knew, everybody agreed it should be done."

Strange—coming from Henry who had never concealed his dislike for the senior senator of his state. At that, not a one among those nine at Margaret's party owed George Carson anything; indeed, they had cause for grievance against the stubborn, lone wolf; and the President—he had no reason. What was it the other President, the schoolmaster from New Jersey, had once said to him:

"You're a stubborn man, Senator. But I have to admire your courage."

Well, you can admire a man—and you can hate him at one and the same time.

"Under those circumstances, Margaret, and taking into consideration—"

"Oh, George, don't be a pompous ass. I'm so glad, dear. It will be done right away. Andy wasn't even in on the powwow. Left the party early for a conference in Baltimore, all-night business. The interests and Wall Street are definitely not behind you. Now is everything okey-dokey?"

"Honey Head," whispered the old man as he straightened in his chair, "they're more than just okey-dokey. Before you called I had been thinking—"

"I know, George. I was afraid of that. I know you so much better than you think I do. Go to bed, old dear."

Andrew Moody, the great manipulator, was eating lunch in his favorite booth in a little exclusive restaurant near the Union Station when his wife came in, parted the heavy curtains and sat down. There was a distinct note of anger in the financier's heavy voice as he spoke to her.

"Margaret, what in God's name is this I hear? Helping old Carson onto the Federal bench! Pulling strings after I left you last night? Do you realize—"

"Perfectly, my dear. Perfectly. I seem to remember that the Dorning trust suit comes up in the district he will go to. And I remember that you want the business smashed so you can gather up the pieces and carry on."

"Right," whispered Andrew Moody. "And the trust should be broken up. But this poor old fool who knows no law—"

"—is just the sort of man to give you the decision you want. A couple of weeks before the case comes up, I am going to George Carson to ask him to let the organization remain as it is. I am going to hint, ever so delicately, that after all I did have some part in his selection and nomination."

"And then?" asked Moody—as though a light were just beginning to dawn.

"I know George Carson, Andy. He'll be in such a hurry to break up the trust that he'll build a record for a speedy hearing and decision."

"But," observed a smiling and mollified Andy, "you value his friendship. Didn't he try to make you Mrs. Carson? Do you want to lose all that?"

"Apparently you don't know George," replied Mrs. Moody. "Once he has done his duty and put me in my place as an aspiring but unsuccessful lobbyist interfering with justice, everything will be just as it was."

"My dear," observed Mr. Moody, "you are truly an amazing woman."

Neither of them paid attention to the sound of a diner rising in the next booth and the close-drawn curtain prevented their seeing an old man, slowly cross the floor, pay his check and as slowly leave.

George Carson stood in the bathroom of his little suite handling a dark brown bottle half-filled with sleeping tablets. Swallow a few, lie down, quick forgetfulness, sweet slumber, no awakening. Memories race through a man's mind in a fix like this. He stood there quite a while.

What was it Woodrow Wilson had said?

"—but I have to admire your courage."

Eternal sleep, self-administered, would not be the act of a courageous man; not in Woodrow Wilson's book anyhow. George Carson threw the dark brown bottle through the window, heard it crash in the alley below. The telephone rang.

"Long distance calling," came the operator's brisk voice. "Mr. Halliday in Ranceville wants to talk to Senator Carson."

"Put him through," said George, his voice as brisk as that of the telephone girl.

"George," said his campaign manager. "I was worried. Hadn't heard from you since I told you the bad news. Are you all right? Not taking it too hard, are you?"

"On the contrary, Tom," said the senator, "I feel relieved and my plans are made. Can you rent me a desk in your law office? I guess I can pick up a case here and there in Ranceville."

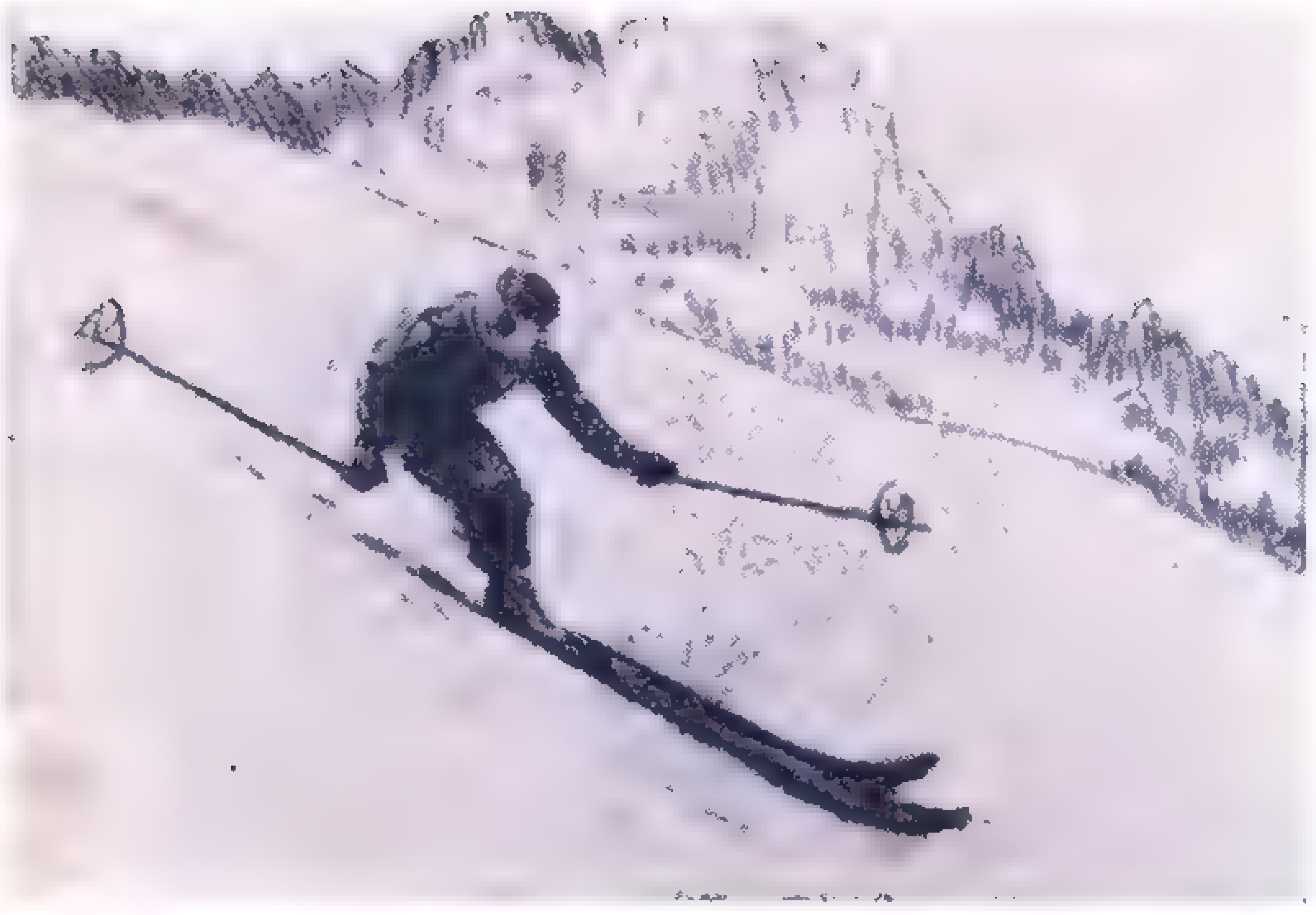
"You bet you can," shouted Tom Halliday. "So you're coming home?"

"Yes, Tom," said Senator Carson, "I'm coming home." ##

Suggested formula for adventure, zest and a set of ready limbs: get some skis and become a downhill schusser

How to Break a Leg

by GEORGE WISWELL



THORNE

Beginners will please rack up their skis, take seats along the bar, and listen. This is Expert's Day. The subject of the lesson: America's speediest and trickiest downhill trails and the conquests and misadventures of the men who run them.

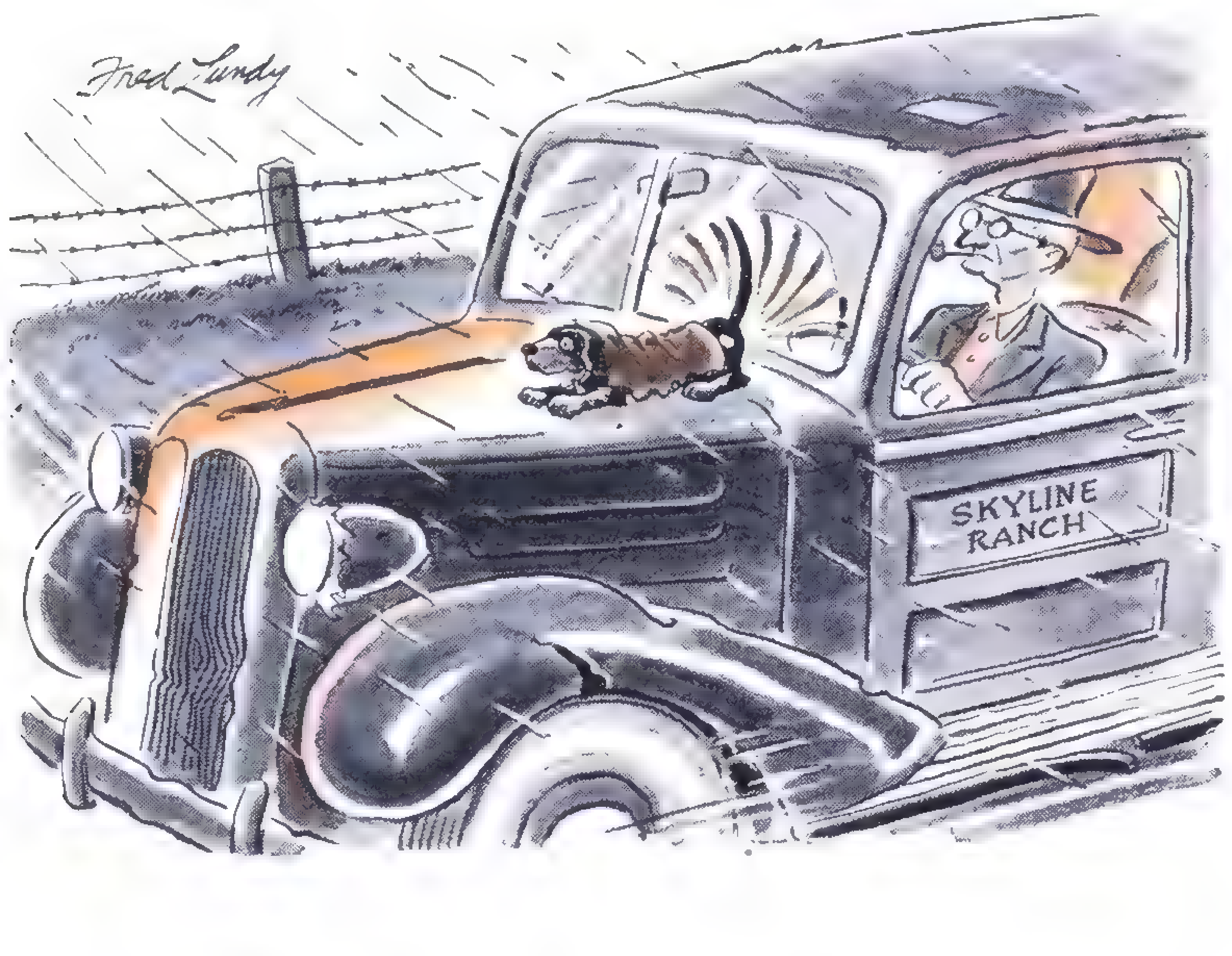
The non-skier watching a string of racers tear down a twisting slope, seeing the frequent muscle-wrenching cartwheel spills, and hearing the occasional splintery crunch signifying that some luckless competitor has grafted himself onto a tree, is likely to regard downhill racing as high-speed carnage that belongs in the lower categories of human pursuits along with mine detecting and Latin American politics. Last winter a Broadway character inspected a first-aid station (one of several) along a popular trail in the White Mountains. He took one look at the traction splints, swollen ankles and abraded hides, and made for the door, the stench of liniment twitching his nostrils. Outside he shook his head in bafflement.

"Them creeps must be looney," he said.

The only trouble with his statement is that it's just about true. Downhill racers are a breed apart.

But along with the mad speed and risk comes excitement and adventure, two qualities generally absent from our humdrum lives. If you are a good skier and greedy for thrills, you can find them, brother—if you can take it.

Probably the toughest run in America is over the course of the annual Inferno race down Mt. Washington near Pinkham Notch, New Hampshire. In three and three-quarter miles, you drop 4300 feet, from the top of the mountain to the bottom of Sherburne Trail. There is only one really formidable place on the course—the Headwall at Tuckerman's Ravine—but when you're trying to make time, it is a man-killer. The descent is nearly 1000 feet in less than a quarter of a mile. Looking at it from the front or peeping over the top, the Headwall appears to be an almost vertical slope, like the inside of an enormous coffee cup. Once you've started to fall you don't stop till the bottom. Lowell Thomas, a news commentator and ski *aficionado*, once stayed on his skis for 200 feet, but fell the rest of the way in a series of bounding cartwheels and skids. Luckily the snow at the base of the "wall" is always deep and injuries of serious nature are scarce.



Bob Livermore, Jr., an outstanding downhill racer a few years ago, once was tearing down the Headwall when, near the bottom, his ski tips hooked under a block of hard snow. He was flipped into the air, took a complete loop, and landed on his skis. It was one of Lady Luck's most bountiful gestures. Livermore was still pop-eyed with surprise as he finished the race.

The record for the Inferno belongs to Toni Matt. He did it in 6:29:2. You can bet the family silver that it will never be broken, for in setting it, Matt did the impossible. He schussed the Headwall. It is one of the really remarkable feats of modern skiing and the inside story is an example of human resource under extremity.

Matt at the time was not well acquainted with the course. He had skied it once before in the fog of a heavy snowstorm. On the day of the race he examined the Headwall and planned to make three turns, swinging the sixty-two degree slope with three long fast controlled grinding curves. Weather and snow were perfect—brilliant sun, less than twenty miles of wind at the summit of the mountain, and almost perfect powder to the lip of the Headwall. From there on it was wind-packed and smooth, with a little ice on the floor of the Ravine. Snow was corned on the lower part of Sherburne Trail, a relatively easy trail that makes up the last two-thirds of the Inferno.

Things went so well that Matt was really humming as he dropped over the lip of the Headwall. But there method deserted him, and he was suddenly in the lap of the gods. As he started to grind into his first turn, he was going so fast that he couldn't negotiate it properly. There was nothing to do but keep on going, straight down and fast as a rocket. An incredible few minutes later, he crossed the finish line, kicked off his bindings, and walked over to the Timekeeper Joe Dodge, the grand lama of skiing on Mt. Washington.

"Choe, vot time did I make?"

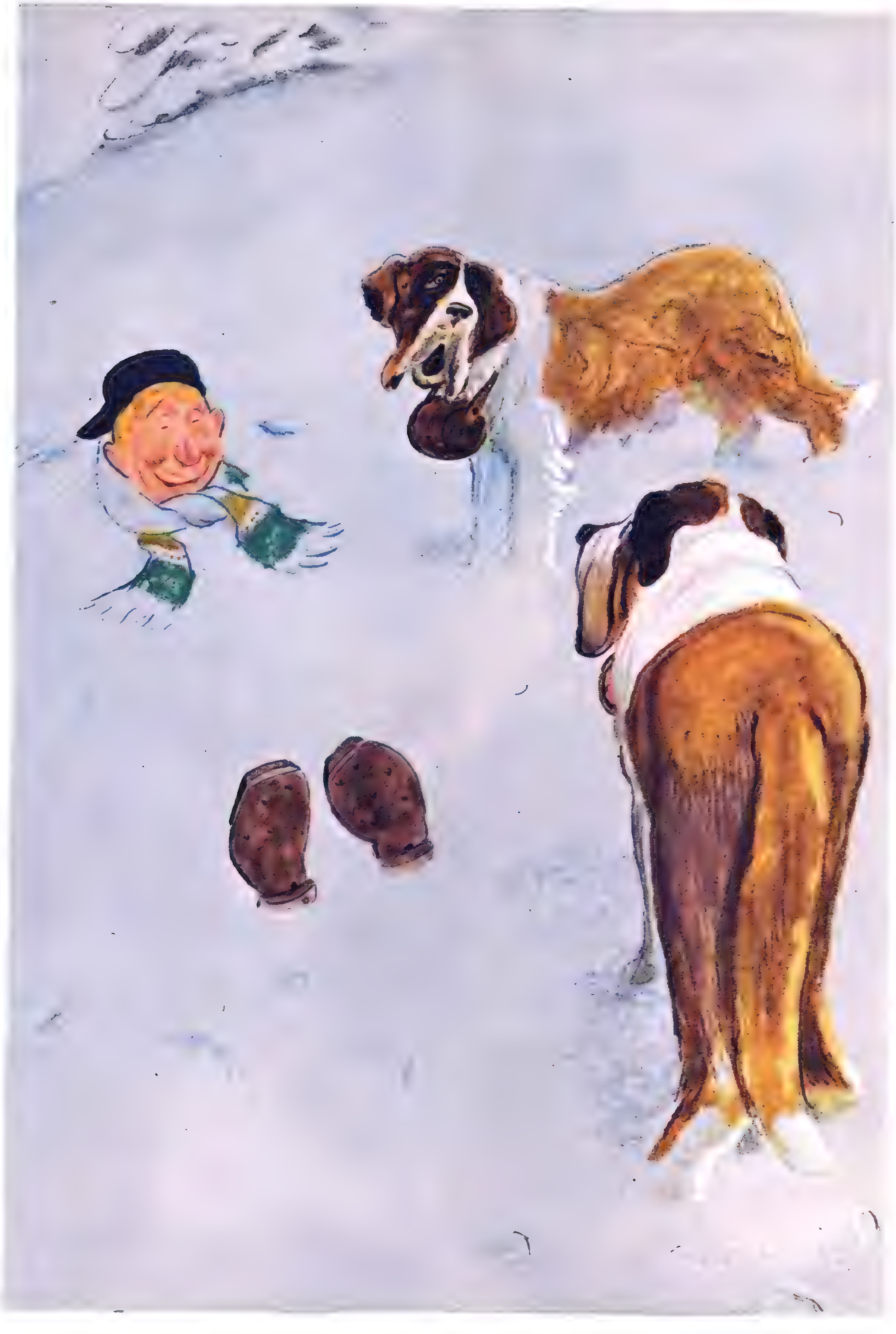
Dodge, who was perhaps more breathless and wobbly than the rugged Matt himself, handed the skier the greatest news of his career. Matt's closest competitor—Dick Durrance, the former record holder—crossed the finish line a *full minute* later. No racer has tried to duplicate Matt's amazing schuss. The Headwall still stands as the toughest challenge to the skill, daring, and endurance of American skiers. Jack Durrance, among other experts, broke his leg skiing the 'Wall and doubtless there will be casualties as long as there are men with courage to race it.

Sherburne Trail stretch of the Inferno race is a pushover except near the finish line. There are three tricky bumps in the last 100 yards and by the time a tired skier hits them, they usually smear him. Yet it's nothing to be ashamed of. A good many winners have finished in a twisted pile at the judges' feet.

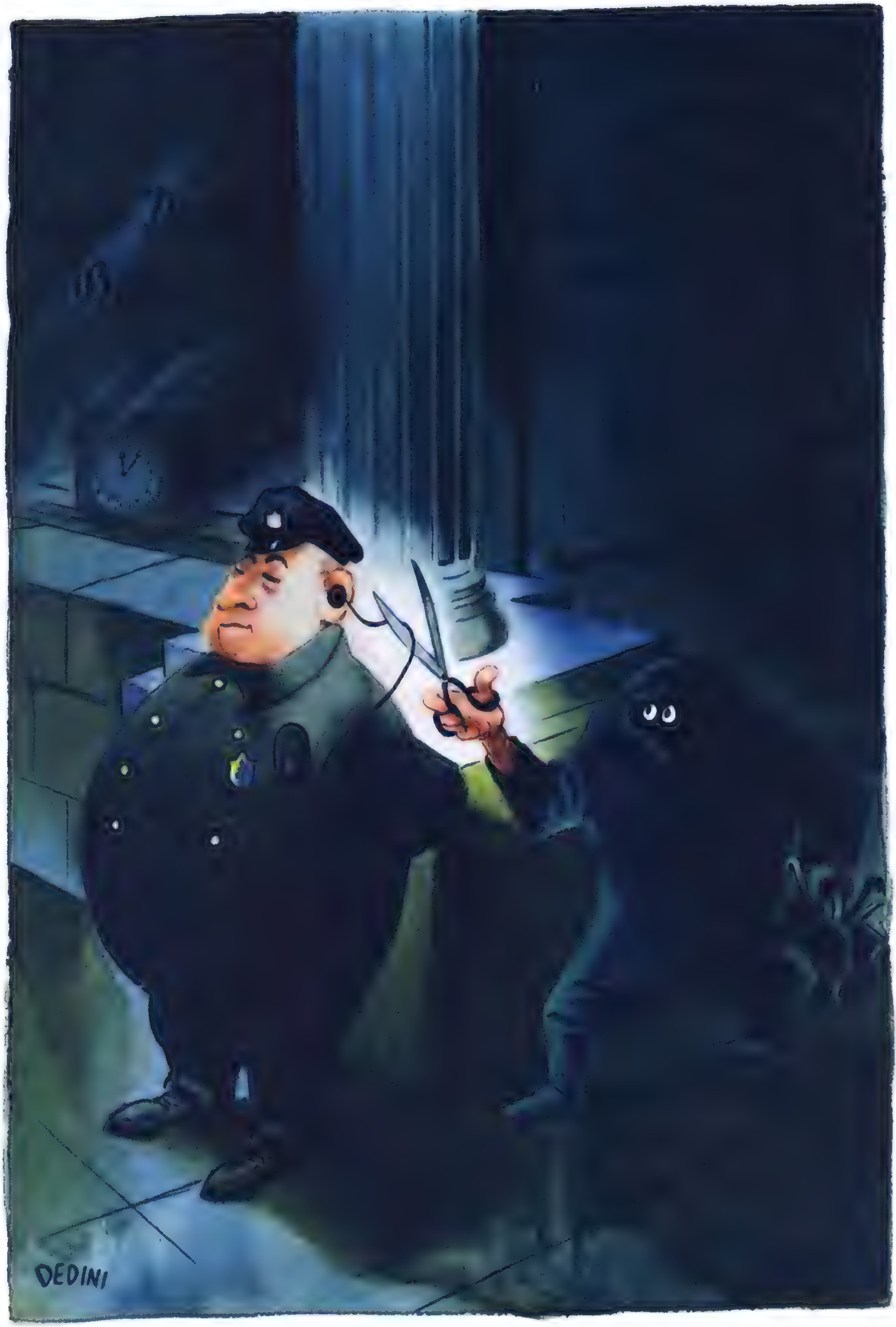
Taft Trail on the north slope of Cannon Mountain, near Franconia, New Hampshire, is another short cut to heart flutter. Starting with a fairly easy schuss, you soon find yourself in a series of fast swinging curves. Near the bottom are several short steep pitches that often dump weary runners who forget to pull their speed. There is a fast awkward bump on the upper slopes, followed immediately by a narrow needle's eye between two heavy stands of timber. Hundreds flunk that one. Lowell Thomas first negotiated it roped to a patrol toboggan with his leg hanging in a splint.

Last year Taft was the scene of the national downhill championships. It was also setting for the grimmest tragedy in American skiing.

Captain Victor Constant, engineering instructor at West Point and an extraordinarily good downhill man, was practicing for the meet. He had come down a couple of times, (*Continued on page 161*)



"This guy gets lost every week end"


DEDINI

FAULKNER

Amateur ball staged with pro finesse has the fans flocking to the Chicago Stadium

THE SPORTING SCENE:

Basketball Bonanza

by **BILL BURTON**

Once, in the not so long ago, the only people sure to show up for a collegiate basketball game were a few John Held characters in raccoon coats, the loyal faculty, the coaches, the players' best girls—and, of course, the players themselves. Thus surrounded by an empty gymnasium, the basketballers would proceed to have at each other with a man-to-man defense and no shots thrown from closer than the free-throw circle, and the whole exciting evening would end up with someone on the top of an 11-9 score.

But came the fast-breaking cannon-balling game as played in the Midwest and with it expert promotion. And things like this began to happen. On the night of February 23, 1945, 22,882 people shoehorned their way into the Chicago Stadium to watch a regularly scheduled Western Conference basketball game between Ohio State and Northwestern, plus a "bonus" contest between De Paul and Notre Dame. That stands as the all-time record—at least until the present season, but it isn't atypical. Back in 1941, 20,000 Chicagoans emigrated to the Stadium to watch the Illinois Whiz Kids, perhaps the greatest collegiate five ever assembled, put the whip to Northwestern by a count of 86-44.

All of which is to say that such is the manner in which things are done with basketball at the Chicago sports palace. In the past few years, the Stadium has stolen attendance records from New York's Madison Square Garden. Double-header officials—and get this, they are college people themselves, not private entrepreneurs like those operating out of Madison Square—have built the basketball double-header into something truly sensational. They have the immense Stadium walls ringing with an excitement it formerly knew only on hockey nights or when such characters as King Levinsky, Tommy Loughran, Max Baer and Jack Dempsey were headlining fight cards.

The basketball bargain bill, featuring top college outfits from all over the country, has helped transform the Stadium—ordinarily a sports white elephant—into a profitable investment. In twelve nights of collegiate warfare during the 1945-46 season, over 160,000 fans, or an average of better than 13,300 per night, relieved themselves of something like $190,000 to watch De Paul and Northwestern take on the comers.

The latter two Midwestern teams are solely and entirely responsible for the basketball renaissance at the Stadium. In fact, the whole business of off-campus double-headers began with two De Paul alumni, Arthur Morse, graduate athletic manager of the Chicago school, and Superior Court Judge John Sbarbaro.

What Morse and the judge had when they started out was an uncertain piece of property known as the De Paul University basketball team—a hot outfit as things went, but one that lacked prestige and alumni. They took this property out barnstorming around Chicago in 1938, installed it in various small gyms, and lost money. But they didn't lose sight of the dream that off-campus basketball games could be built up to attract thousands of non-college fans, with a consequent and gratifying increase in profits.

Then, in 1941, they got their break. They acquired another piece of basketball property. Northwestern, shoved out of its own quarters by Navy trainees, got permission from the Western Conference to play home games at the Stadium. The two schools took over the Stadium on a co-partnership basis and the double-headers were launched. Splitting the profits, the two schools have done quite well on the deal.

And then happy lightning struck twice in the same place. De Paul came up with one of the top basketball personalities of all time, six-feet-nine-inches of George Mikan.

Big George was not only large; he was talented. It is no exaggeration that he personally drew as many paying customers as any team De Paul played against. Wherever he performed, he broke scoring records. New York will be a long time forgetting the fifty-three points he deposited through the hoop in Madison Square Garden at the Basketball Writers' Invitational Tournament.

Thus equipped with two grade A quintets and Mr. Mikan, Stadium basketball accomplished a fantastic thing. It went big time and stayed collegiate; it made money without sacrificing the essential amateur, collegiate character of its competition. For example, all coaches bringing teams into the Stadium are given the privilege of choosing the officials, just as if they were playing on any college floor. (This is in direct contrast to the Garden, where one man picks all officials and the coaches can take it or leave it.) All agreements are made between representatives of the colleges, with no outsiders involved with the exception, of course, of the Stadium management, which charges a percentage of the gate as rental. Visiting teams are treated as guests of the host school.

The games are faultlessly dry, nothing (*Continued on page 180*)

STONE

Kurt Weill makes America sing

Kurt Weill is the first composer of music to join The Playwrights' Company, a group whose members, chiefly writers of plays, have pooled their talents to produce some of the finest theatre American audiences have seen. Mr. Weill provided the memorable music for Knickerbocker Holiday *long before he joined the group officially last August. German-born, Kurt Weill attained high honor in Europe for his operas and ballets. Since coming to New York in 1935 he has written the perennially beloved music for such productions as* Lady in the Dark *and* One Touch of Venus. *His latest work is the score for the musical version of Elmer Rice's* Street Scene. *Like all his music, it is eminently singable, while possessing the quality that endures.*

Dead Men Don't Bleed

There was absolutely nothing psychically wrong with young Cameron except his one obsession: he thought that he was dead

by MILTON FRIEDENBERG

WM. DUBOIS

Nervously lighting a cigarette, Dr. Kregg leaned back in his chair and took a long drag. He stared morosely at the case history spread before him on the mussed desk, and a long line of vexation wrinkled his forehead. Viciously tamping the cigarette into an ash tray, he picked up the closely typed pages and began to reread them for the hundredth time, skimming lightly over the first sheets. There was little enough there to give any insight into the problem. At "History of Present Illness," however, he stopped his skimming and began to read slowly:

"Shortly before entering this hospital on July 28, 1946, the patient attended a picnic on grounds near his home. At this time he appeared normal in all spheres. While exploring a near-by cave, the walls suddenly collapsed, burying him beneath them. He was not dug out for several hours and was unconscious when reached. He was revived shortly thereafter, and there were no physical injuries. Upon arrival home the patient asked his mother to call a local mortician to make arrangements for his funeral. Astonished at this, his mother questioned him and found that the patient believed himself to be dead. She thought he was joking and said no more to him about it. The next day the patient went to work, following his normal routine, but on returning home he became incensed when he found that no funeral arrangements had been made. The following day he was brought to this hospital by his parents."

Dr. Kregg stopped reading and lit another cigarette. In his own opinion, Cameron was normal except for that one persistent delusion. It seemed incredible that the boy could show absolutely no other psychiatric disturbances. He ate well, he slept well; he mingled and talked with the other patients. In short, he led a life that was as nearly normal as life in a mental hospital could be. But he could not rid himself of the delusion that he was dead. The boy wasn't fooling; Kregg had seen enough psychic malingering to know that for a certainty. The delusion was firmly entrenched in his mind.

He asked the operator to send in Cameron. When the boy entered the office, Kregg scrutinized him carefully with a searching look that met no response. He couldn't remember the time when a patient had so upset him. In his early days perhaps; but he had long since realized that a psychiatrist must necessarily be callous. Well, he had tried everything. Narcosynthesis had done no good at all. The boy seemed immune to electric shock. No, the only way to cure Cameron was by logical, direct reasoning, calculated to convince the boy that he could not possibly be dead.

John Cameron remained standing, shyly smiling at Dr. Kregg. He was eighteen, but he looked even younger, and there was no touch of sophistication or worldliness on his bland face. In Kregg's office, he always stood until he had been told to sit down.

Kregg was exasperated by the boy's constant politeness. He motioned to a chair. "Sit down."

"Yes, sir," said Cameron.

"How are you feeling today, John?" Kregg asked, struggling to keep his voice free of emotion. It quavered in spite of himself.

"Pretty well, Doctor. That is, I suppose I feel pretty well. I don't know how you're supposed to feel when you're dead. I've never been dead before. Doctor," he leaned over the desk closer to Kregg, "when are they going to bury me? Why won't they bury me? I'm surprised that I haven't started to decompose by now." He spoke the words with such earnestness that they did not seem ridiculous.

"John," Kregg said tiredly, "I want to talk to you. You trust me, don't you?" Cameron nodded. "Fine. Then I want you to listen to what I have to say and think about it. You walk and talk; dead men don't do that. You eat. Ever see a dead man eating? You breathe. Dead men don't breathe. How can you be dead?"

"I've thought about that, Doctor, and it's got me puzzled too. I know that dead men aren't supposed to do those things, but I'm dead and I do them. I bet if they buried me I'd stop."

Kregg sank back against the chair, beaten. He was at the end of his patience. For a long moment he watched Cameron; neither of them saying anything; then he had an idea.

"John, of course you know that dead men don't bleed?" He picked up an instrument from his desk and began running it across his fingers, testing the sharp edge and point.

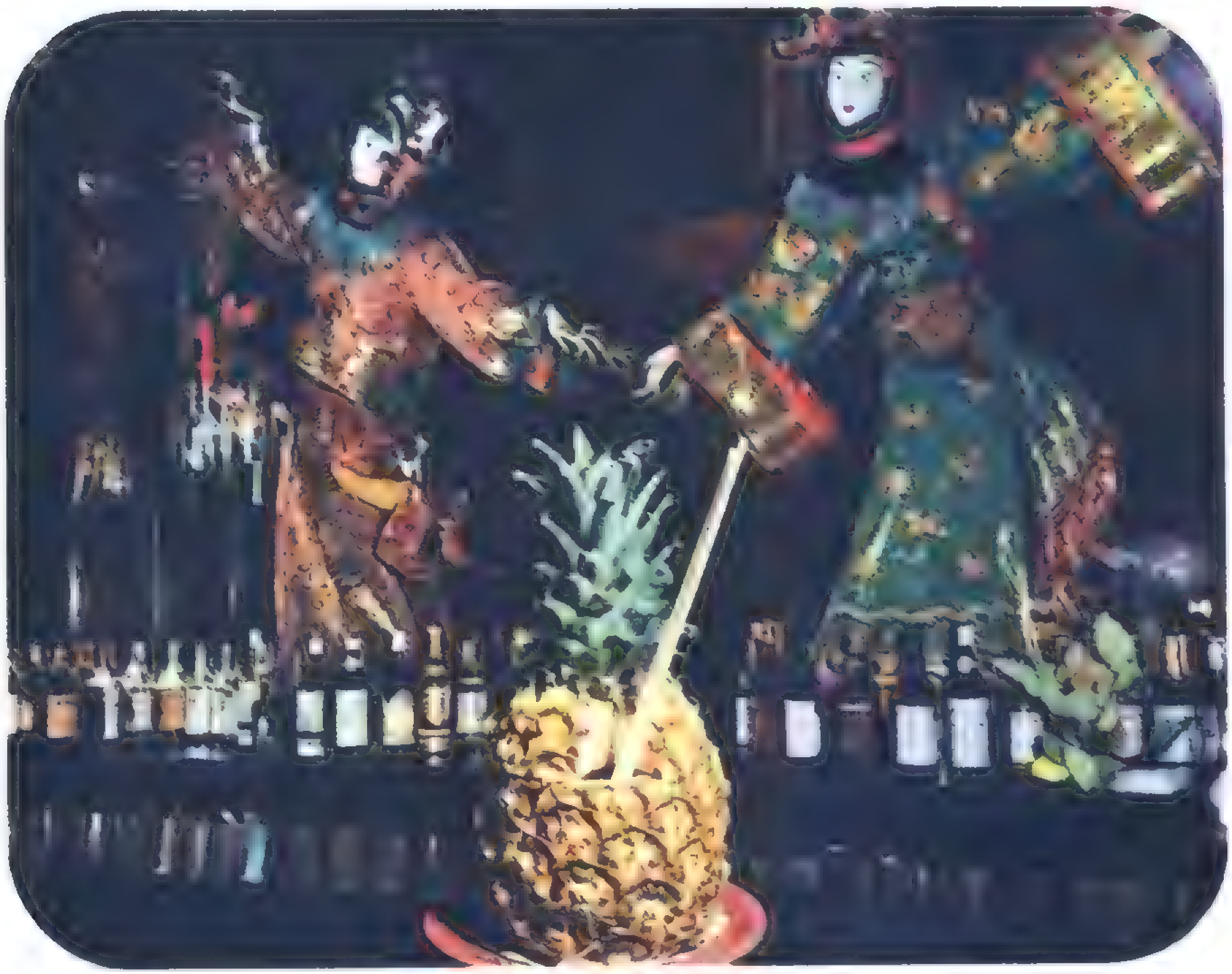
"Yes sir, dead men don't bleed."

"Well, if you are dead, John, and I cut you, no blood will flow. Is that right?"

"Yes, sir, that's right."

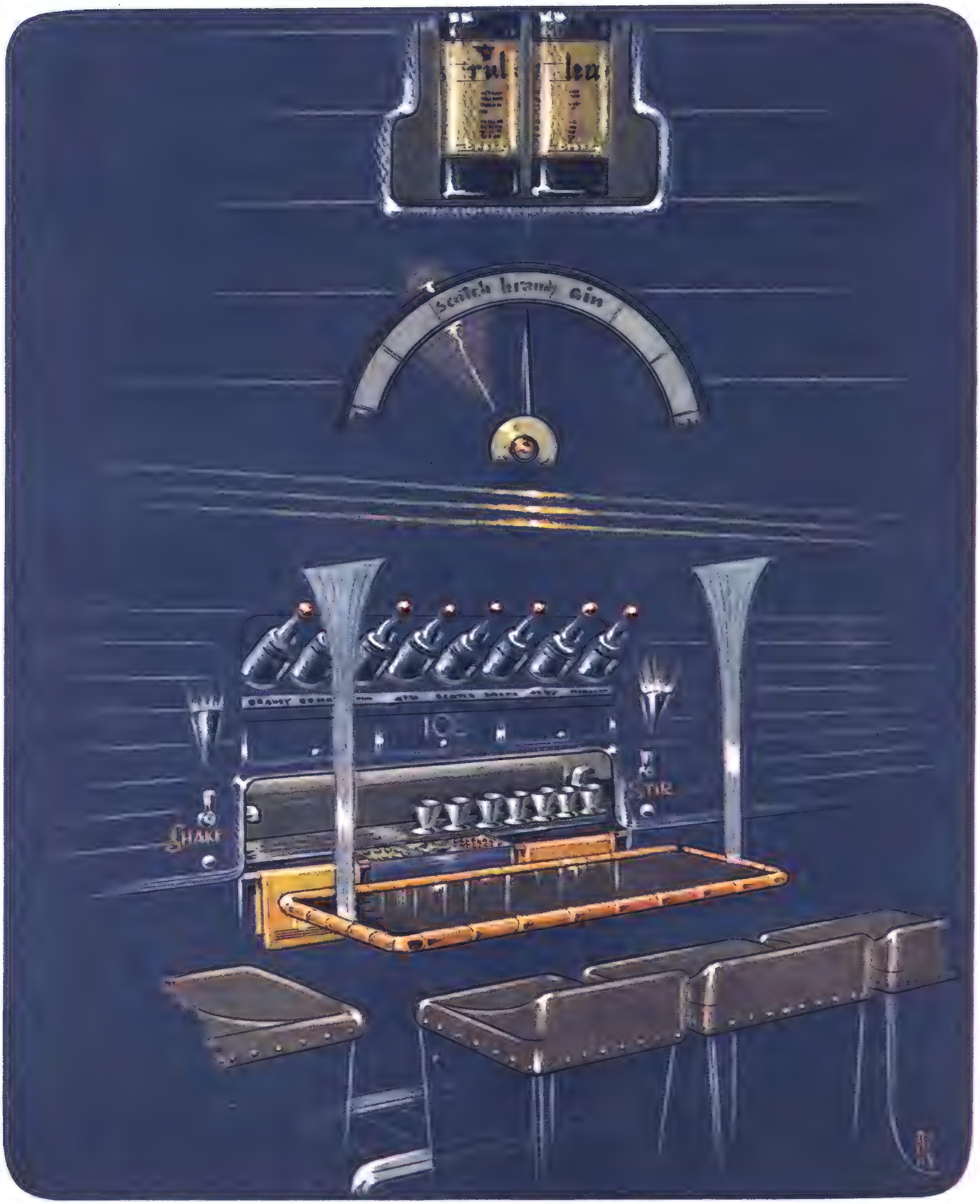
Kregg reached out and took Cameron's hand. Gently he massaged one finger, stroking it toward the distal end to draw the blood into the tip. Then with a quick motion he thrust the point of the instrument deep into the end. Removing it, he waited for the blood to well up.

No blood appeared. #


GLANTZ

Singapore's liquid poetry

New York City's Singapore Restaurant, which specializes in Oriental ambrosia and nectar—in other words, food and drink fit for the gods but available to the common man—is a veritable Far Eastern oasis in an Occidental setting. If you would like to try a taste of this gustatory heaven in liquid form and, in addition, want to impress your guests with something very exclusive, serve this Pi-Yi Cocktail, which is a spécialité de la Maison Singapore and their exclusive. The ingredients are Oahu rum, Hobey Juice, crushed pineapple and fresh pineapple. Then measure 1½ oz. of the Oahu rum, 1½ oz. of Hobey Juice. Blend, add two slices of crushed pineapple. Scrape the husk of a fresh pineapple and serve the mixture with crushed ice in the hull.

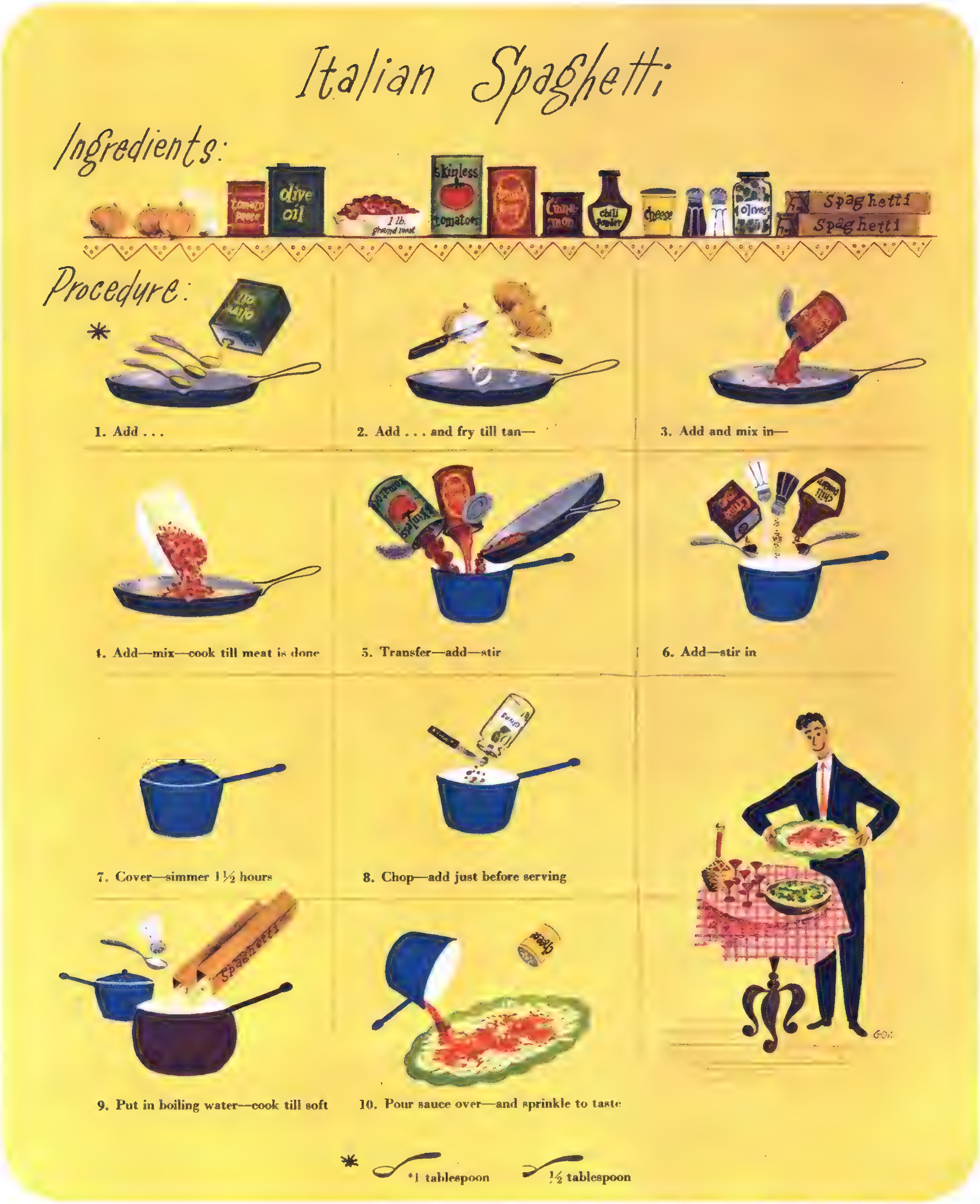


MECHANICAL PROPHECIES, NO. 9

Holiday for Hosts

by Alexis de Sakhnoffsky

Here Count Sakhnoffsky puts his talent to work on a bar for gentlemen in pursuit of fine living within elbow-bending distance of their living rooms. A spectacular departure from the stereotype home bar, it achieves two essentials of drinking comfort—ease of serving for the most easygoing, legroom for the lengthiest. Glasses move in an endless circuit, with bottles at a convenient angle above. Ingredients are poured into the "shake" and "stir" side funnels. The bar is suspended and can be raised when the urge to lean takes over. Lushest touch of all is the automatic gadgeting for the larger bar. Simply dial your brand, punch the button, and up it comes on the assembly line.


Italian Spaghetti
Ingredients:
tomato paste
olive oil
1 lb. ground meat
Skinless tomatoes
Cans mon
chili powder
cheese
olives
Spaghetti
Spaghetti
Procedure:
GOW

1. Add . . .

2. Add . . . and fry till tan—

3. Add and mix in—

4. Add—mix—cook till meat is done

5. Transfer—add—stir

6. Add—stir in

7. Cover—simmer 1½ hours

8. Chop—add just before serving

9. Put in boiling water—cook till soft

10. Pour sauce over—and sprinkle to taste

* *1 tablespoon ½ tablespoon

Esquire's

LOOK AND COOK

Recipe No. 3

Sketches by Mina Gow

Here's Esquire to the rescue of the perplexed and beleaguered host who has friends descend upon him at four with that all-day look about them. With the liquid refreshments not unlimited, this means that supper is in order. What to serve and how to make it? Here's a recipe for spaghetti that will serve six. You can't whip it up in a minute—a good spaghetti sauce takes time to make—and further your reputation as a chef. Esquire, however, has eliminated all the unnecessary frills, dehydrated all excess verbiage; so all you have to do is follow the pictures. To give that Continental touch to this satisfying dish, serve it with a tossed green salad and rich red Chianti wine.

In which it is demonstrated that from early morn till set of sun, the trials of an ad man's spouse are never done

The Shuckster

by FRANCES GEIGER ADAMS

Frankly, I'm no genius. But I was smart enough to marry one. His clients tell me that he is, his friends tell me, and he will modestly admit himself that he is a mental superman—if he is pushed into it.

But even before I learned to undercook his eggs and overcook his steak, I discovered that it was my job to keep his aura of genius intact so that he wouldn't be pushed into saying it himself.

So I started talking in reverent terms about him, his accounts and their staggeringly successful campaigns. I encourage him constantly to say some new product or other is the most amazing, the most thrilling, the most dazzling thing that ever lighted up a woman's life. I do this in spite of a stanch Presbyterian background and an innate basic honesty.

But this compromise with my natural integrity I have philosophically written off as one of the occupational hazards of being married to an ad man. And as long as nobody gets hurt, I am willing to let principal overcome principle.

I came to this decision the same day he came home with an innocent little jar of shampoo in his pocket.

"Here," he said, "you aren't doing anything. How about washing your hair?"

"You're just saying that because you want to read that new murder story and you don't want me to heckle you!" I remonstrated.

"Now darling—this is a terrific new formula a fellow brought into the office today. He wants me to handle the account—it might run to half a million dollars."

"In billing, that is," I iced. "Figured at fifteen per cent."

"All right, so that's $75,000. Are you going to turn up your pretty little nose at that?"

And we both bowed east—a little ritual we always go through at the mention of the Almighty Yankee Dollar.

"All right—so what about the formula. What's it for and what does it do, and what are you planning to *say* it does?"

"It washes your hair, my dear little cynic, without soap . . . without oil. And, best of all, it gives your hair a dazzling metallic luster. It's the most amazing discovery to come out of the laboratory in years! And all the years of research, all the money and effort involved, have brought forth something for the sheer glorification of the American Woman!"

I stood there unmoved. In the back of my mind was a strong hankering to see the movie around the corner, but it looked as though I'd never get a chance to bring it up. Obviously, he was trying the copy angles on me.

"Go on now, be a good girl. I just want you to try it to see how you like it. You know, darling, how valuable your opinions are. After all, you're Mrs. America!"

"Why can't I be just Mrs. Adams?" I sulked, thinking how that's just what I was, and how it always turned out that I was also a guinea pig.

He walked over and kissed me reverently on the forehead. He put his hands on my shoulders and looked deep into my eyes. Then he said, "Have I told you lately how much I love you?"

I know my weakness, but so far I have been unable to do anything about it. I am a pushover for a kind word.

"All right, give it to me. I'll try your old shampoo!" I said, and accepted the little jar.

"You're so good to me, darling." And he picked up his whodunit and that was that. I took one last longing look at myself on the way to the shower. After all, Ellen had brushed out my hair only four hours ago at the beauty shop, and if she did say so herself, it was her masterpiece.

It was a masterpiece of tact for me too, not to have mentioned that I'd just had my hair done. There is a jigger of Scotch in my ancestry, and I resented paying for a hairdo at the rate of $1.50 an hour. But in a trigger-witted decision, I realized that if I mentioned it, the whole beauty budget probably would be diverted to other channels.

So I washed my hair. And I wound it up in bobby pins. I slid into a housecoat and hoped nobody would pick tonight to drop in for a visit. I am distinctly not at my best with my hair all wound up.

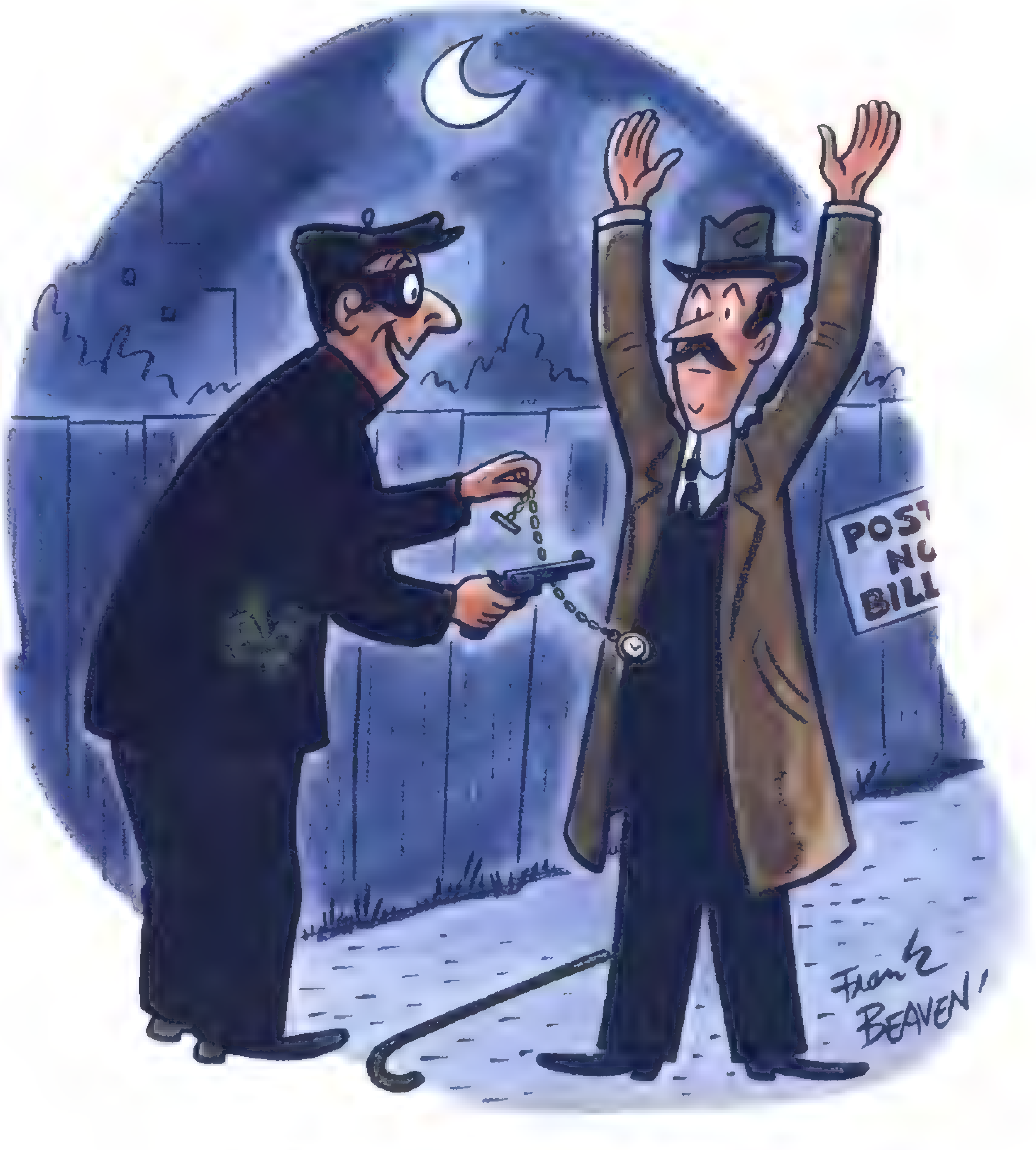
I was halfway through a highball when he looked up from his book.

"Wow!" he said.

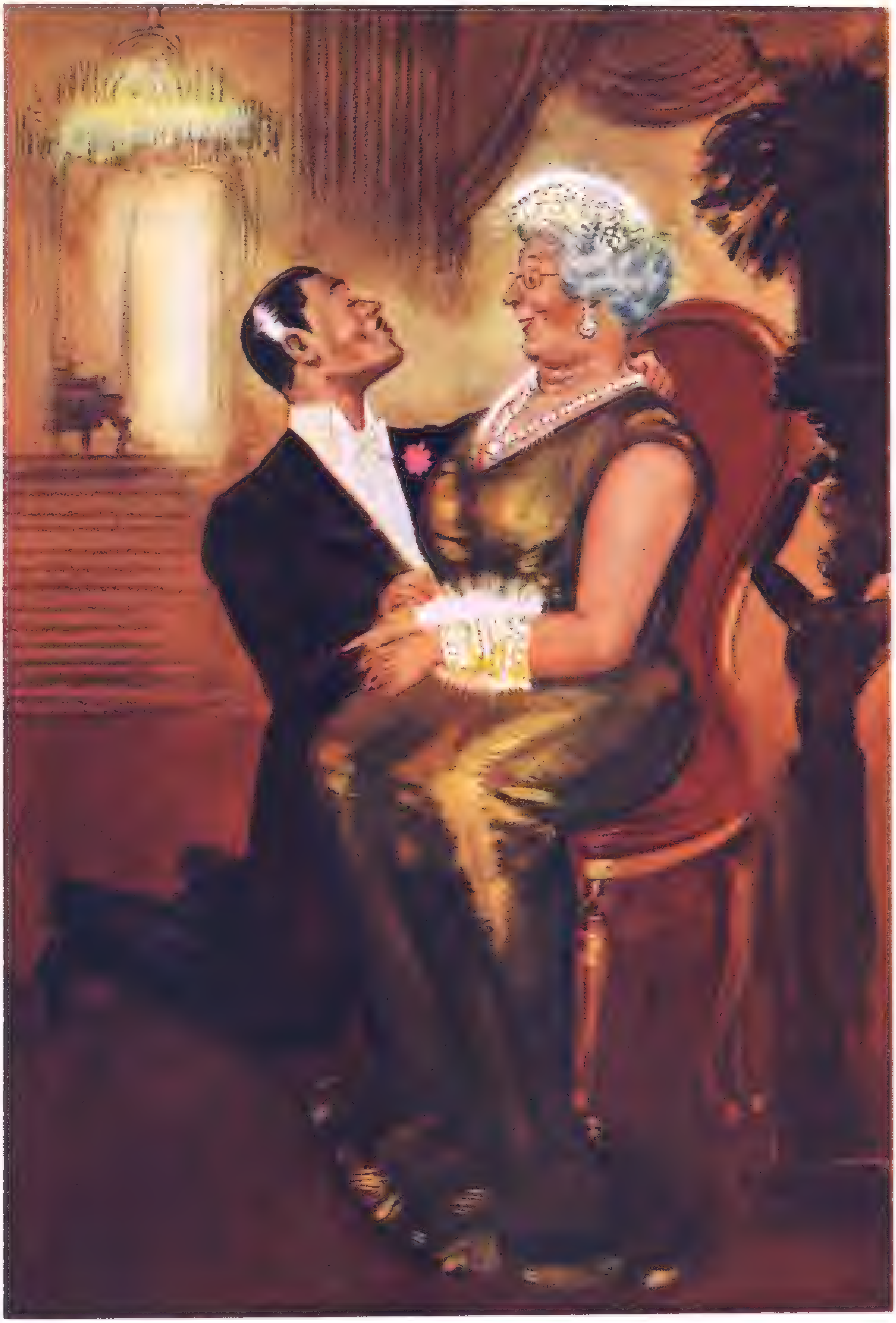
"What?"

"The stuff really works! You, my pet, are a couple of centuries late for Mr. Titian, but he was looking for you. You are strictly the smoothest redhead in Chicago!"

"Redhead!" All my life, I've secretly wished for red hair, but I've never had the nerve to do anything *(Continued on page 169)*



"Who said crime doesn't pay?"



"Why Mr. Guilfoyle! I thought no one would want me when I was old and grey"

While Mr. Stevens had all the outward characteristics of a stuffed shirt, he was not altogether without compassion

Yesterday's Souvenirs

by JOSEPH E. SHANER

"What a terrible muddle!" ejaculated the old lady, worry in her eyes. "I hope you at the post office will understand."

Mr. Stevens fingered his collar, reflecting more on his need of a haircut than this perfectly ludicrous investigation. Here she sat, lavender and old lace in her rocker, afraid the postal authorities would send her to Federal prison—and on her own complaint! Women, old and young! Mr. Stevens fidgeted.

"I see you are in a hurry," she said, "so I shall be brief. You've been so kind to come."

Mr. Stevens nodded. "Plenty of time," he said. He sat back, cloaking dismay at her perception behind a stiff government service smile.

The old lady pressed her lips together. "I did it because of my grandson," she confessed. "You see, when he came home from overseas Marjory was married, and it was quite a shock. Marjory is very pretty. Sometimes when they were in high school, Marjory would come here with Robert and I would hear their laughter and I knew they meant so much to one another. But life, you know—"

"Yes, ma'am," interposed Mr. Stevens, who didn't care much for romantic stories. He hoped to speed her up.

"Robert took it so very hard. You are a long time a grown man but perhaps you have not forgotten how deep is the pain of some youngsters in heartbreak. I was afraid Robert might be like his uncle, who waited until he was forty before he married. And just because of a hurt when he was young.

"Robert wandered from one room to another and would hardly go out of the house. Not much a body can say to a boy then, and though there's many more than one fish in the ocean they don't want to hear of it. You can only hope he'll see some other pretty girl and—"

"Ah, ah, yes," said Mr. Stevens. Long time a grown man, he mused. Hum! Maybe he wasn't getting enough sun. Why, she was twice his age, and talking to him as though he were as old as she was.

"I found him in the living room one day," she continued. "He was playing two or three records over and over and standing in front of her picture. I went out, letting on I didn't see he was crying. Then I found him reading her old letters. 'Burn them, Robert,' I said, 'that's the best way.' Then I tiptoed away.

"A little weeping is all right, but there's no sense to clutter up your life like some folks will, always remembering when they really should forget. Young folks had best get over it. Most do in time, but Robert is such a deeply sensitive boy. One day he said he was going away. I thought that would be a fine idea, for then he would forget Marjory. He went to New York and he wasn't there but a few weeks when he wrote and asked me to mail him her picture and those records. Well, I didn't send them."

"I see, I see," said Mr. Stevens, who really didn't see but who felt he ought to indicate he was in sympathy with her.

"Robert believes I sent him the package," she said. "He wants me to file a complaint with the post office. That is why I asked you to come. Couldn't you write him that the picture and records were lost?"

Mr. Stevens tried not to be stuffy, though he was amazed that anyone would think the Post Office Department would even consider such a bold request. He disliked his tedious reply: "If an investigation is requested we'd have to make it, and in a case like this, we'd have to inform your grandson our investigation showed the package was never mailed."

"Oh, my!" she said, "now what will I do?"

Mr. Stevens rubbed his forehead, and then he heard himself say what now seemed to be another tiresome phrase: "The Post Office Department, madam, tries to be as human as it possibly can but we—have you destroyed these, ah, mementoes of his?"

"Oh, no," she answered.

"Well," and he noticed how heavily and how like a sigh he made it sound, "how about his letters? He didn't ask for the letters? Where are they?"

"I saw him come up from the basement one morning," she said, "and I guessed from the way he looked that maybe he'd burned them."

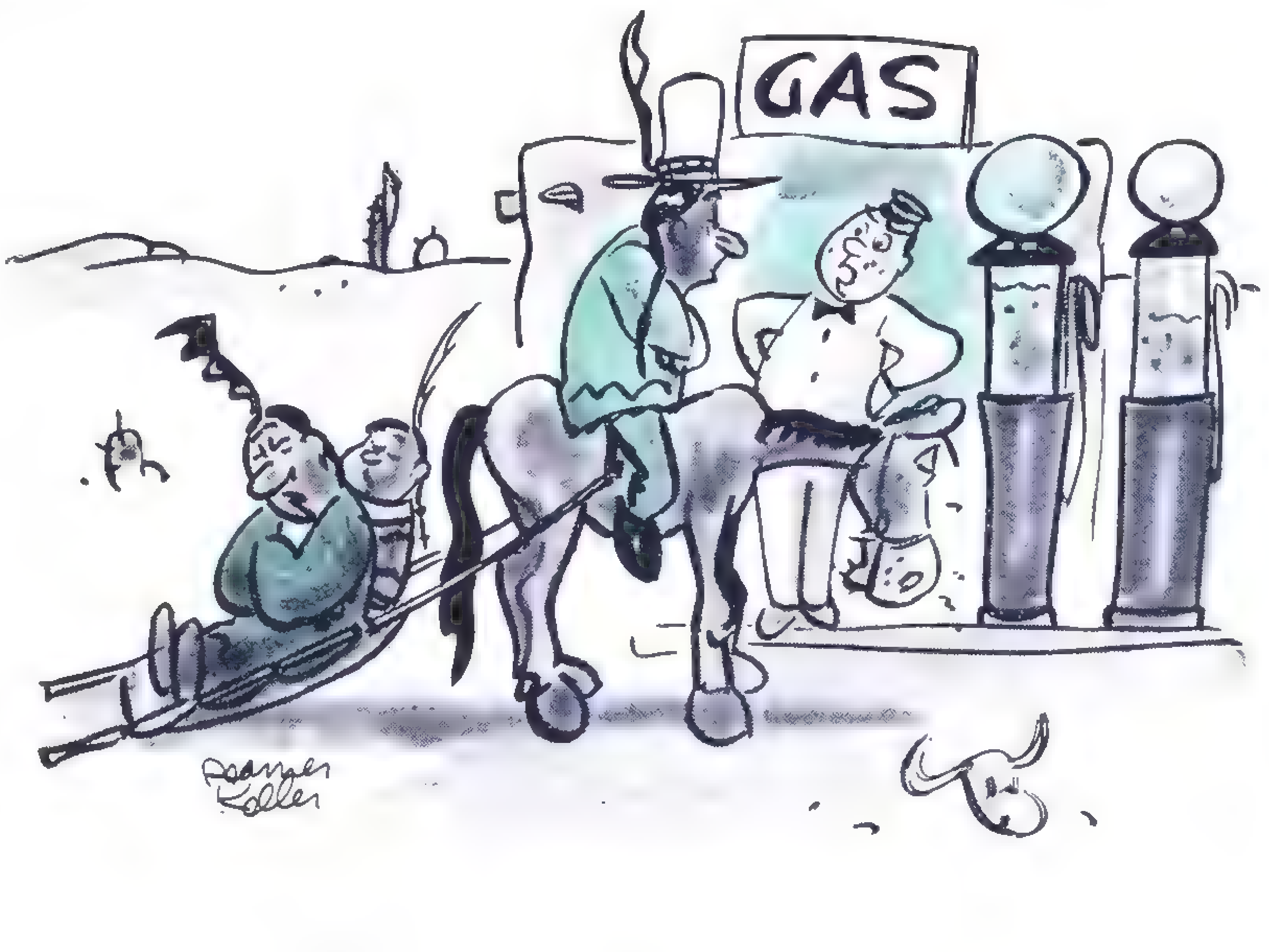
"Ah, yes then," said Mr. Stevens, "I think I see the way out. I believe, madam, he took your advice about that. It really isn't exactly my place to tell you, and I hope you won't mind. Madam, I think—and I am a man and I ought to know—that your grandson, if you sent him these ah, souvenirs, and if you told him how silly you think it is for him to keep them, that he'd listen to you. I really don't believe you have any problem. You know, men can stand the straight truth once it is given to them the right way."

Mr. Stevens rose to go, towering over the woman in the rocker. She got up slowly. "I guess I'm a meddlesome busybody," she declared. "I'm so sorry I had to bother you."

"Oh, no," said Mr. Stevens, "no bother for me at all."

Mr. Stevens thought hard as he drove toward town, tickled at the big problem and how he solved it so easily. Passing a florist's shop he grinned a rare grin, lavishing it all on himself. He drove around the block, stopped in front of the shop and went in and ordered a dozen roses, putting his card with them. "To A Sweet Lady," he wrote. "Through such kind wisdom as yours, happiness lies." He smiled again, enjoying the strange loosening of his facial muscles.

Mr. Stevens went out to his car. Just as the motor began to purr, he halted, decision written on his face. He took his billfold from his coat pocket and pulled out a small tinted picture of a girl. He looked at it a long while, then slowly tore it up, bit by bit. He tossed the shreds out the window, and never looking back to see the pieces hurled over the roadway by a vagrant breath of wind, shoved into gear and drove down the street toward the barbershop.



"Okay, I'll bite. What do you want?"

When Carlo returned he knew things would be bad, but he could not know his country's great misfortune so closely foretold his own

A Man Comes Back

by VELIO COSTA

GREENHALGH

The big car rolled slowly along the dusty, sunny, deserted road, rising and falling through the scrub woods and rocky hills. The heat was hard and sultry; the surrounding mountains were bright and arid, and a grey vapor rose from the hot ground into the metallic sky.

Carlo was seated next to the driver. He was looking around, trying to recognize familiar places. He had expected to be moved when he again saw his country after five years. Now, on the contrary, he felt indifferent, as though he were a stranger. He saw a few trees, all of them either shattered or broken off. The once well-tilled soil was pockmarked with many craters, and neither green leaf nor grass blade broke the monotony and the sadness of the brown and yellow view.

Far away, beyond the mountains, lay his town. But his house would be deserted because his mother had died two years before while he was in the concentration camp. There would be no one to whom he could announce his homecoming. Many thoughts were struggling for mastery of his mind when suddenly one, stronger than the rest, arose from his memory: a musical theme with a motif of sadness and pain. It turned round and round inside him like a slow whirlwind.

Carlo tried in vain to remember the name of that composition. The music reminded him of the three years just past, when his house had been a miserable log hut, and the space in which he could walk was ten meters wide and surrounded with barbed wire. He had suffered very much from that lack of music during all that period because in the oppressive silence of the camp, broken only by the blasphemies of the guards and by the lamentations of the prisoners, his soul had shrunk and dried up like a rainless land.

The ascent became harder and harder and the truck climbed noisily and with great difficulty. The radiator was boiling and Carlo looked suspiciously at the steam and rusty water.

"Don't worry," said the driver. "This is a good engine." Carlo looked at him. The driver had an extinguished cigarette between his lips, and the light from the sun and the road and the hills was so strong that he was driving the car with his eyes half-shut.

"It's an old engine, too," Carlo said. But the motor drowned out his voice.

"What?" the driver cried.

"It's an old engine!" Carlo repeated.

The driver laughed. "Yeah! Very old! It's a Fiat. But this truck has been at the front, in the war."

"Which war?" Carlo asked.

The driver laughed again. "In eighteen. But it's better that I specify which war I'm talking about. I'm forty and have seen five wars already. I hope the series is ended . . . You been at the front?"

"Sure," Carlo replied. "I was there."

"Where?"

"In Greece." The motor drowned his voice again. "In Greece!" Carlo cried.

"Greece? Oh, my cousin's been there. Athens," the driver said. "He told me Greek women are very nice. Are they?"

"I think so."

"You had a good deal there . . ."

"Yes," Carlo replied. "Especially when the RAF came and bombed us."

The driver laughed. "I was more lucky than you. I was not in the Army."

But Carlo didn't hear him. He was absorbed in thought again, his mind recalling the days gone by. He watched the cigarette moving up and down between the driver's lips. The sad musical theme overtook his memory again and drove away all thoughts till his mind was blank. He heard the music playing, rising and falling, in pianissimo and fortissimo; and it seemed to him that the cigarette, with its up-and-down motion, conducted an invisible orchestra while the driver kept talking.

Now the road descended into the valley with short turns and then Carlo saw an old oak, its branches like candelabra against a white rock. The view reminded him of his childhood, when he was the haughty chief of a youngsters' band with the proud name of "Red Cloud."

It was right beneath that tree where he and all the "braves" had smoked their corn silk, which was all they had for the traditional peace pipe. He remembered Signore Andrea, the landholder of the field, who always grumbled against him and his braves. Signore Andrea's field was just this side of San Rocco and it suddenly dawned on him that he had arrived at last at his home.

"We're coming near the crossroad," Carlo told the driver.

The driver said nothing. He looked only at the curving road as he drove through the deep dust, the same dust which powdered the trees and rocks.

After a little while, the truck arrived at the crossroad. The driver looked at Carlo questioningly.

"Stop here, please," said Carlo.

The truck pulled over and stopped slowly at the side of the road while a cloud of dust wrapped around it. Carlo opened the door and got out. He went to the back of the car and took his suitcase. Afterwards he went to the driver.

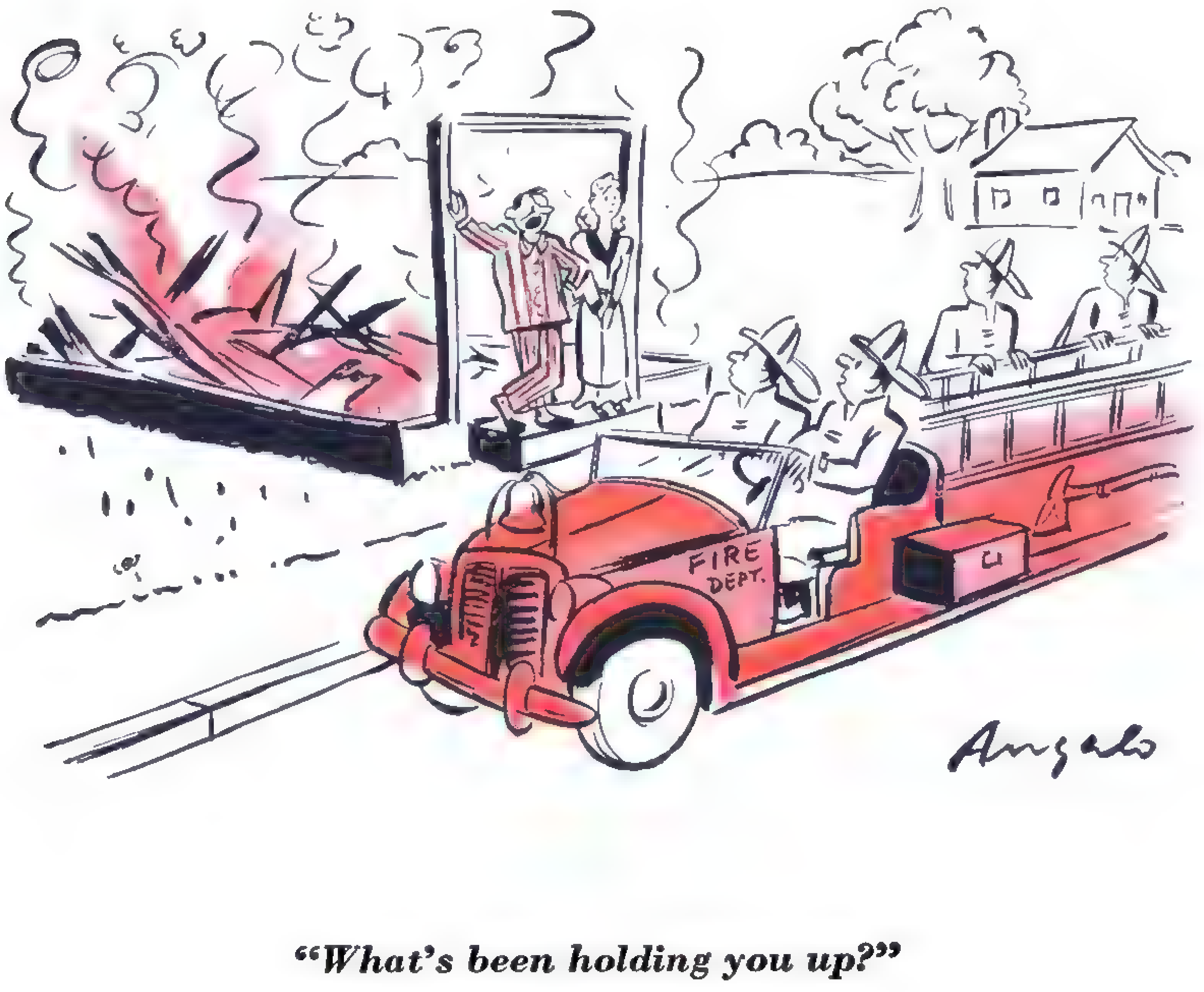
"San Rocco is beyond that hill. I have to go home."

"Well, good-bye," the driver said.

"Good-bye and thank you."

They shook hands. Carlo stood looking after the driver as the truck started up and waved his hand at him. The truck, going fast, soon disappeared around a turning of the road, pursued by a big dusty cloud. Then the noise of the motor died out.

Carlo began to walk by the side of the country



"What's been holding you up?"

road which ascended the hill to his town. The little way was full of craters and furrowed with deep and narrow tracks. Some dried thornbushes grew along the edges of the road. Carlo felt alone in the silence. The noise of his shoes upon the stones was the only thing to be heard. The heat was oppressive; he felt as though it were sticking on his burning and unshaven face and on his thin shoulders covered with an old worn-out coat.

He felt tired, and his legs were aching as a result of the long journey in the truck. His ears were deafened by the noise of the motor and he had a pain in the arm that carried the suitcase. But he did not stop, except to wipe the perspiration and to switch the suitcase from one hand to the other. At the top of the mountain he would be able to see San Rocco to its full stretch in the plain, with its small, white houses and green-gold gardens.

At last he reached the summit, laid down his suitcase, made a shelter with his hand from the sun and looked down. A large heap of bright stones marked the location of the town. There were no houses and no people visible. For a little while Carlo stared at the narrow and long whitish stony line which was San Rocco, then he went down towards the stones, dragging his suitcase after him despondently. Unconsciously he was in a great hurry and he noticed he was running towards the town.

When he arrived there, he stopped for a moment and looked at the destroyed walls and the bricks scattered about. He went somewhat hesitantly among the upside-down houses, walking upon the chalky rubbish, and found himself in the middle of what had obviously been a square, because there was a large and empty space with a high cross in the center.

He studied that over for quite some time and then he recognized the town hall square. Across that square, on the right side after the barbershop and the pharmacy, had been his home, the windows looking out on the main street. But now, there was nothing: neither the small house of the barber, nor the large house of the pharmacist, nor his own house, nor the main street. The town was obliterated. Carlo shook his shoulders and walked towards where his house should have been. Just in that moment a woman's voice shouted suddenly and shrilly: "What are you sneaking around here for?"

Carlo looked around. There was a head peering at him from over the top of a half-crumbled wall. He saw a dark-skinned face with dark hair and made-up lips.

"What are you sneaking around here for?" the woman repeated.

"Why?" Carlo asked.

"This is private property."

"Which and where is private property?"

She stood up and appeared entirely. Carlo looked at her. She was wearing a pair of blue linen trousers and a yellow shirt, and a narrow, faded red band was fastened securely around her waist.

"All around is private property," she replied.

"Oh," Carlo said, laughing sarcastically, "I wish to know the owner of all these beautiful ruins."

"Well, if you'll wait a moment, he'll be here . . ."

"He?" Carlo said. "Oh, is it a masculine owner?"

"Yes! And I'm his wife."

The girl climbed down from the stones and came up in front of Carlo. She was wearing a pair of old tennis shoes and he saw her ankles were without stockings and tanned. She looked at Carlo and drew out a pack of cigarettes.

"Have a cigarette," she said.

"Thanks." Carlo waved his hand. "I never smoke."

He watched her smoking.

"You did not answer my question," the girl said.

"I was looking for my house here. My ex-house," Carlo replied. She stared at him incredulously, then she laughed.

"Did you live here?" she asked.

"This was my birthplace." Carlo looked around. "Was there a big battle here?"

"I guess so. I'm foreign to this country. Was it a lovely place?"

SZEG
BAK
DEDINI

"Brother, can you spare $96,000 for a cup of coffee?"

"Every birthplace is a lovely one," Carlo replied. He looked a little while at her, then picked up his suitcase.

"Well, Miss. I'm leaving . . ."

"Where and why are you going?" she asked.

"I don't know. But I think it's the best thing to do."

The girl said nothing. She threw the cigarette away and looked at him smiling. He stood and felt his mind blank as again that sad musical theme rose from his memory. "It's a symphonic piece," he said to himself. "But I don't remember which it is." He looked at the girl and noticed, for the first time, her green-yellow eyes.

"If you want to be my guest today," she said thoughtfully, "I'll be very happy."

"Thank you. Very kind of you," said Carlo.

"Well, come and see my house," she said. "It's cooler inside."

They walked in the sun, across the deserted square towards a big white rock fifty yards away.

"How long have you lived here?" Carlo asked.

"Some weeks only," she replied. "My town was destroyed by the war . . . and Luigi's town, too."

"Luigi? Is Luigi your husband?"

"Not exactly husband," she said after a short hesitation. "I should like to marry Luigi. But the difficulty is that there isn't a church standing up in the whole region."

Carlo said nothing. She lighted another cigarette.

There was a cavern under the rock. It was deep and dark and humid. Carlo, when he came in, felt a chill and began to shiver. The girl lighted a match and went towards a black box sitting on the ground. It was a battery and the girl, bowing down, took a conducting wire and twisted it up a plug. An electric light shone suddenly. The girl looked at Carlo, smiling.

"This is my house," she said, waving her hand.

"Lovely."

"Are you afraid?" She saw Carlo shivering.

"No. I'm cold."

"Care for something to drink?" She offered him a bottle of cognac which she brought out of a little cupboard. Carlo reached for the bottle and took a drink. The blood rushed to his face and he felt better. Then he looked around. There were two electric lamps hanging from the rocky ceiling; the cave was very long, but not large. Carlo saw two chairs, some small benches around a lame table, a trunk beside the right wall and some big cases along the other side of the cave. In the remote part there was a curtain spread horizontally, the full width.

"Sit down," the girl said. "I'll prepare some lunch. It's just about lunch time."

"What are these cases?" Carlo asked.

"Food . . . meat, milk, pork, jam and so on . . . fruits, too. All American products. It's Luigi's job to furnish these things."

"Has he a job?"

"No. He doesn't work."

"How does he get it? This stuff I mean," Carlo asked.

The girl laughed. "How? It's very easy. There are two ways to get food today in Italy. The first is the black market—but people must have big money to buy it. The second one is easier than the first."

She stopped and looked at Carlo interrogatively.

"Don't you guess it?" she asked after awhile.

"I wouldn't know," Carlo replied.

"Well," she laughed again, "Luigi steals . . ."

"A thief is he?"

"He's something more. Listen: there is a main road in the neighborhood and many trucks travel along it. Luigi stops the trucks and carries off all its charges. That's easy, isn't it?"

"The drivers don't say anything?"

"Luigi has a good revolver. He has two friends and they have revolvers, too. The drivers never say anything."

"It's easy, sure," Carlo said. But he wasn't thinking anything. He had understood nothing of what had happened to his country which he was now seeing again, after the

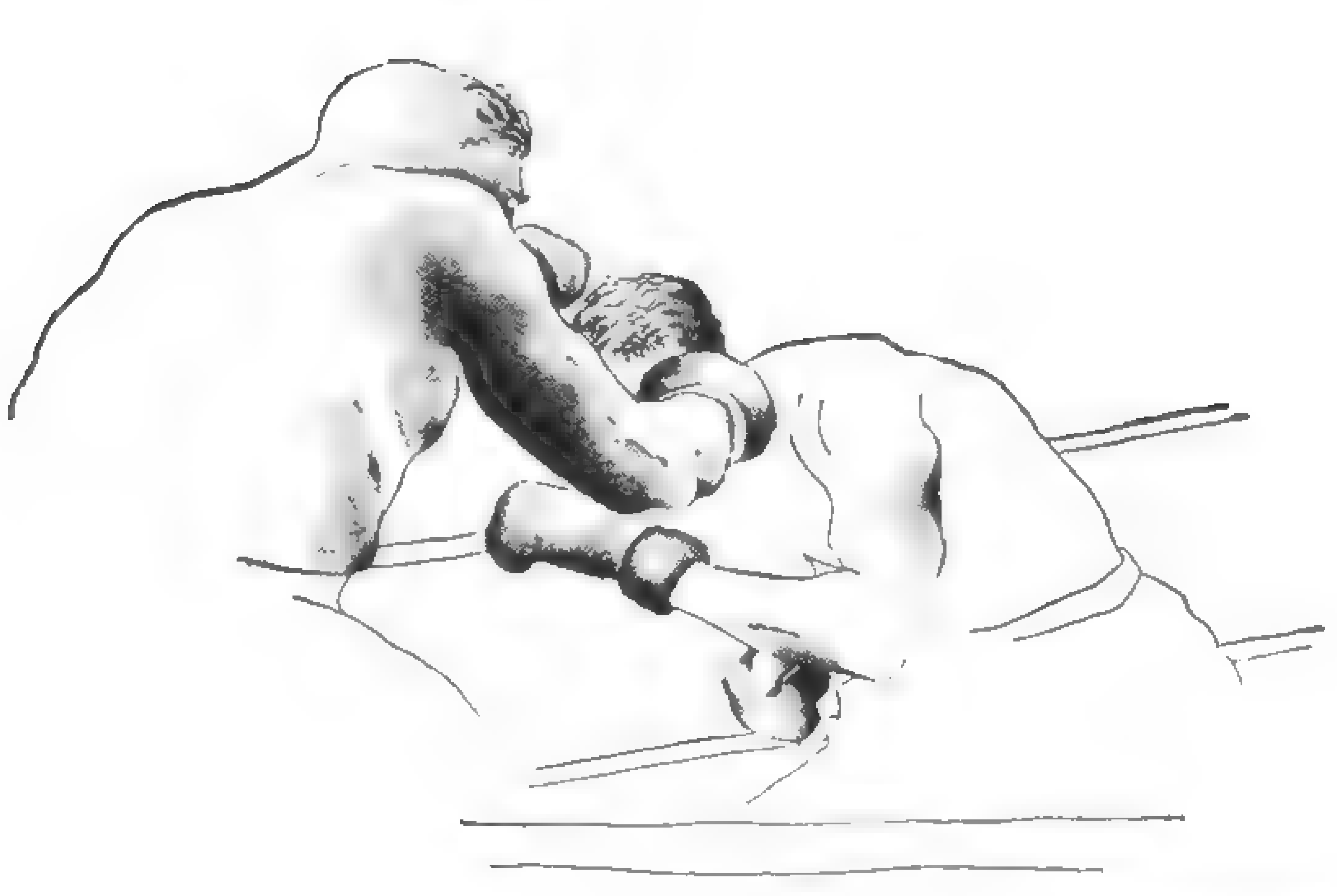
(Continued on page 175)

Our experts view with alarm, for money men are fouling up the simon-pure sport

THE ESQUIRE SPORTS POLL:

Amateur Boxing

by JIM CROSSETT



AMATEUR boxers come in two types. There is the amateur boxer who puts on the gloves and goes out to do and die for fun and not for fortune. Only he isn't a tournament fighter, and he also isn't a kid headlining a card at a big city arena. He is a schoolboy and the man in his corner is his coach—not his manager. And he goes forth with the assurance that if anything hurts him in the ring, the officials will lead him to the corner and maybe even award him the fight.

Then again there is an amateur fighter who is classified as a nonprofessional only by the grace of language. Apply the dictionary measure of amateur to him—"one who cultivates any art or pursuit for the love or enjoyment of it instead of professionally or for gain" —and he'd burst it open at the seams. He fights for gain, for medals and watches which can be exchanged in the dressing room for cash; he may in fact be a member of a stable of fighters working for a manager who takes him about barnstorming like any professional.

In short, you don't have to be a cynic to detect a tinge of green (long) in the pure white banner of amateur boxing.

The above sentiment is now statistical and official because it has just been backed by the overwhelming opinion (ninety-four per cent) of the sports writers, broadcasters and officials who comprise the Esquire poll.

Carl White of the Santa Monica *Evening Outlook* can well serve as first spokesman for the experts on this matter. "Talk to any boxer who has gone through the amateur 'racket,' " says the realistic Mr. White, "and he'll tell you all about the cute tricks employed to turn back prizes for good 'folding green' and that tricky 'behind-the-back pay.' The only real amateur boxing today is in the schools."

To say that the profiteering in amateur boxing has proved embarrassing to the Amateur Athletic Union is to indulge in understatement. The AAU is charged with enforcing the empty-purse policy among the boys who punch for fun and as such has been viewed from an askance angle more often than not. Under the rules, "expense" money is granted amateur athletes traveling to AAU sanctioned bouts, and herein lies a phony, say the critics. Expenses are elastic as are the purse strings of shady boxing promoters who are pleased to offer amateur fighters special inducement to compete on their cards. Thus the not-so-pure boxer and his ditto manager can manage to knock down gratifying fees for their work by collecting expenses as designated by the AAU and bonuses from the promoters.

There are those sports experts who find nothing unusual in the professionalism of amateur boxing. Charlie Nevada of the Milwaukee *Journal* and present secretary of the Golden Gloves Association of America maintains that abuses in boxing are no more numerous than in other amateur sports; for instance, tennis, track or college football.

A parallel to the opinion that certain rooms of the amateur boxing house are not in order is the opinion that certain others are definitely models of pure endeavor. Better than four out of every five experts polled, for example, feel that the high schools and colleges set an example other sponsors of amateur boxing could well imitate. These same experts answered an unqualified "no" to our question: "Do you believe there is a logical parallel of comparison between amateur boxing as such and that type as sponsored by high schools and colleges, in accordance with present ring rules?"

At the University of Wisconsin, home of the perennial intercollegiate boxing champions who have made boxing a "major" sport, Harry Stuhldreher, the Badger athletic director says, "High schools and colleges have many more safety factors in their rules that should and could be adopted under amateur rulings."

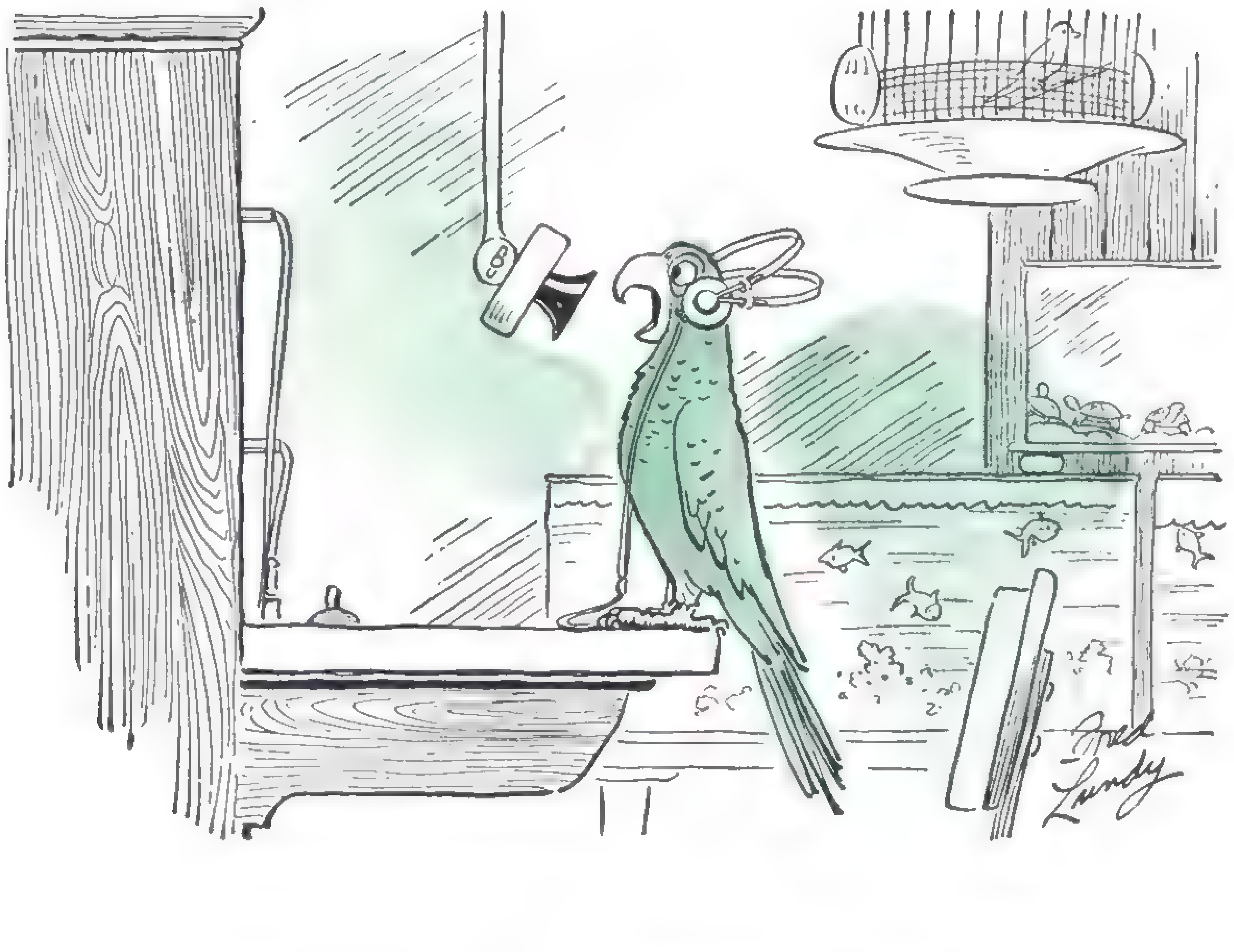
That the former Four Horseman is not prejudiced in his analysis is demonstrated when the opinions of the sports writers and broadcasters are also considered. Typical of the statements they make is the following from George Alderton of the Lansing *State Journal*. "Boxing in high schools and colleges generally is very well administered and controlled. Amateur boxing directors would do well to pattern their activities after collegiate standards."

One of the things boxing directors might well adopt from the schools is the set of regulations to protect the boxer from both injury and loss of the fight. In college bouts a man knocked down is required to take a nine count. The referees are instructed to stop any bout where there is the slightest possibility of injury because of a noticeable difference in the ability of the fighters.

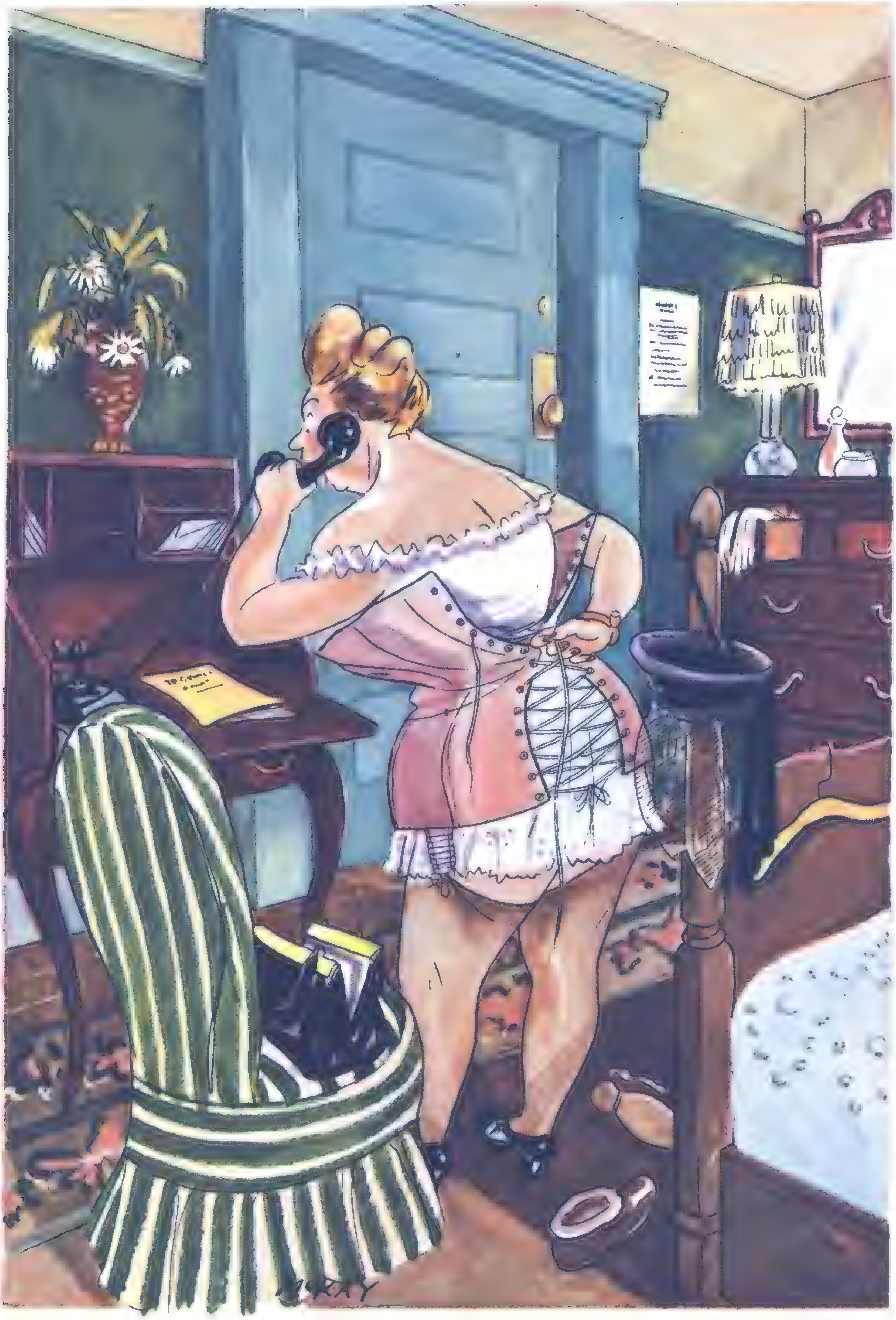
"Perhaps the greatest point of difference in amateur ring rules as compared with the scholastic type is the right to stop a bout when an injury occurs to one of the fighters, with the officials having the privilege of awarding the bout to the man ahead on points at the time the injury occurs. (If stopped in the first round, the bout is declared a draw.) If this rule were adopted by amateur promoters it would go a long way in saving a youngster from unnecessary punishment merely because he doesn't want to give up." So says Woody Thompson of the Miami *Herald*.

If college rules are rigged to protect the fighter against injury, they also save him from premature burning out. As Dick Freeman of the Houston *Chronicle* points out, "In high school and college, bouts are limited to three two-minute rounds. That is as it should be. For those who have been inside those gateless ropes that three-minute stretch is a long, long time. Kids of high school age can burn themselves out calling on their last breath to reach the bell."

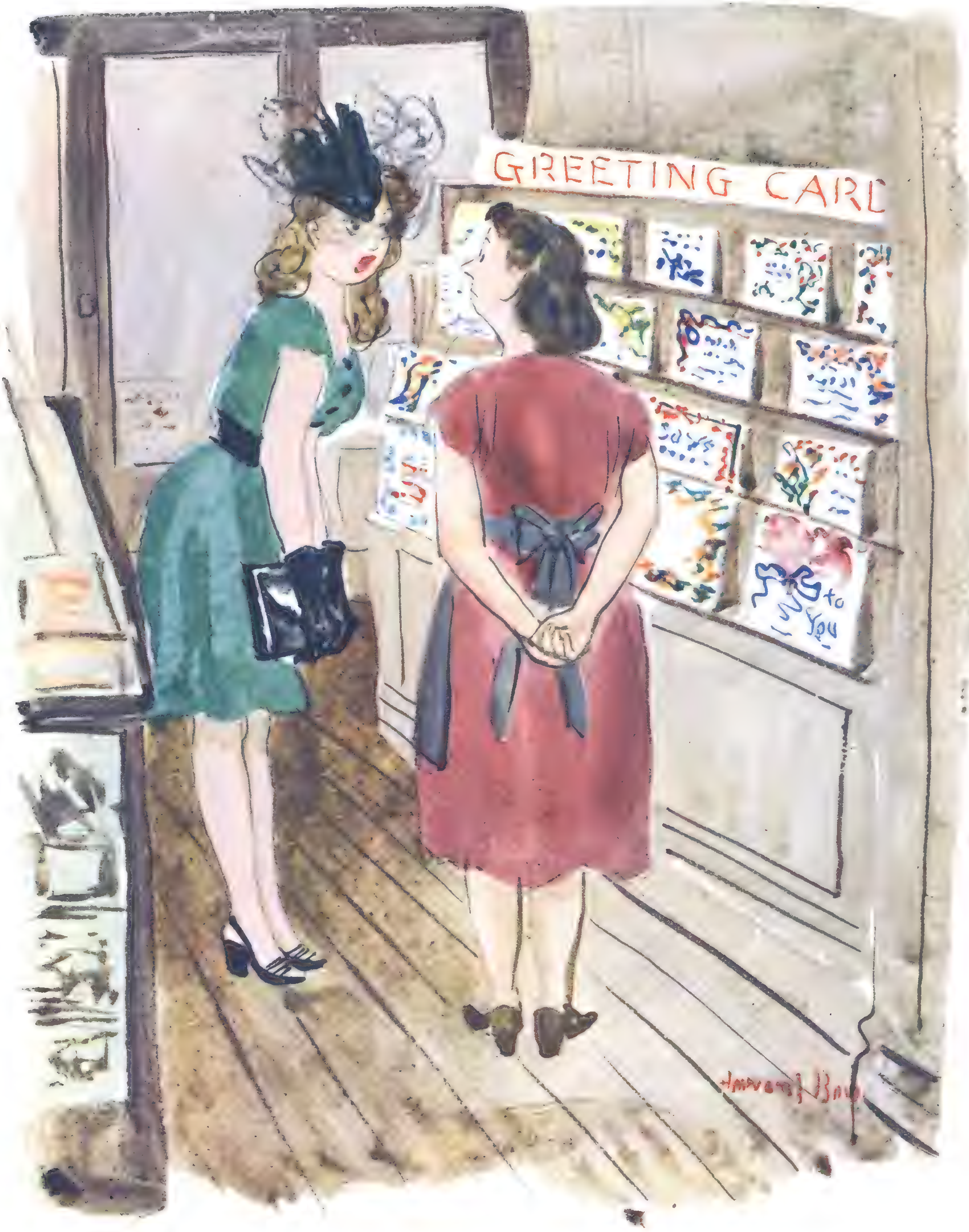
And now, lest the picture painted here have too many darker tones, readers are advised that even the severest critics of amateur boxing have warm spots indeed for the sport. When asked if they would have their own sons engage in amateur boxing, they answered "Yes" by a resounding plurality of four-to-one. That response tells enough to require no editorial comment. ##



"Good morning . . . Smith's pet shop"



"Room service, please!"


GREETING CARD
Says
to You

"I want to wish my boss a Happy Birthday in a sarcastic sort of a way"

BAER

Pity the nursery-school teacher who must master a variety of codes to anticipate the needs of the kiddies

A Word of Warning

by HELEN WEATHERWAX

SOMEWHERE there must be a word for it; just one word, a nice word, a polite word, a universal word to be uttered with utmost decorum at home, at church, on the street, at the picture show and in the presence of maiden aunts. A word simple enough to be voiced by a conscientious infant in moments of stress, yet a word that brings no blush to a mother's face, no panic to a father's heart, no titters from unsympathetic passers-by. But until that word is found, we nursery-school teachers must go on suffering the need of a universal language.

When a new little prodigy enters nursery school, his anxious mamma instructs his teachers in detail on Junior's habits of eating, sleeping and social behavior.

"He's afraid of the dark; he won't eat carrots; he bites, but not hard, and, oh yes," she looks around and lets her voice drop to a decent whisper, "he always says 'ta-ta.' When he wants to go, you know. That's what he says, 'ta-ta!'" And having told you all, she leaves the prodigy in your hands.

So Junior is assigned to the ta-ta group along with Marilyn, Susie and Joe. Never, never shall these four be asked to "go-go, tinkle, boo-boo or wee-wee"; blank stares and, subsequently, wet panties would be our only reward if we did. They ta-ta!

Tinkle, trickle, ta-ta, toi-toi,
Do-do, dough-dough, ding-ding, fish,
Leaky, pah-pah, chair-chair, bah-bah,
Oopsie, quick-quick, boom, woops, swish!

All good words, polite words, delicate words. The problem lies in trying to remember just who boom-booms and who shouts "Fish-fish." For, as any mother knows, while Junior is well versed on his own particular word, no two- or three-year-old is going to express his desire of going bah, making swish or being "big boy" one single moment before the second of absolute crisis. Therefore, in our better and drier homes and nursery schools every hour on the hour and sometimes in between these most intimate of intimate questions must be asked:

"Junior go ta-ta?"

"Does Dotsy want chair-chair?"

And, while Junior's inevitable answer is, "No, a thousand times no," regardless of nature's warnings to the contrary, unless teacher uses his code word he doesn't even pretend to know what she is talking about.

Georgie shouts "go-go" virtuously if a little belatedly.

Mickey must "go bah," and "go big bah" means serious business and hurry up about it.

Dennis can remove himself from boring situations with fervent cries of "Bang-bang, Teachie, bang-bang!"

Janie begs for "seat-seat."

Robbie's request to "pooh-pooh" leaves little to the imagination.

Then there are the twins. In vain do we ask Ruthie to "do-do," she "dough-doughs." In her own words, "Wosie do-do; Wufie dough-doughs."

And then there is prim little Julie who makes things absolutely clear.

"Julie fink Julie about to have accident. Oops, too bad, Julie had accident!"

Sometimes mamma forgets to give the school "the word."

There was the little miss, resplendent in new pink silk panties awarded for a perfect home record, who worked herself into quite a state as she tried to protect both record and reward with frantic pleas of "Dood dirl! Dood dirl!" before someone finally caught on that that was the warning and got her there in time.

And then there was the newcomer who sobbed "Pa-pa, pa-pa" till teacher finally called his mother for help in alleviating what she thought was a case of extreme homesickness.

"Oh, he doesn't want his daddy!" said mamma over the telephone, with a tinkling little laugh at our failure to comprehend. "He wants to go toidy. He always gets the words mixed up. You should hear what he calls his daddy!"

As for the source of these emergency phrases, some are created by lady-like mammas who hope thereby to keep the world from knowing that their offspring ever need to go to the toilet. Others are invented by Junior himself to express his needs and his accomplishments; then gleefully adopted by the rest of the family, who are forever asking outsiders: "Isn't it cute what he says when he has to go?"

Some Utopian day a three-year-old will enter nursery school and in due time, will announce in faultless, unblushing English: "I need to go to the toilet."

It's to be hoped that his teacher recovers from shock that Utopian day in time to take him. ###

GLANTZ

Meeting of the twain

The best disproof of the saying that "East is East, and West is West . . ." is Ruby Foo's in New York where the exotic and Occidental culinary art is a specialty. And if you want to bring a gastronomic touch of the Orient to your table, try the recipe of Ruby Foo's Danny Chan for Butterfly Shrimp: 24 fresh shrimps, 6 slices bacon, 1 egg, 1 tbs. water, 6 tbs. fat or oil, ⅔ cup chopped onion, 1 tbs. cornstarch, 1 tsp. soy sauce, ¾ cup beef bouillon. Shell and clean shrimps. Cut bacon into 1½ inch pieces. Beat egg with water. Press together one shrimp and one piece of bacon. Dip into egg mixture. Drain and place on plate. Put 6 lbs. fat into heavy preheated pan, add shrimp, and cook over moderate flame until browned. Remove, pour out all but two lbs. fat, add onion, and cook. Blend cornstarch with soy sauce, add to bouillon, and add this to onions. Cook a few minutes, stirring until sauce is thick and smooth. Serve over shrimp, for 4.

CAMPUS PORTRAIT:

University of Notre Dame

Subway alumni please note that the school was there long before the football team

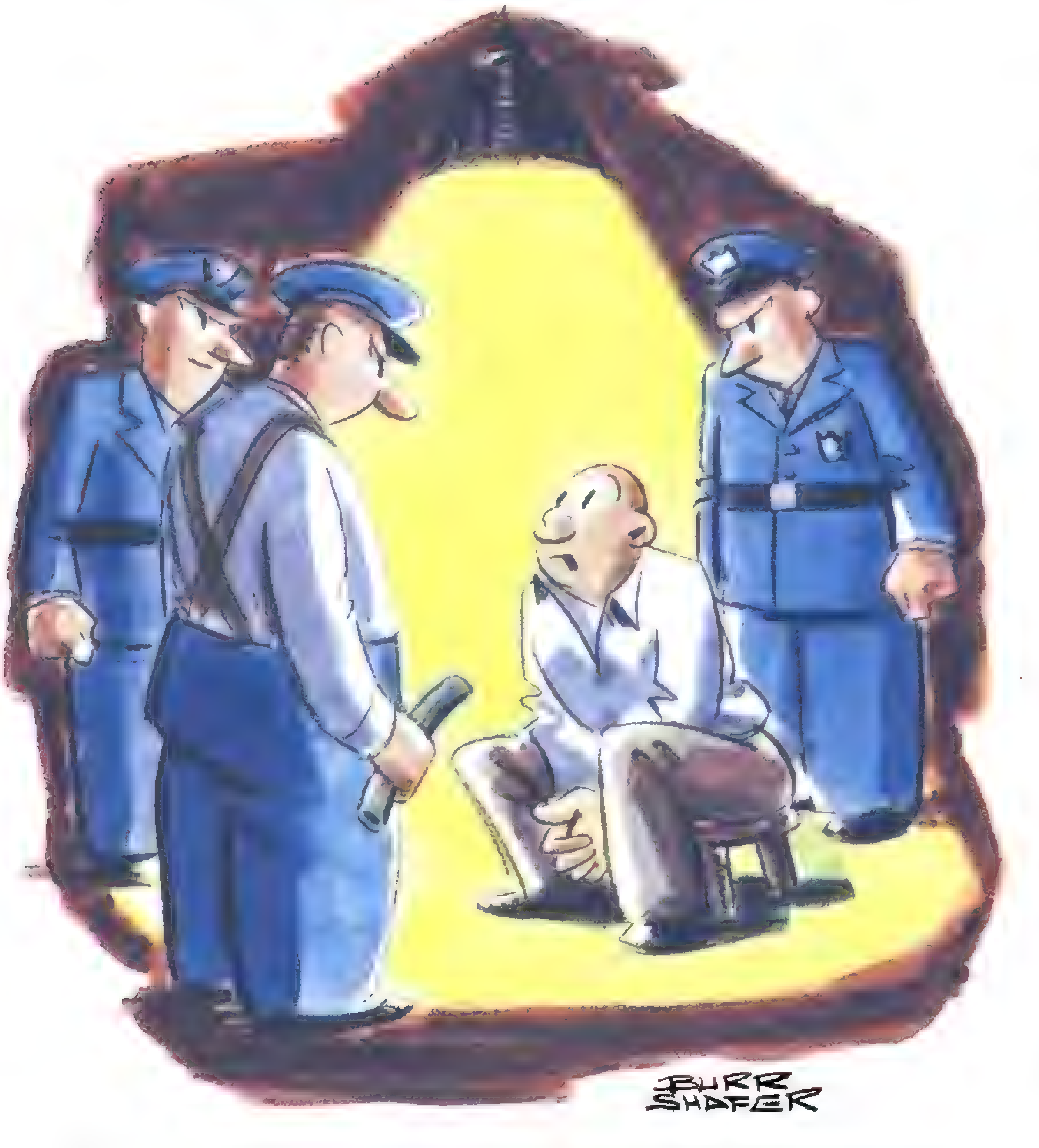
by F. ALEXANDER

FAULKNER

THE University at South Bend, Indiana, was not founded, as some cynics have observed, on the day Rockne invented the forward pass, nor is it true that the quadrangle shows certain tendencies to the elliptical. For the school which Father Edward Sorin called "Notre Dame du Lac" and which thousands of its subway alumni affectionately refer to as "Noter Daim" was founded in 1842, on a wooded slope overlooking a lake scarcely larger than a good-sized stadium.

To be fair about it, Notre Dame has much more to it than a trophy room. Ed Lahey, a newspaperman, once stated the case very neatly for the faculty by saying that "sports writers quite without malice have tended to suppress the fact that the Holy Cross fathers run a university in connection with that Notre Dame football team." The campus sits about two miles out from the humming industrial South Bend community in a haven of wooded dells grouped around the two small lakes in which Notre Dame students can enthusiastically splash and cast. Presently there are about 4500 enrolled, although the campus of 1700 acres seems to absorb them so that the casual visitor gets the impression of the place as an unhurried and serene pool of quiet on the edge of the frantic stream of traffic heading East and West across Indiana's tableland.

Most colleges which are not in a city at least support a parasite town where the students drink cokes, shop, ogle the girls, and provide the community with outraged gossip which grows richer as the years pass. Notre Dame is practically unique in being its own community—the entire student body lives, eats, and conducts its social activities on-campus, with only occasional limited expeditions to South Bend which are partially reported by the prefects, and partially indicated by the bricks worn smooth under the hanging fire-escape ladder on Badin Hall by adventurous students returning at an unofficial hour to their quarters. The little city of Notre Dame has its own fire department, expertly conducted by Brothers who attack smoke and flames as stoutly as did Father Sorin the forest.

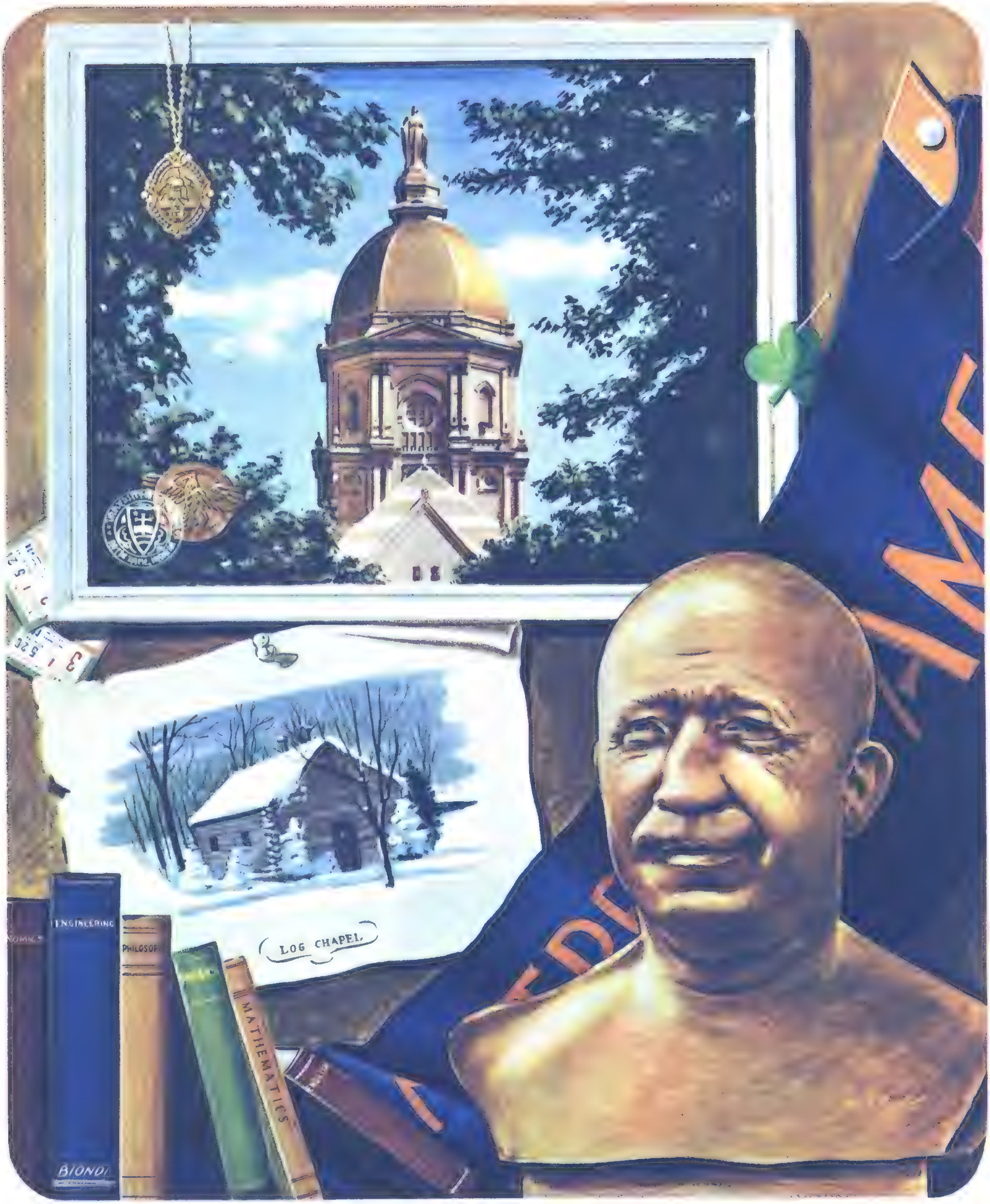


"Honest I wisht it had've been me, just to help you guys out!"

The visitor to Notre Dame relaxes at the beauty of its lakes and trees, the serenity of its shrines, and the marks of its early history. But, as an enthusiastic student guide eloquently details the features of the University Library, the dining hall where all of the students can eat at one time, the electrostatic generator where Notre Dame smashes its atoms, the laboratories where the basic formula was first reached for the development of synthetic rubber, the newcomer with any eye at all becomes conscious of certain objects flying through the air in all directions. These, gentle reader, are (surprise) footballs. It is no exaggeration to state that in the course of one autumn hour, Notre Dame students may be observed to throw forward passes on gravel fields, on dirt fields, on more turf fields than Man O'War could envision in his grassiest dreams, and (heaven help the opposition) on tennis courts. This is in addition to the stalwarts who are so interested in football that they go out for the team and throw *their* footballs around down at the stadium and adjacent practice fields which can handle the 800 candidates who sometimes report. The head coach instructs with the aid of four loudspeakers.

The skinniest, scrawniest Notre Dame freshman with the thickest glasses and the most spindly legs you ever saw can throw the niftiest forward pass you ever saw. What the 800 guys down at the stadium can throw is the nation's headlines for the season, even if they lose, which on rare occasions happens. Boys from all over the country attend Notre Dame, and the administration is frank to admit that football was one of the major reasons for its enrollment to jump from 400 to a point where it is held down to 4500 with difficulty. Of these, a welcome portion are the husky candidates from Chicago, Gary, and Detroit who pile up the muscle in the football lineup. Knute Rockne is supposed to have said: "If you can't pronounce their names, you've got a good team." Probably no better tribute has ever been made to the serious young men who have played so well for Notre Dame.

The Notre Dame spirit is really something. You can catch it in the voice of the rooter in the Yankee Stadium whose nearest approach to South Bend has been West Brooklyn, but who sticks by those swivel-hipped Irish with the Polish names until the last down. You can see it in the faces of young students strolling about their campus. But most of all, you can sense it in the old grads, the ones all over the world who would rather spend an evening talking about the little college which made good than any other topic that comes easily to men in the tropics, in enemy prison camps, or their own city clubs. It is a true story that one of the Fathers recently met a six-foot ex-G.I., walking out of his first class, his face wet with tears. "Anything wrong?" asked the Father. "No," said the big guy. "Just happy." Any Notre Dame man could tell you why. ###



UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME

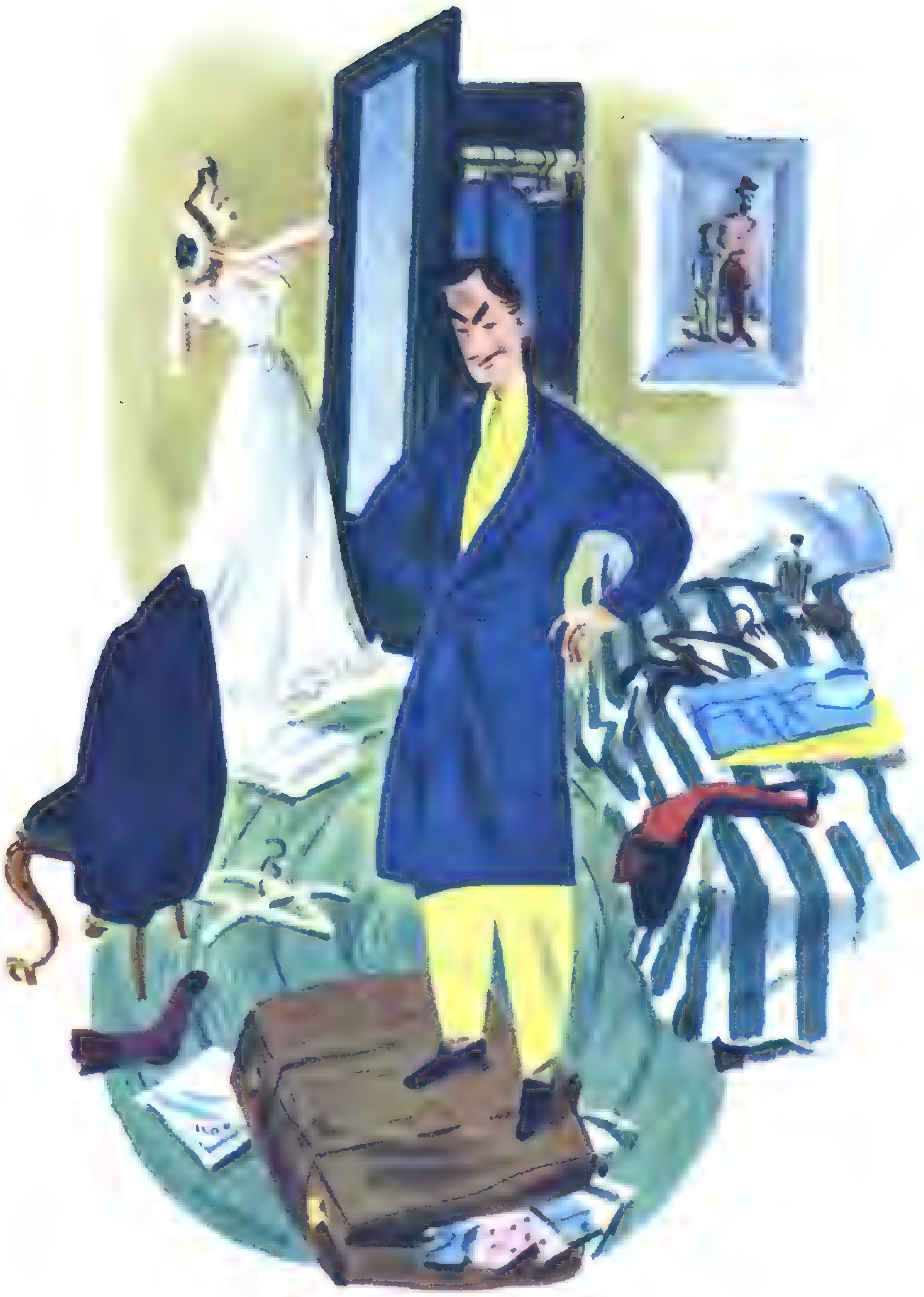
A Profile

Painting by Reno Biondi

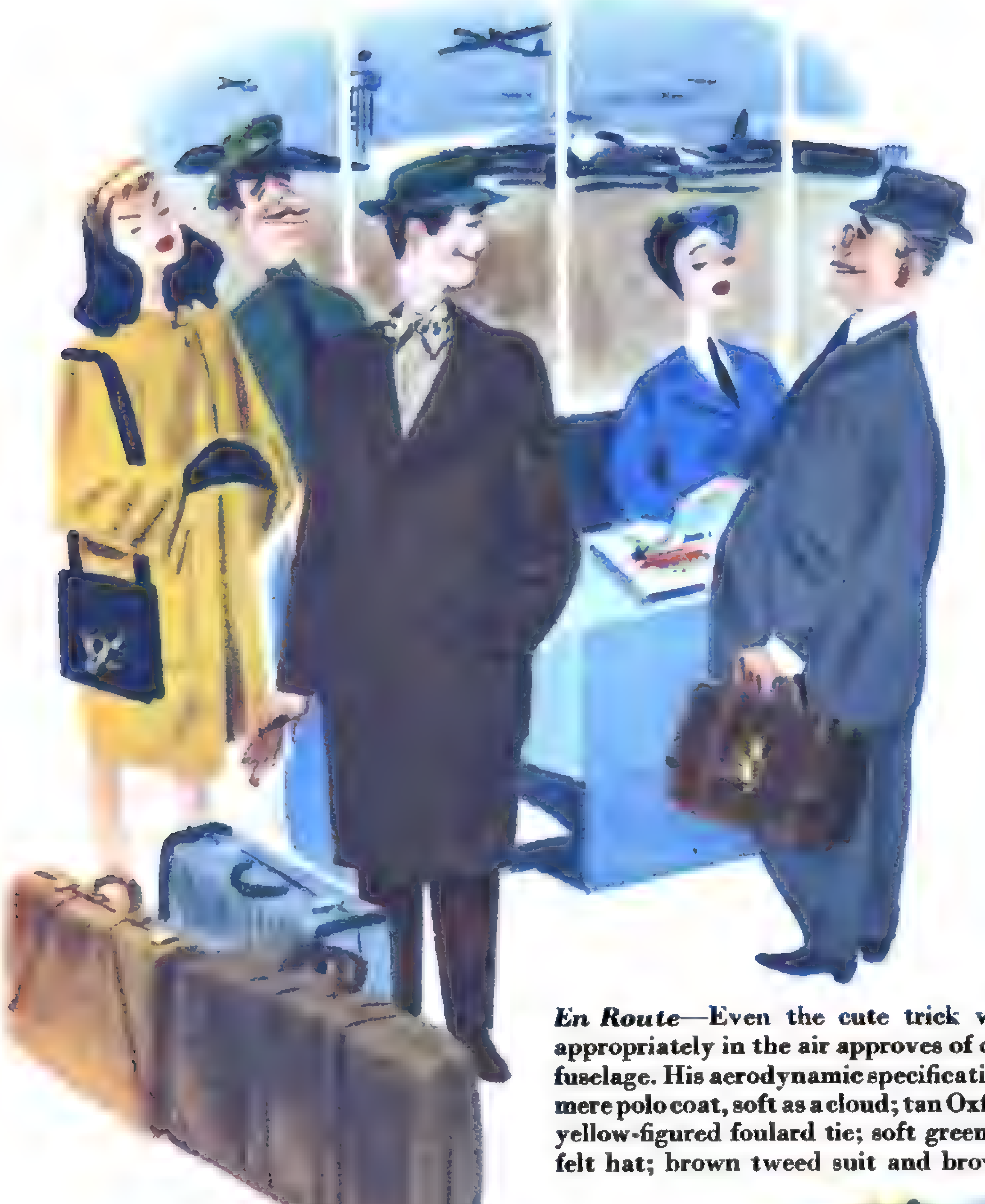
Out in Indiana any autumn day the sounds rise that Knute Rockne knew so well—a hard tackle, the charge of the line, a 50-yard punt—each has its own familiar note in the game Rock could direct like a symphony. Today the magnificent Field House fittingly bears his name. Older traditions blend with his: Notre Dame's sons could tell you each a different one of the towered Administration Building and the leafy campus. Somewhere in between is the Log Chapel where many a Notre Dame man has brought his sweetheart to be married, fulfilling an undergraduate promise. And many a student glances now at the chapel, and the old promise is made anew.

Palm Springs Interlude

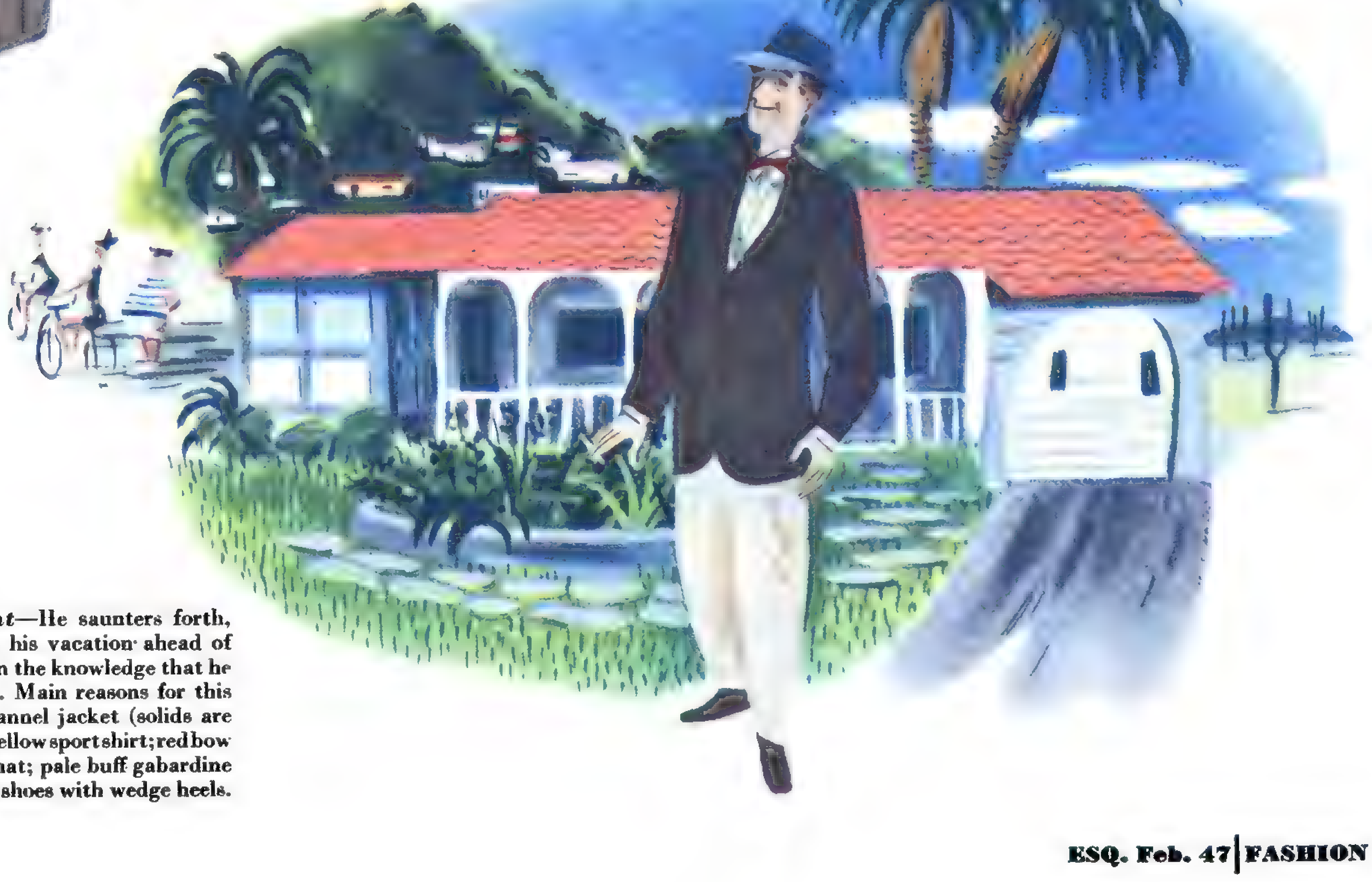
by VAN KAUFMAN



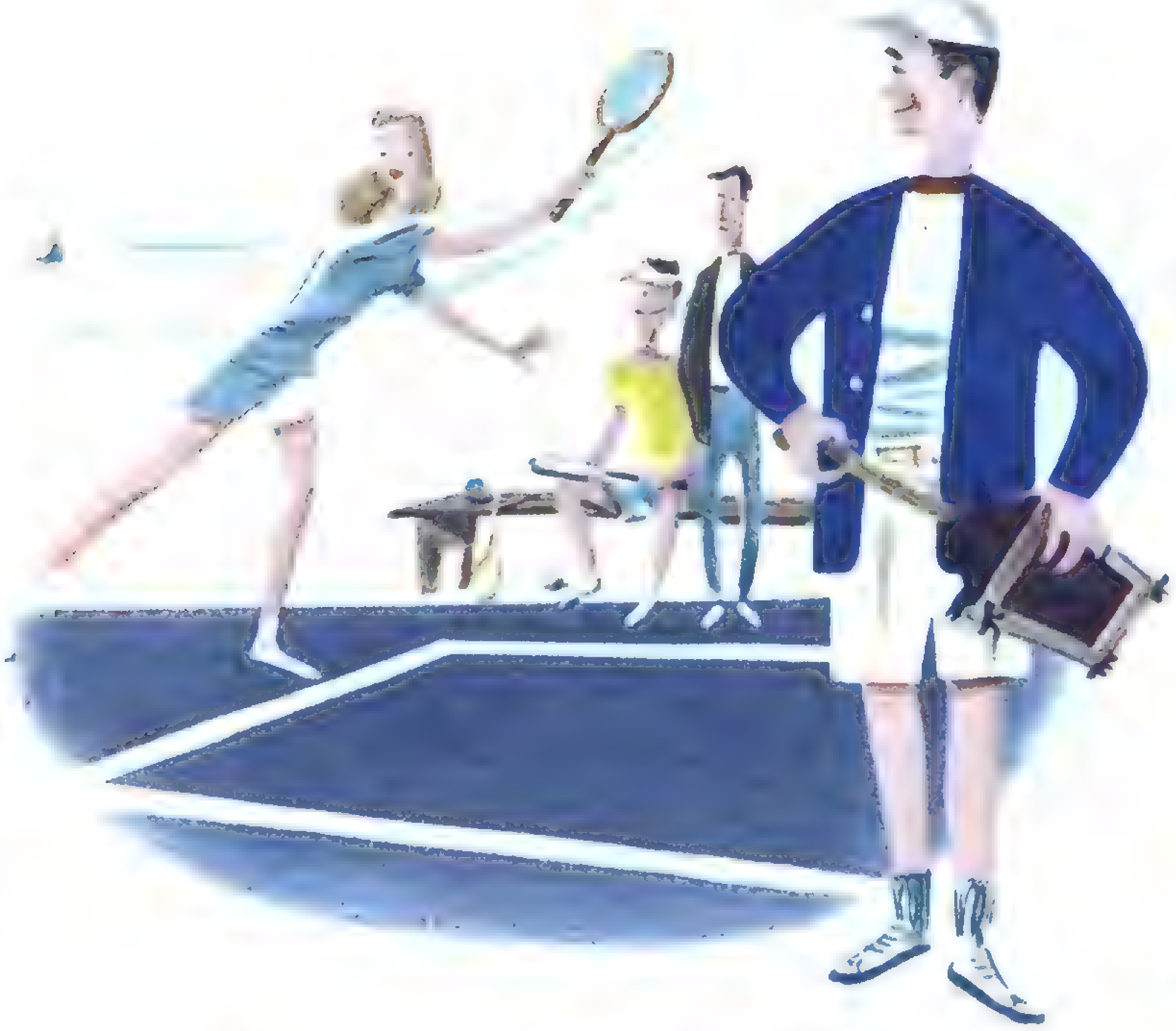
Preparation—Palm Springs is packing 'em in this season, and so is our hero, who momentarily wishes he carried more weight with the air lines. Right on the beam, however, are his luxurious yellow silk pajamas, tuned up for the occasion in line with the new emphasis on luxury. His blue kid slippers and plain blue lightweight flannel robe are well worth a look, even with that distraction in the background.



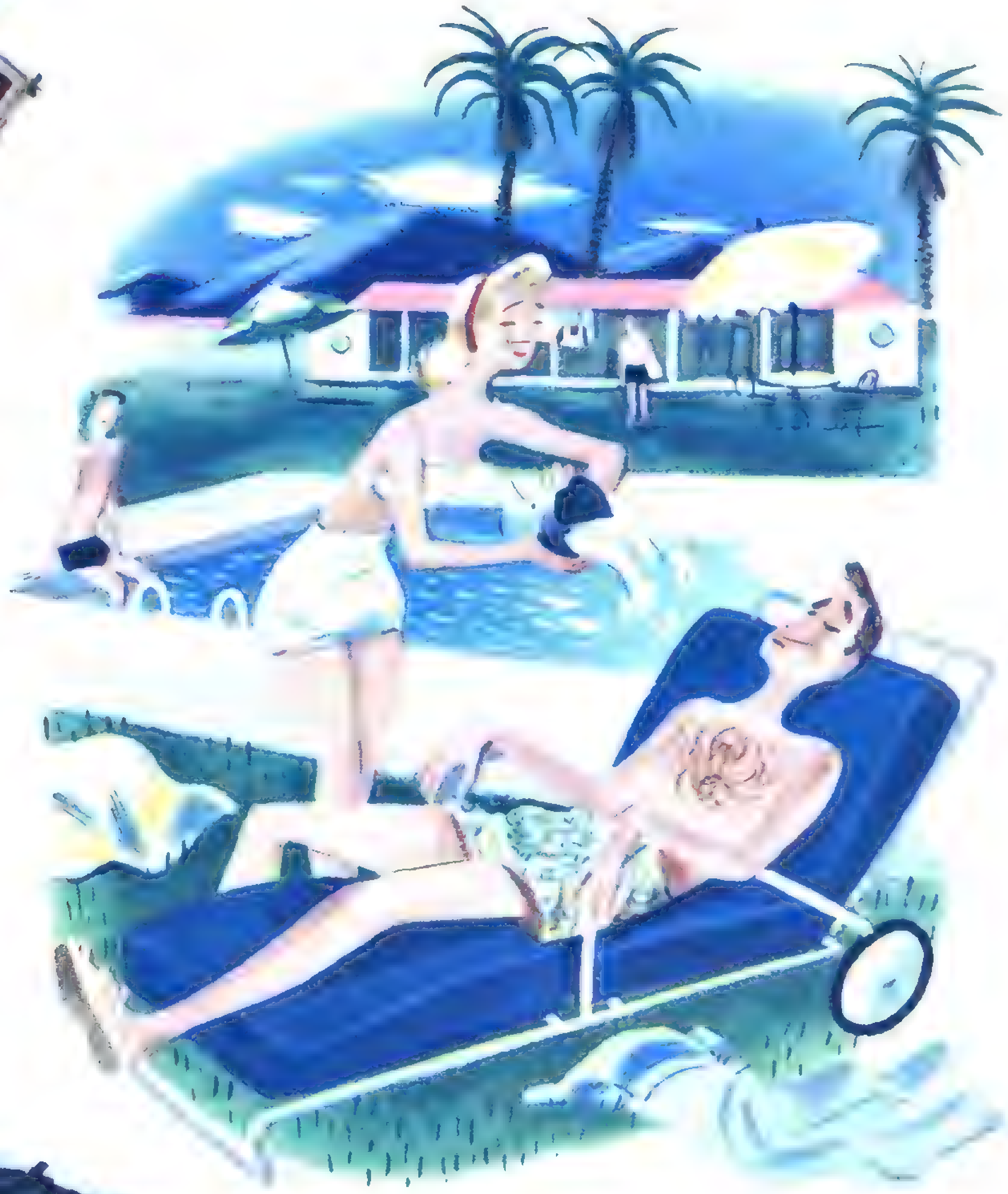
En Route—Even the cute trick with nose appropriately in the air approves of our man's fuselage. His aerodynamic specifications: cashmere polo coat, soft as a cloud; tan Oxford shirt: yellow-figured foulard tie; soft greenish-toned felt hat; brown tweed suit and brown shoes.



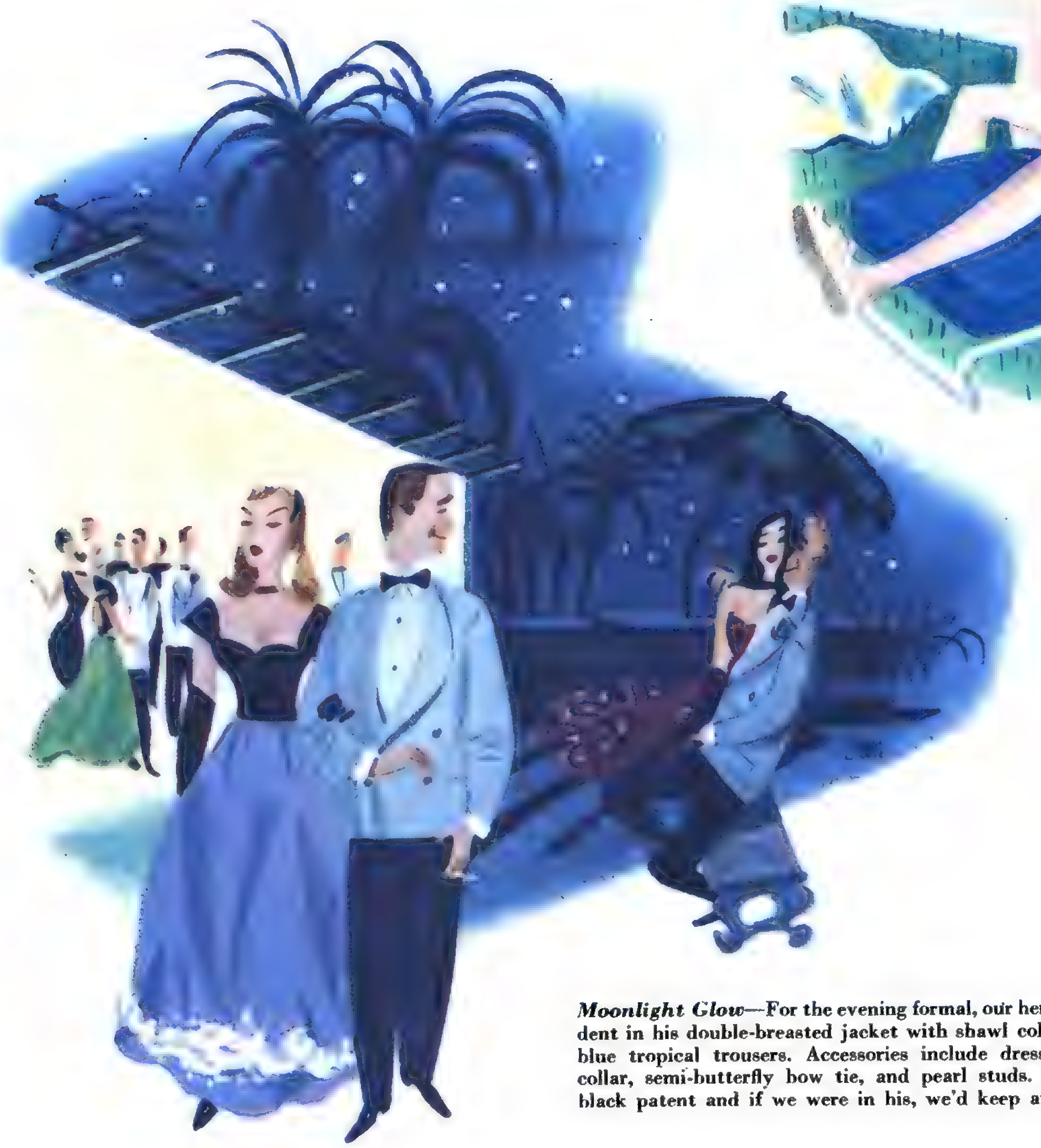
The Great Moment—He saunters forth, drinking in the sun, his vacation ahead of him, his soul serene in the knowledge that he is sartorially perfect. Main reasons for this are his solid-color flannel jacket (solids are top trend just now); yellow sport shirt; red bow tie; lightweight felt hat; pale buff gabardine slacks, brown casual shoes with wedge heels.



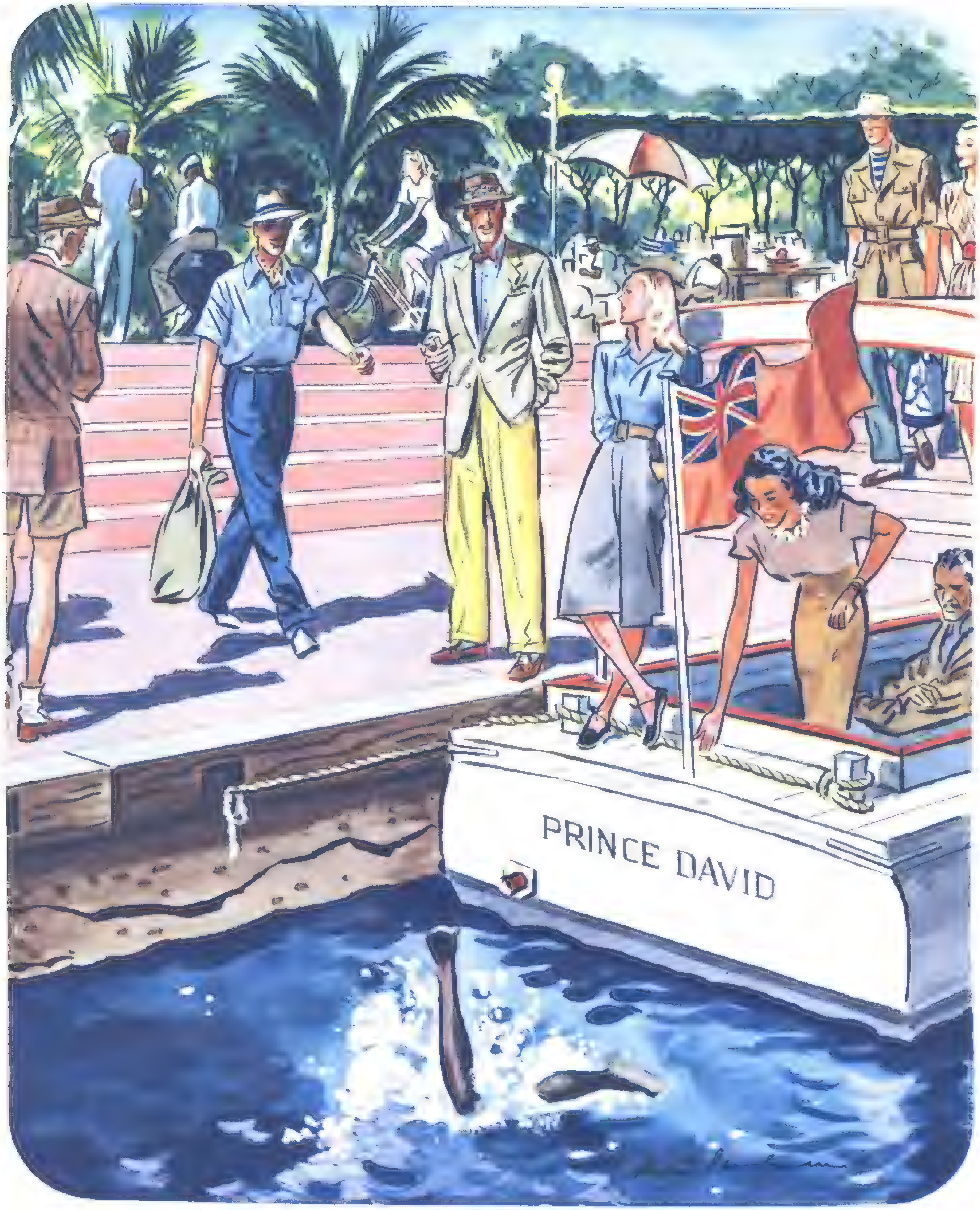
Advantage In—Obviously having trouble keeping his eye on the ball, our athletic friend has already scored a few aces on his gear: blue flannel collarless blazer over a knitted white cotton shirt with red border stripes; white cotton gabardine tennis shorts; white belt; white wool anklets and tennis shoes.



Sun-Day Everyday—In spite of the unexpected shower coming up, our relaxed Tarzan smiles smugly, secure in the knowledge that his native print shorts and strapped clogs are 4.0 for swimming or lounging.



Moonlight Glow—For the evening formal, our hero steps out, confident in his double-breasted jacket with shawl collar and midnight blue tropical trousers. Accessories include dress shirt with fold collar, semi-butterfly bow tie, and pearl studs. His shoes are of black patent and if we were in his, we'd keep an eye on his girl.

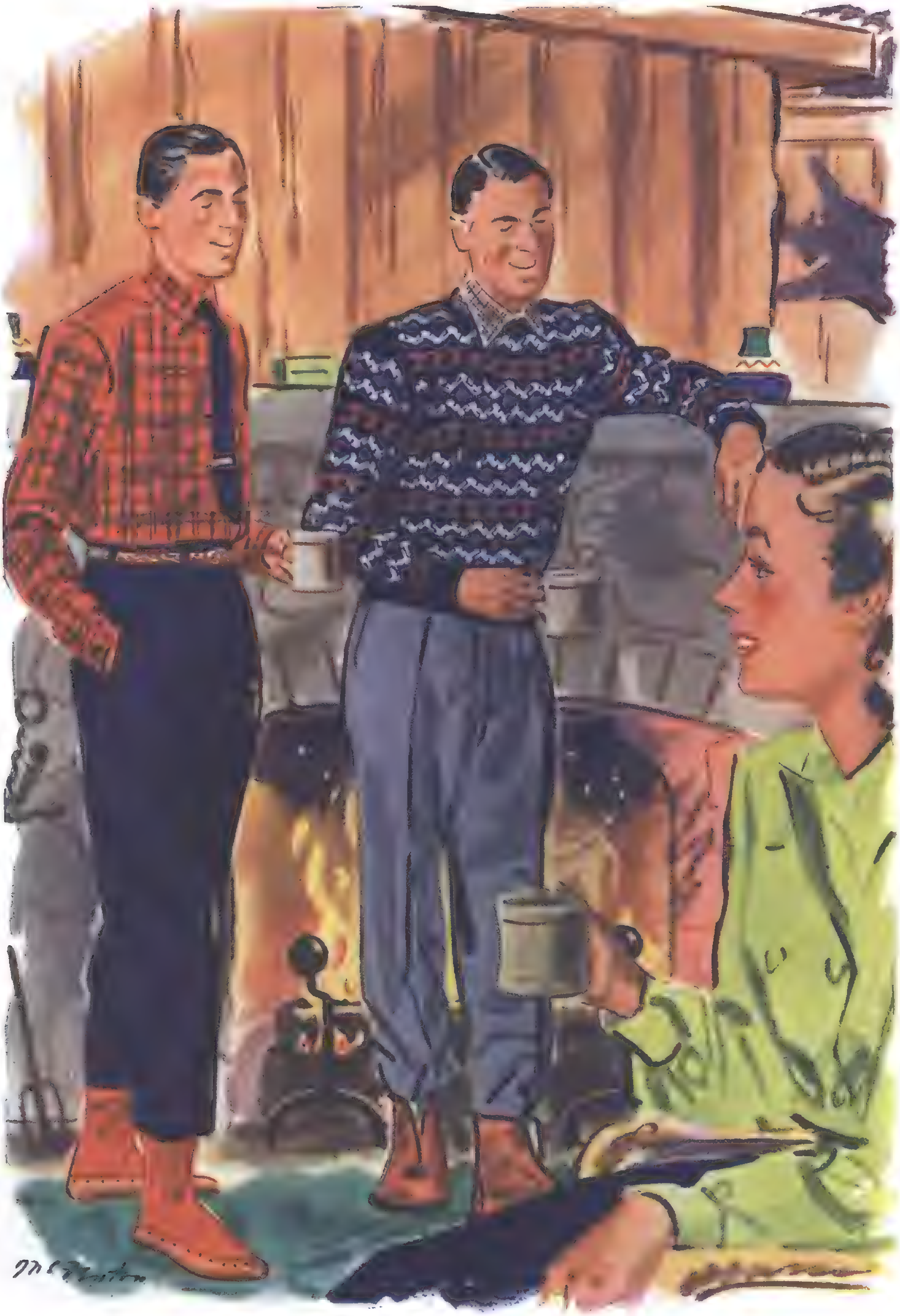


HOLIDAY IN NASSAU

Paradise Enow

Drawing by Robert Goodman

It's a ten-minute boat ride from Prince George's Wharf to Paradise Beach where the sand is reputedly whiter and the sea bluer than anywhere else in the world. These men are variously accoutered to salute the sun and we'll take them from port to starb'rd. First, a lad who combines gabardine shorts with a tweed side-vented jacket, casual shoes. The man with beach bag wears a red and white scarf with a cotton mesh shirt, Alpine Panama hat, linen slacks, buckskin shoes. Admiring the pearl in the prow is a guy in a rayon and cotton blazer, slacks, moccasins, silver-top palm hat. On the steps a short-sleeved bush jacket—one of the war's happier products.



SKY LINE

Drawing by Jack Fenton

This fireside chat tackles the problems of international ski terms and the merits of the hot buttered rum. Having just come off the slope the men incidentally give some leads in skiwear fashions. The man at the left is wearing a red ground Tartan wool shirt. With this he contrasts a blue homespun woolen tie. His dark blue gabardine ski trousers are held in place by a tooled Western belt with a silver buckle. Seeking comfort he wears soft leather-soled red woolen socks. The other ski enthusiast sports a miniature checked blue, white and brown wool shirt under a maroon and white sweater of native design on a dark blue background. The gabardine trousers in grey are an indication of the trend toward the lighter colors in skiwear.

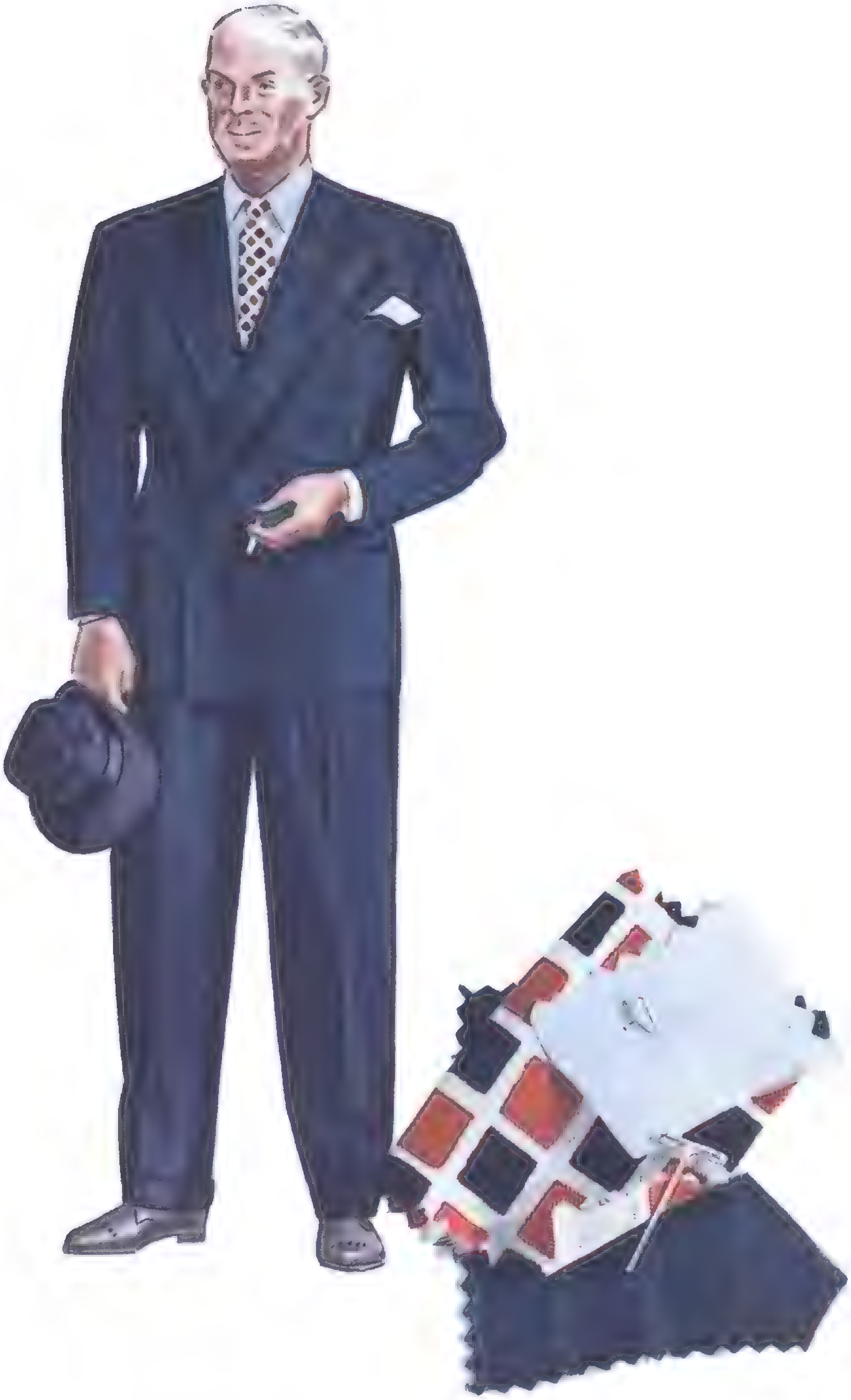
it's a man's world

CHARLES LUCKMAN

The man who gave radio Irium (and, incidentally, Bob Hope) is an apple-cheeked phenomenon of the comparatively callow business age of thirty-seven and the undoubtedly hoary business position of presiding over the multi-million-dollar operations of U. S. Lever Brothers. One of those once-in-a-generation success stories, Chuck Luckman began making like an Alger hero as a kid back in Kansas City. Followed a degree in architecture (as yet unused), a job selling soap, and a skyrocket career as a one-man sales wave for Colgate and Pepsodent. Mature at twenty-four, he was bossing a crew of executives twice his age at twenty-six, president of Pepsodent at thirty-five. Blessed with a miraculous touch, Luckman's business talent is so sharp that he's even made a profit out of 20,000 acres of southern California ranch land he originally purchased as a vacation hideaway! Call it golden touch, call it formula, but Luckman, who made his first million the hard way—on his merit—is the hottest sensation of American big business today. His stock is still soaring.

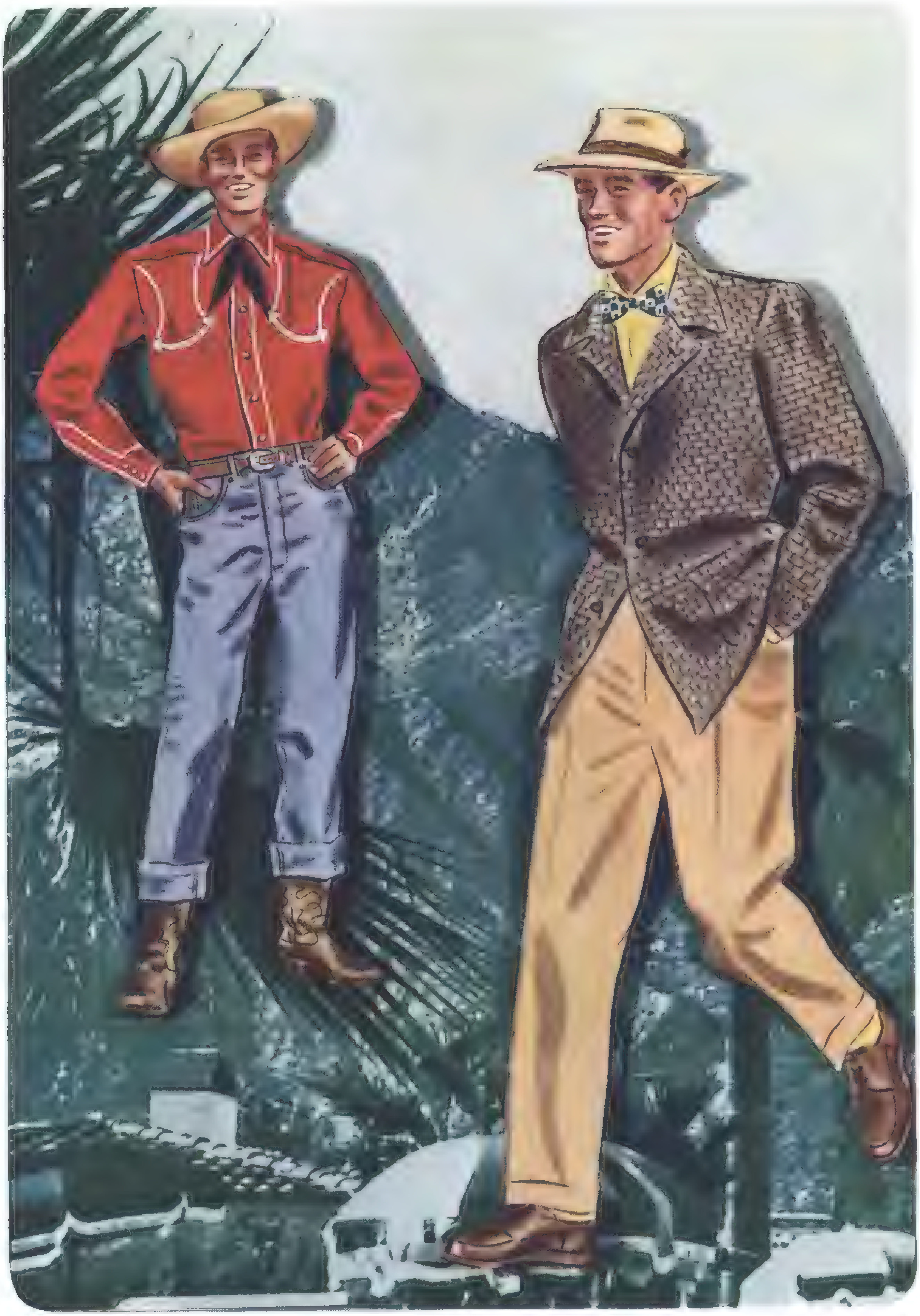
HENRY FORD, 2nd

This rugged-looking individual is his grandfather's grandson, head of the nation's richest industrial dynasty. The death of his father, Edsel Ford, in 1943, found Henry II plucked out of the Navy and assigned to Dearborn to learn the job of running the immense Ford empire. He was twenty-five then, still fresh out of Yale. Today, at twenty-nine, he has taken over where his grandfather and father left off. Catapulted onto an awesome throne, he has come through with more than aplomb. His message to industry calling for a new era in labor relations with boss and worker sharing responsibility has both parties applauding loudly. Some call it the most historic idea voiced in the auto industry since Henry I announced the five-dollar-a-day wage in Dearborn a generation ago. There are those who maintain that a famous name can operate as a liability as well as an asset, that the pressure on the bearer sometimes becomes almost unbearable. Young Henry is a living refutation of that theory. In short, he's arrived; yet, and most important, he's still on his way.



doubling the stripes

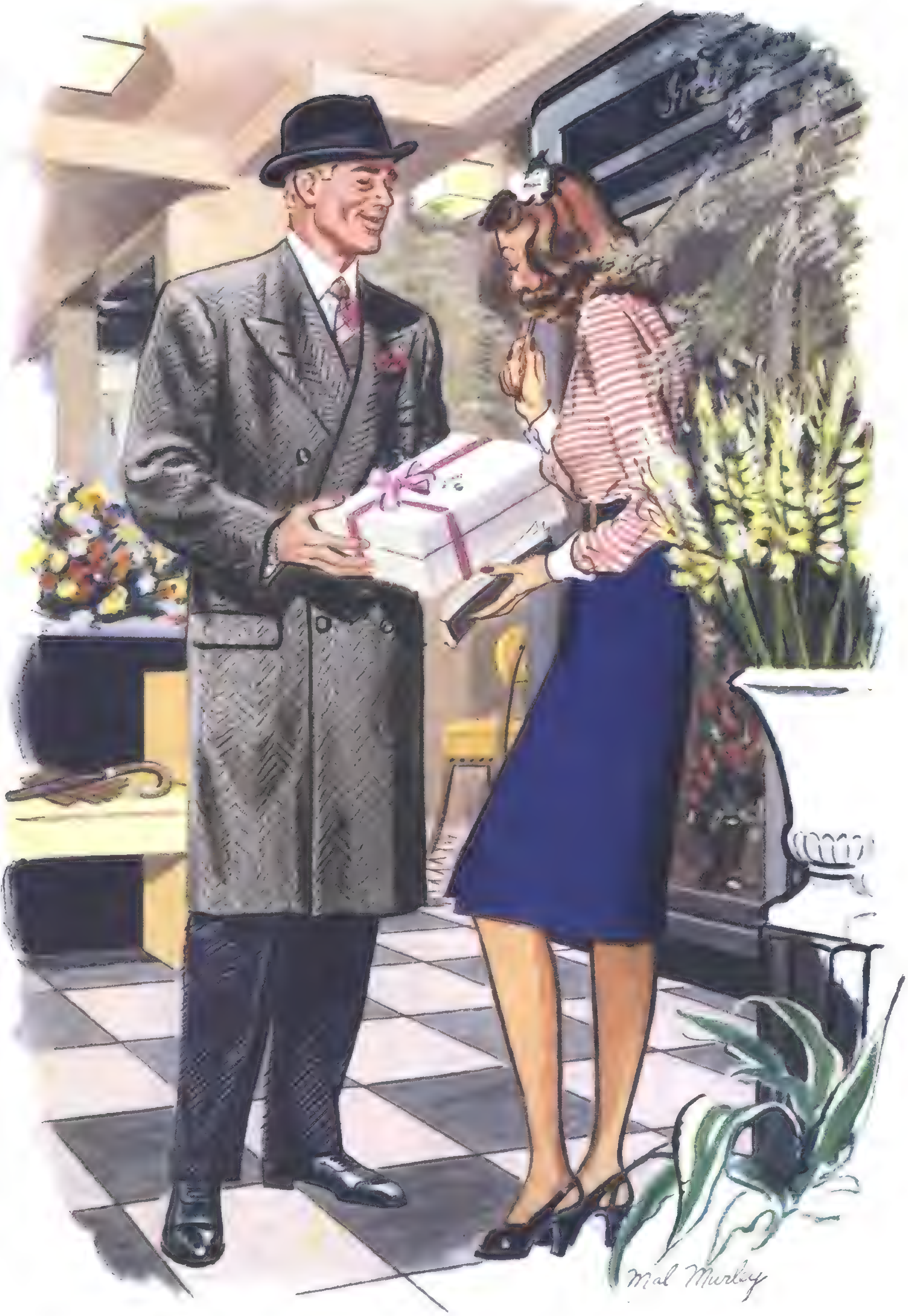
This gentleman outfitted in corsair blue brings to the market a new twist in chalk striping. Instead of the conventional single stripe, his suit sports twin chalk-stripe lines traced fairly close together. A blue shirt in sharkskin-effect broadcloth, dark blue hat and red-and-black blocked tie complete the perfect business ensemble.



CALIFORNIA CROSSCURRENTS

Drawing by H. K. Runnette

These two Palm Springs playtime participants represent distinct fashion trends in the West. Riding high on the crest of dude-ranch styles is the man in the flat top hat with broad brim. His piped shirt, Vaguera tie, Western tooled belt, denim trousers with contrasting stitching, and Western boots with stitched design on the uppers would lend color to any rodeo. Taking a stride in fashion, the other man sports a casual jacket of lightweight tweed and a mesh straw hat with a band showing influence of the Hawaiian lei. His rayon sport shirt, foulard tie, gabardine trousers, anklets, and wedge sole moccasin-type shoes are right for resort relaxation. Both these outfits are in the fashion currents moving from the West to the East coasts.



MAN, MODE AND MANNERS

Drawing by M. Murley

Fashion focus in the flower shop turns on this man wearing a town outfit typical of current standards of fashion. The flowers for the lady in question are just another expression of his good taste. Notice that the buttons on his double-breasted grey herringbone overcoat are set fairly close together horizontally, giving an illusion of longer body lines. The coat features slightly extended shoulders and is of knee length, which also gives him a taller appearance. His black Homburg hat and dark blue diagonal-weave worsted suit fall in line with the trend to a more formal level in town clothes, as do his accessories. His umbrella and capeskin gloves on the chair in the background complete his outfit. They all add up to good taste.

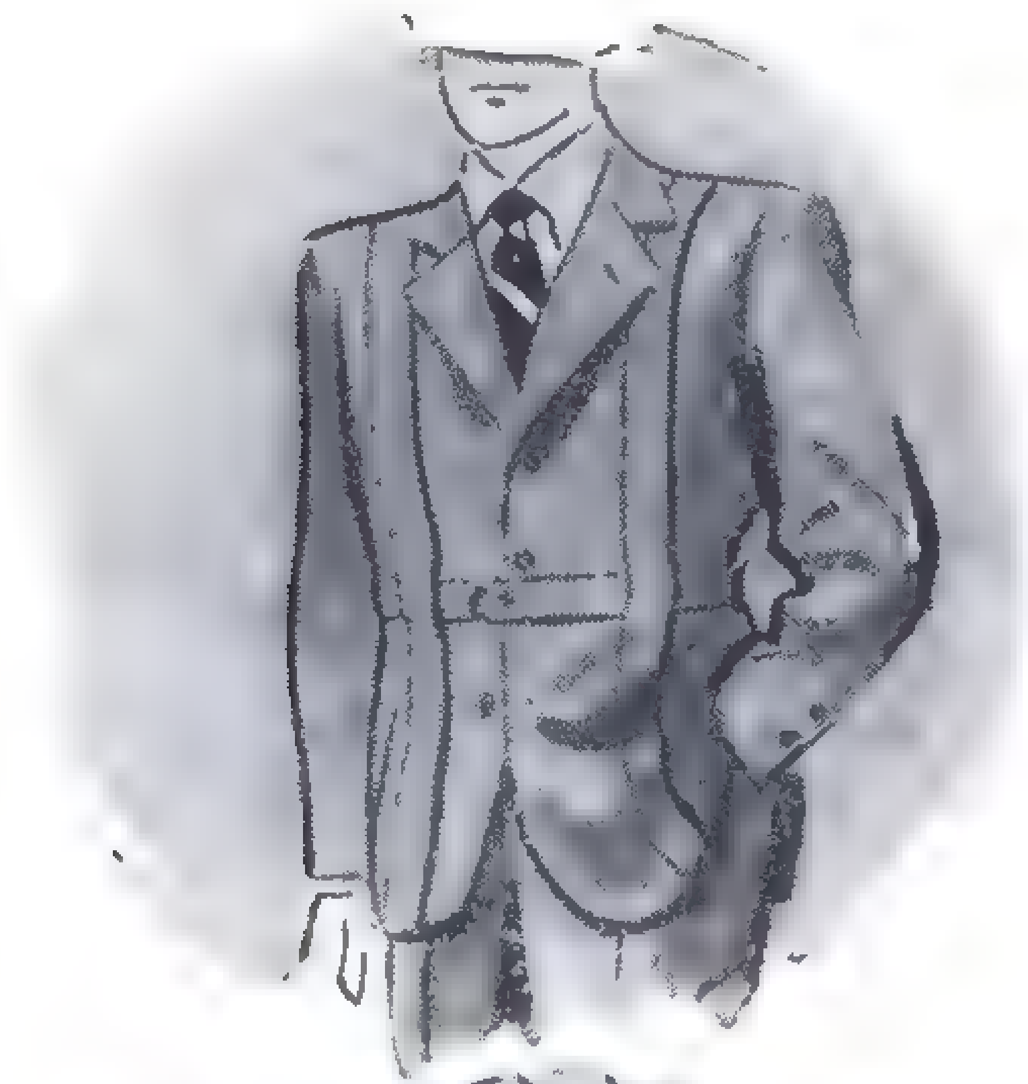
(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

How's Your Fashion Quotient?

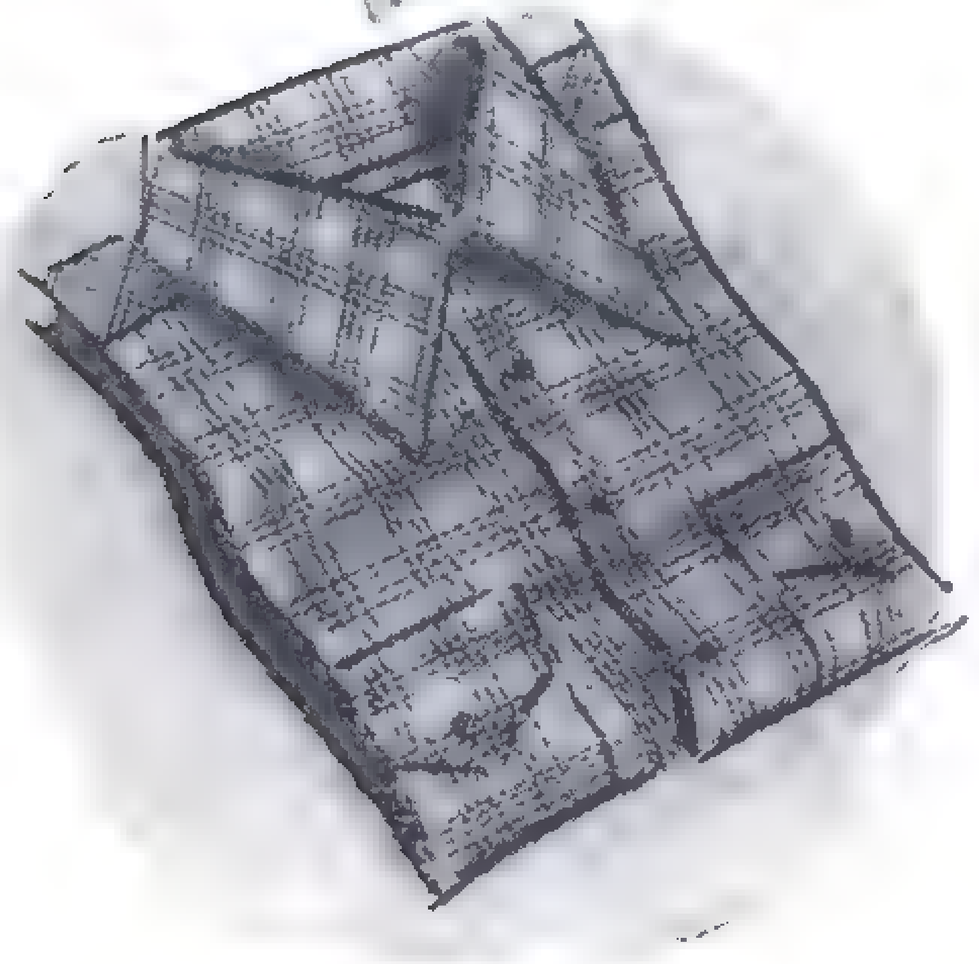
In his capacity as the savant of fashion savvy Esky offers this flash quiz which is designed to gauge the accuracy and the extent of your related vocabulary

by **O. E. SCHOEFFLER**

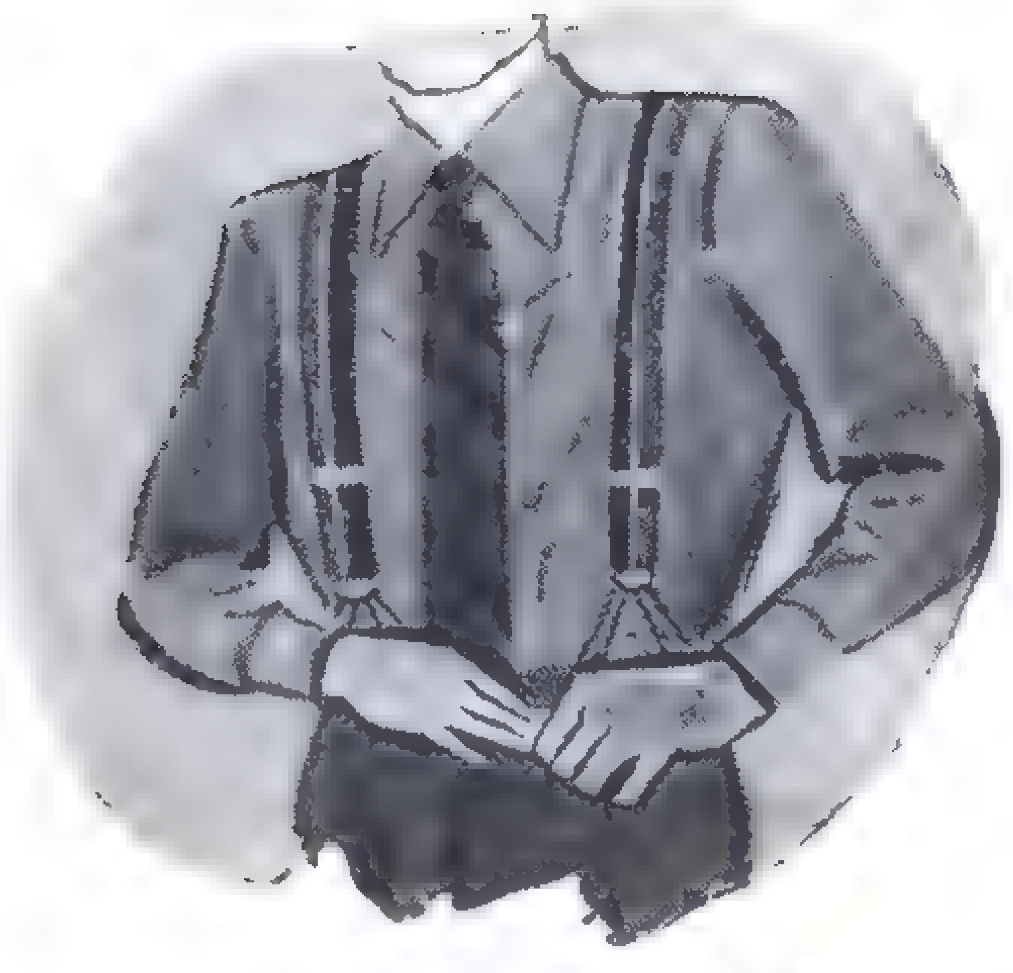
EACH of these eight pictured articles of apparel, culled at random from a well-stocked wardrobe, is tentatively identified by three terms, lettered a, b, and c, and ranging from the right to the ridiculous. *After* you have jotted down all the answers, you may turn the magazine upside down to see how you're doing, fashion wise. Give yourself ten points for each correct answer. A grade of seventy to eighty rates you as sharp, while fifty to sixty will get you by. Full steam ahead, and don't let the catch words fool you.



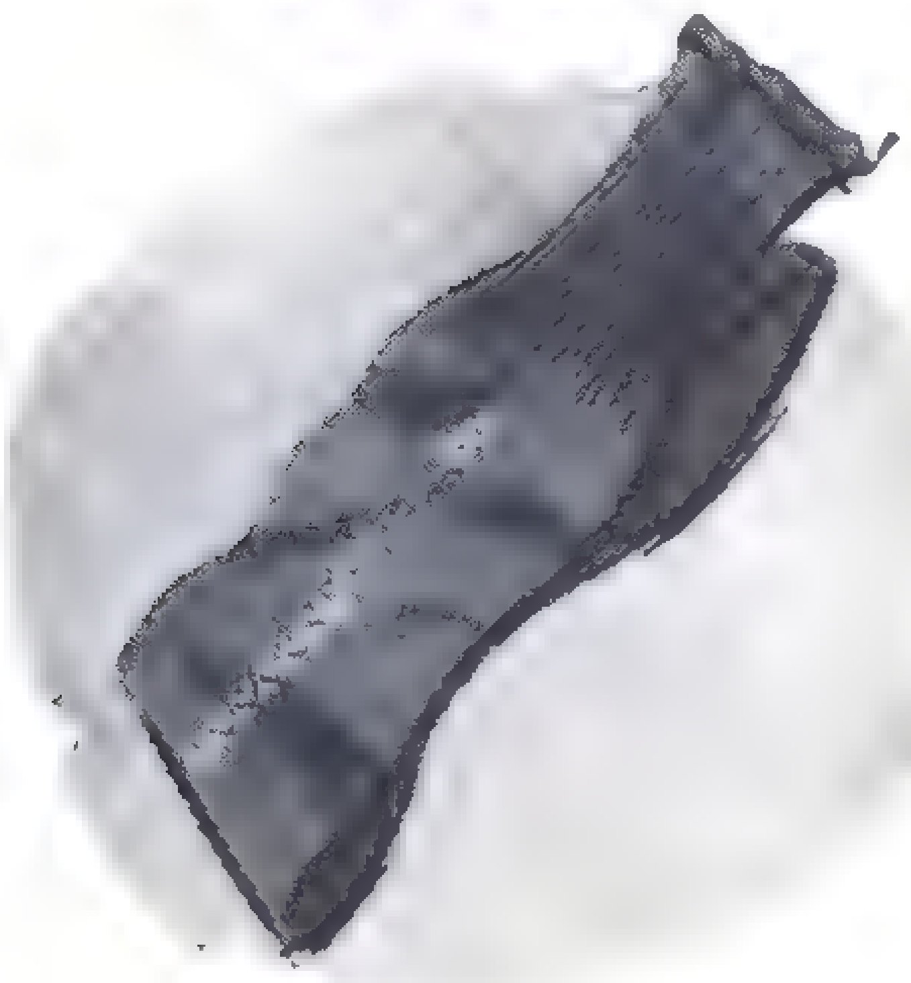
1. This jacket with the box pleats down the front, a single box pleat in back, and an all-around belt is known as,
   a. Eisenhower
   b. Norfolk
   c. Wales



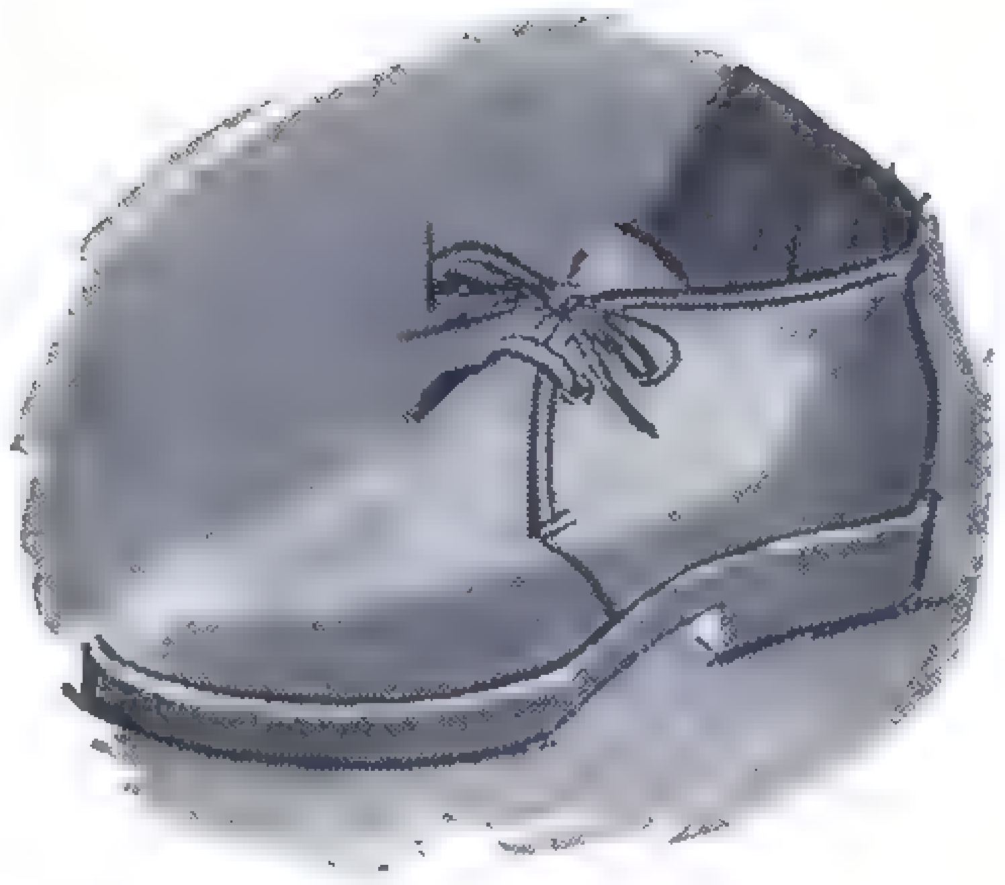
2. The pattern of this shirt is properly described as,
   a. Hound's-tooth check
   b. Gun-club check
   c. Glen Urquhart plaid



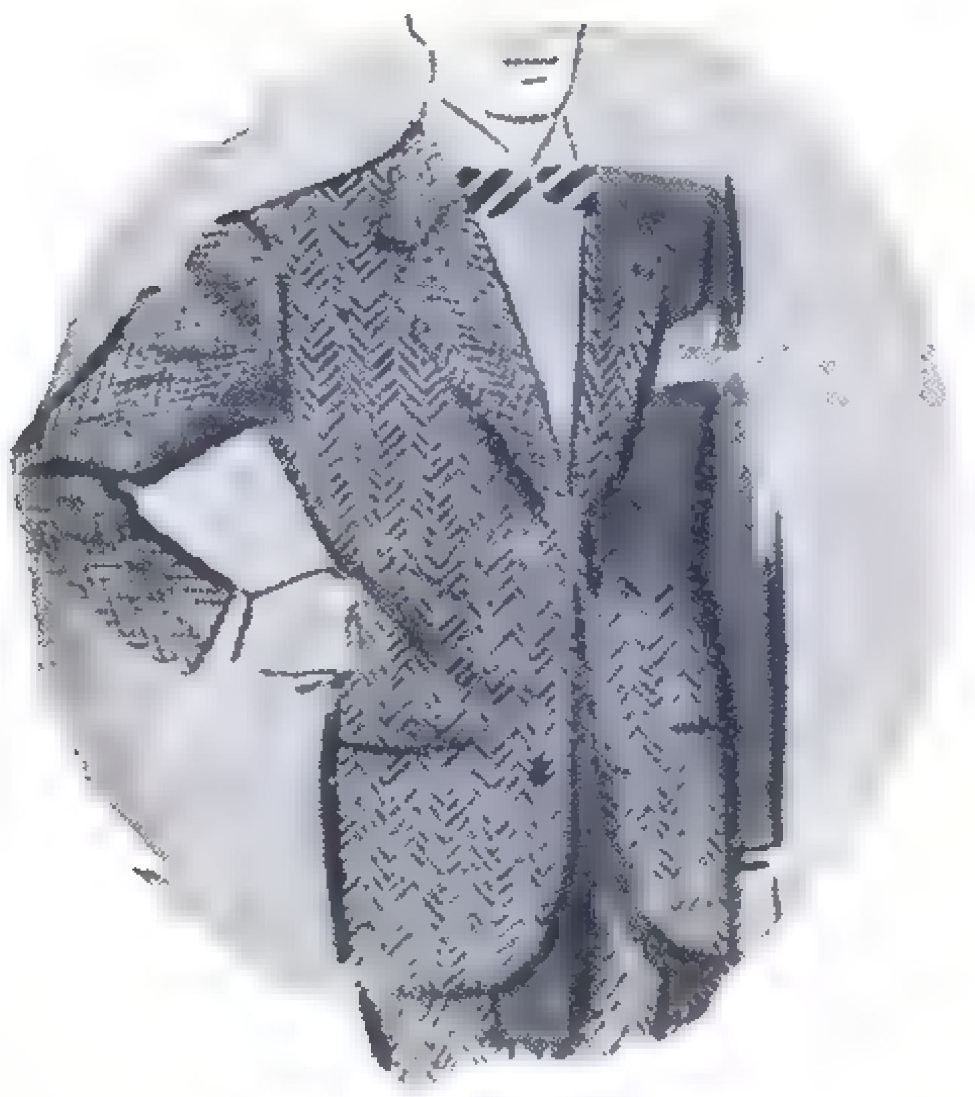
3. The generally accepted term for the stripes of these braces is,
   a. Colonial
   b. Regimental
   c. Tandem



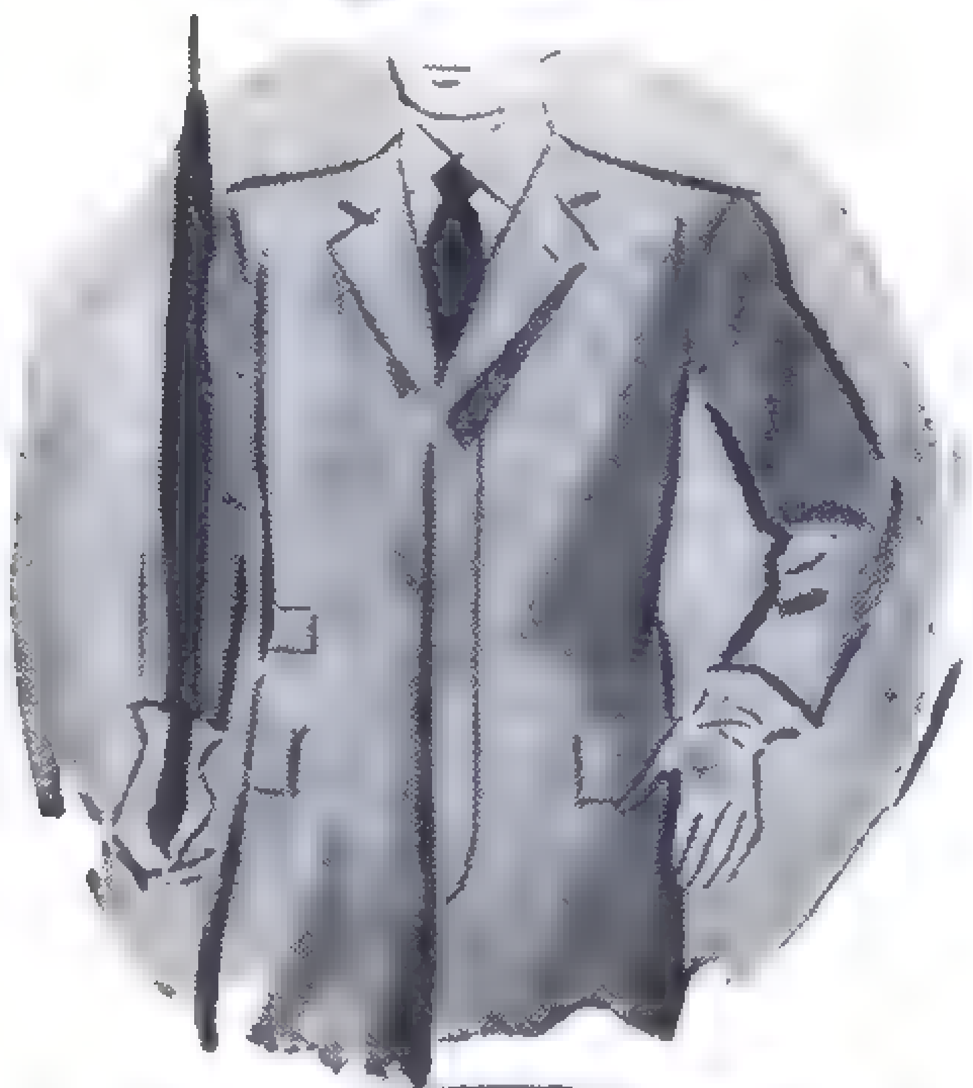
4. Socks decorated at the sides are said to have,
   a. Panel stripes
   b. Embroidered clocks
   c. Cascade points



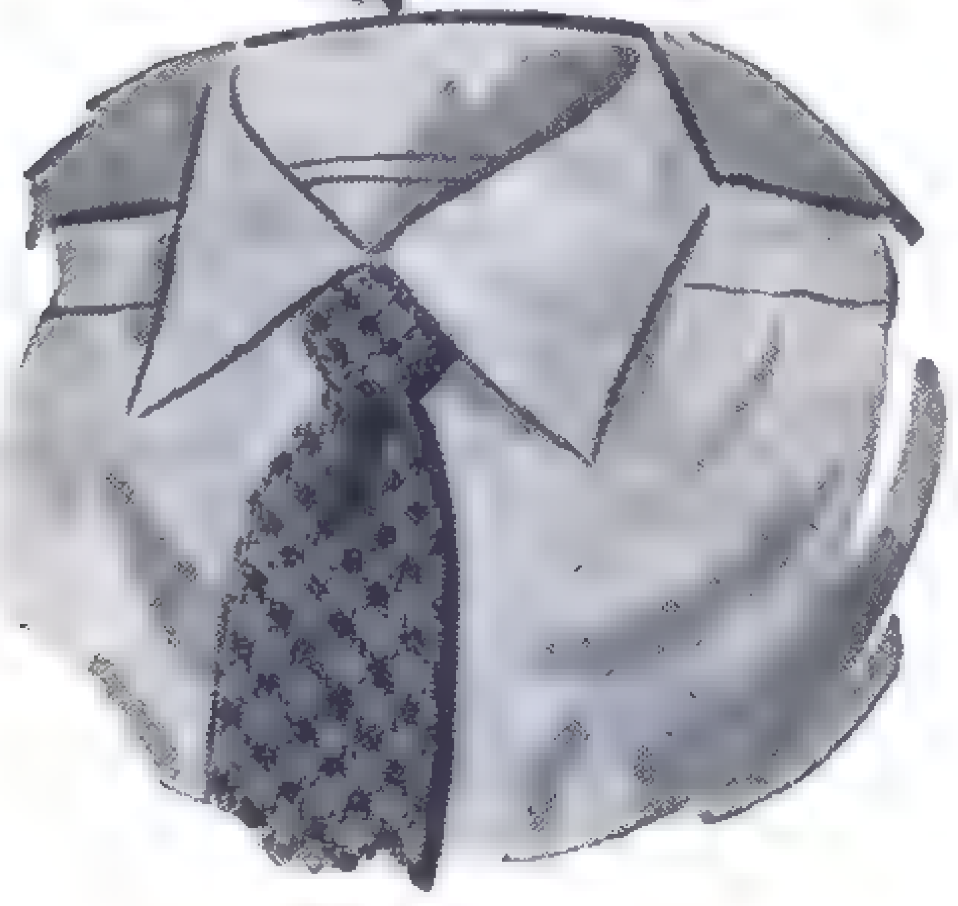
5. One name for the ankle boot with two eyelets on each side is,
   a. Mallet
   b. Stadium
   c. Chukka



6. The weave of the tweed of this suit is referred to as,
   a. Whalebone
   b. Trout
   c. Herringbone



7. The front of the overcoat pictured at the left is called,
   a. Fly front
   b. Button-through front
   c. Ulster



8. If you were specifying the pattern of this tie you'd say,
   a. Shepherd check
   b. Dice check
   c. Crisscross design

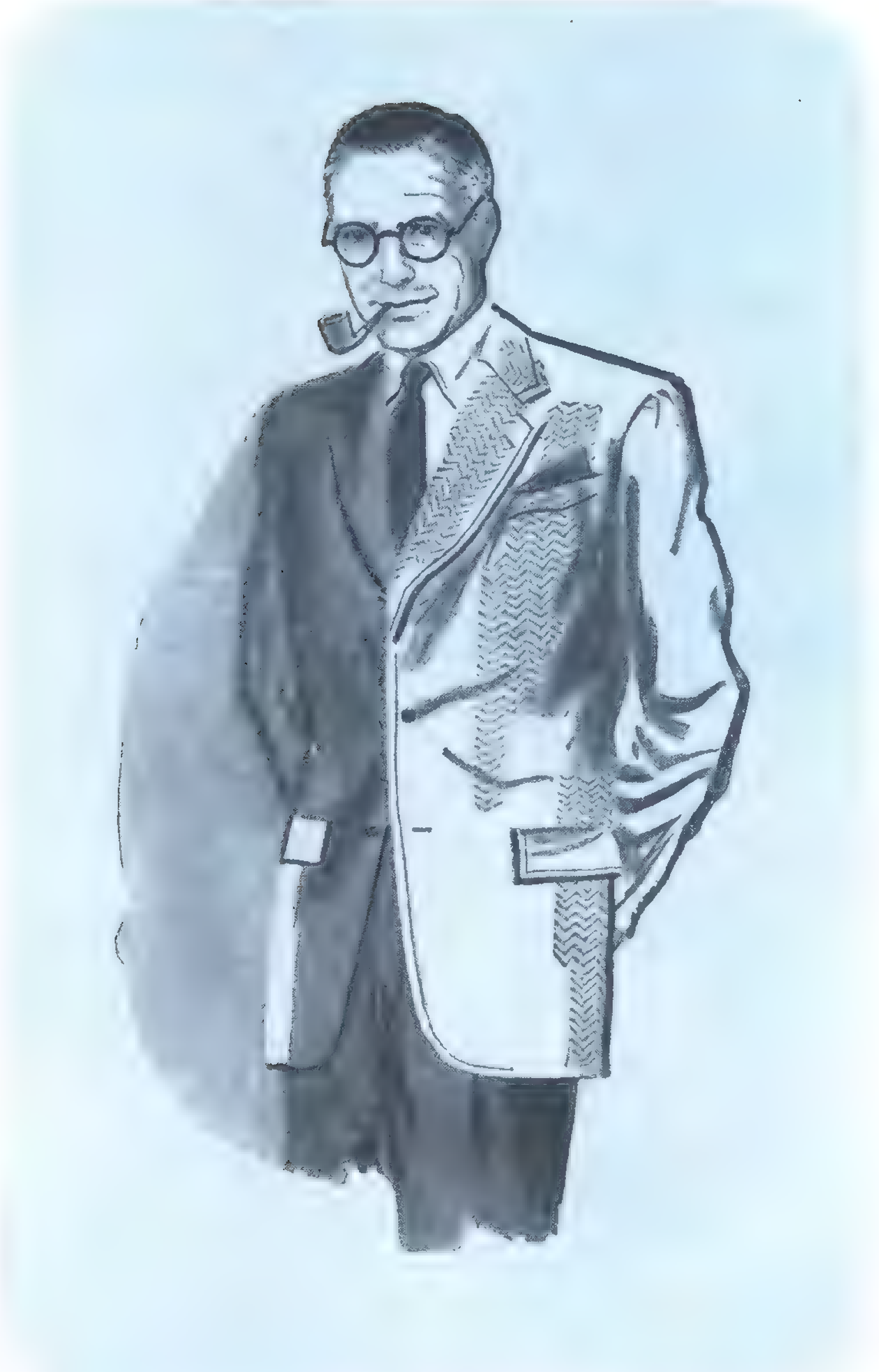
Answers

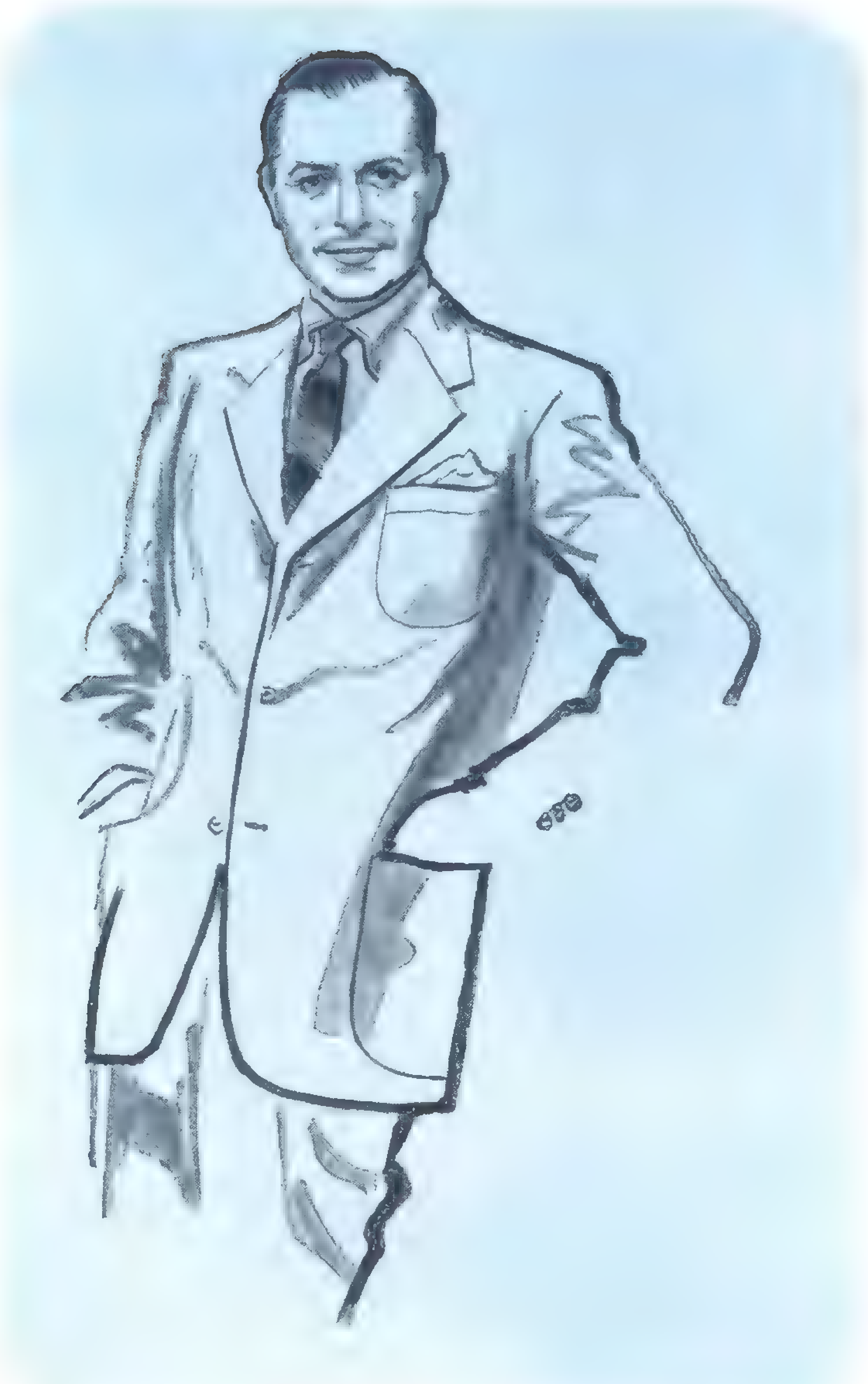
1. b 3. b 5. c 7. a
2. c 4. b 6. c 8. a

Groomed for Achievement

Presenting four accomplished gentlemen who offer striking proof of Disraeli's dictum that success and sartorial taste are often discovered together

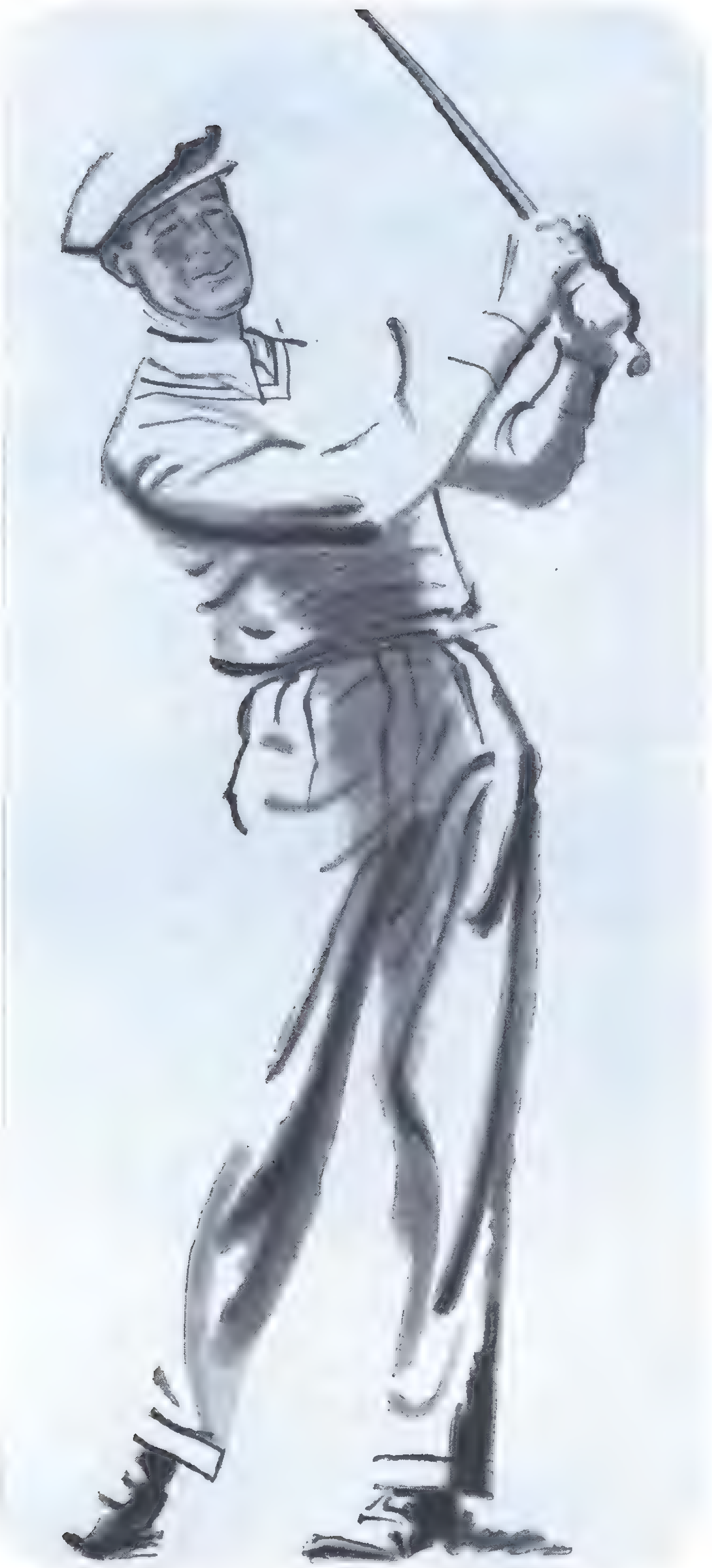
by **O. E. SCHOEFFLER**



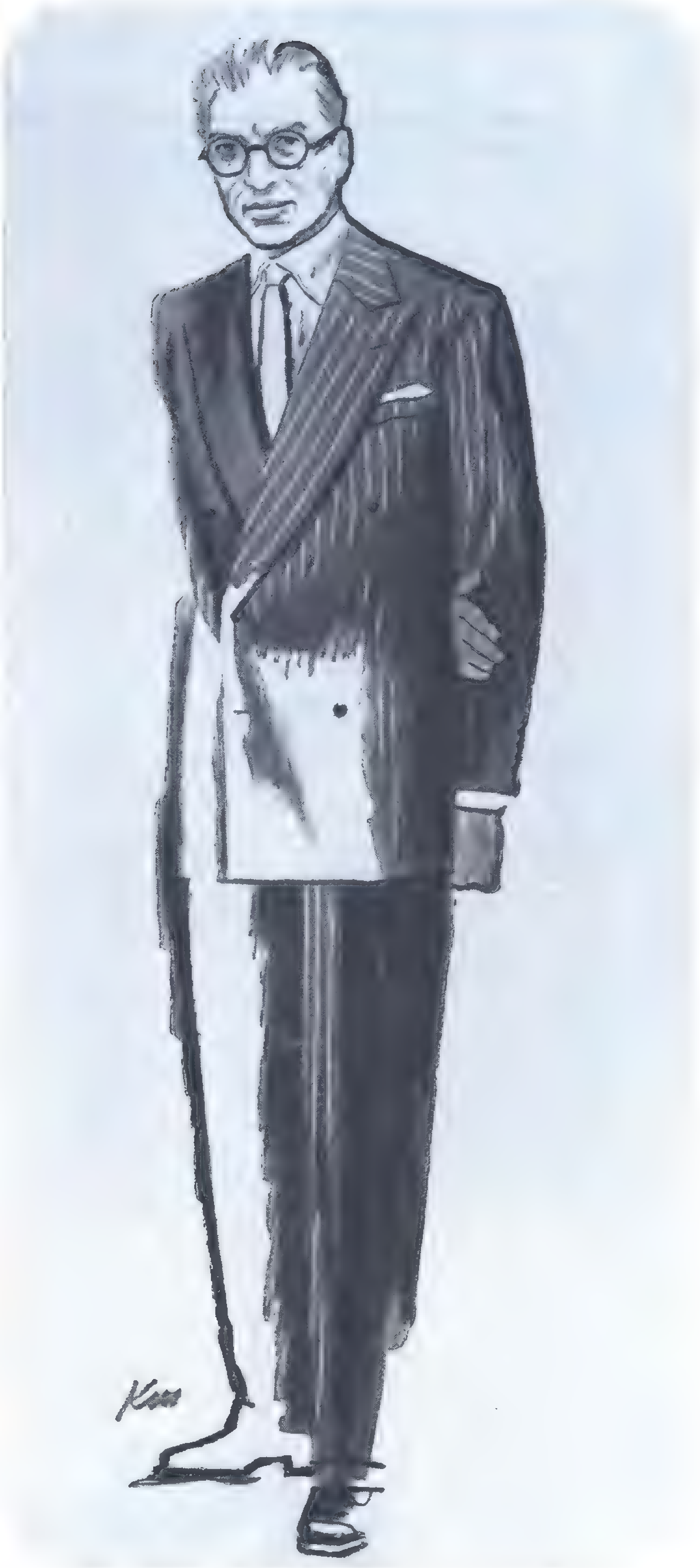


Bennett A. Cerf, dynamic president of the alert publishing company, Random House, literally shot to the top of the book trade like an inspired rocket. After taking a B.A. at Columbia, he started out as a reporter, soon moving off for a quick stretch in a Wall Street brokerage. Then came a sojourn as vice-president of publishers Boni and Liveright in 1923. In 1925, he founded Modern Library. Random House followed in 1927, since which time he has been doubling in the presidency of both that firm and Modern Library, plus carrying on so many other activities that he is fabled as a man who can do a dozen jobs at once. His critical writings have appeared in such publications as Esquire and the *Saturday Review of Literature*, and his own by-line as compiler of anecdotes, editor and author is widely seen season after season. While he wears plaid or striped worsted business suits in town, he leans to herringbone country jackets of hand-loomed shetland and grey flannel sacks.

Robert Montgomery, an actor of remarkable sensitivity and versatility, has been on-stage for almost half his forty-two years. Born in Beacon, New York, he was educated in private schools and served short hitches as railroad worker and deckhand before entering the theatre in 1924. Hollywood discovered him a few years later, but it wasn't until he played the psychopathic killer in *Night Must Fall* that the movie-makers and movie-goers fully appreciated his talents. In 1941, he accepted a commission in the Naval Reserve. He served as a Naval Attaché, commander of a PT boat and on a destroyer in the South Pacific until tropical fever caused him to retire with the rank of Lieutenant Commander. Since returning to Hollywood, he has starred in and directed *Lady in the Lake*, a Raymond Chandler thriller which employs a dramatic "audience participation" technique. Sketched here wearing a flannel blazer, his wardrobe contains a broad assortment of clothes for all occasions.



Byron Nelson, known to the links trade as Mr. Golf, Lord Byron and various other appellations of imaginative sports writers, is so phenomenal a performer with the woods and irons that for once the writers' euphemisms are not exaggerations. A personable and supremely talented performer whose scores have made even the most nostalgic stop talking about Bobby Jones, Nelson achieved golfing success the hard way. As a youth in Fort Worth, he caddied on the local course, began developing his game. After graduation from high school and jobs as file clerk and on a banker's magazine, he turned professional and began racking up those record rounds and his unquestioned reputation as a golfer's golfer. Now in semi-retirement, he confines his appearances to the top-spot tournaments. On the golf course, he dresses for comfort as well as for style, going in for sport shirts with long pointed collars, caps, loose-fitting sweaters, full-cut trousers, often of check patterns, and saddle-strap shoes.

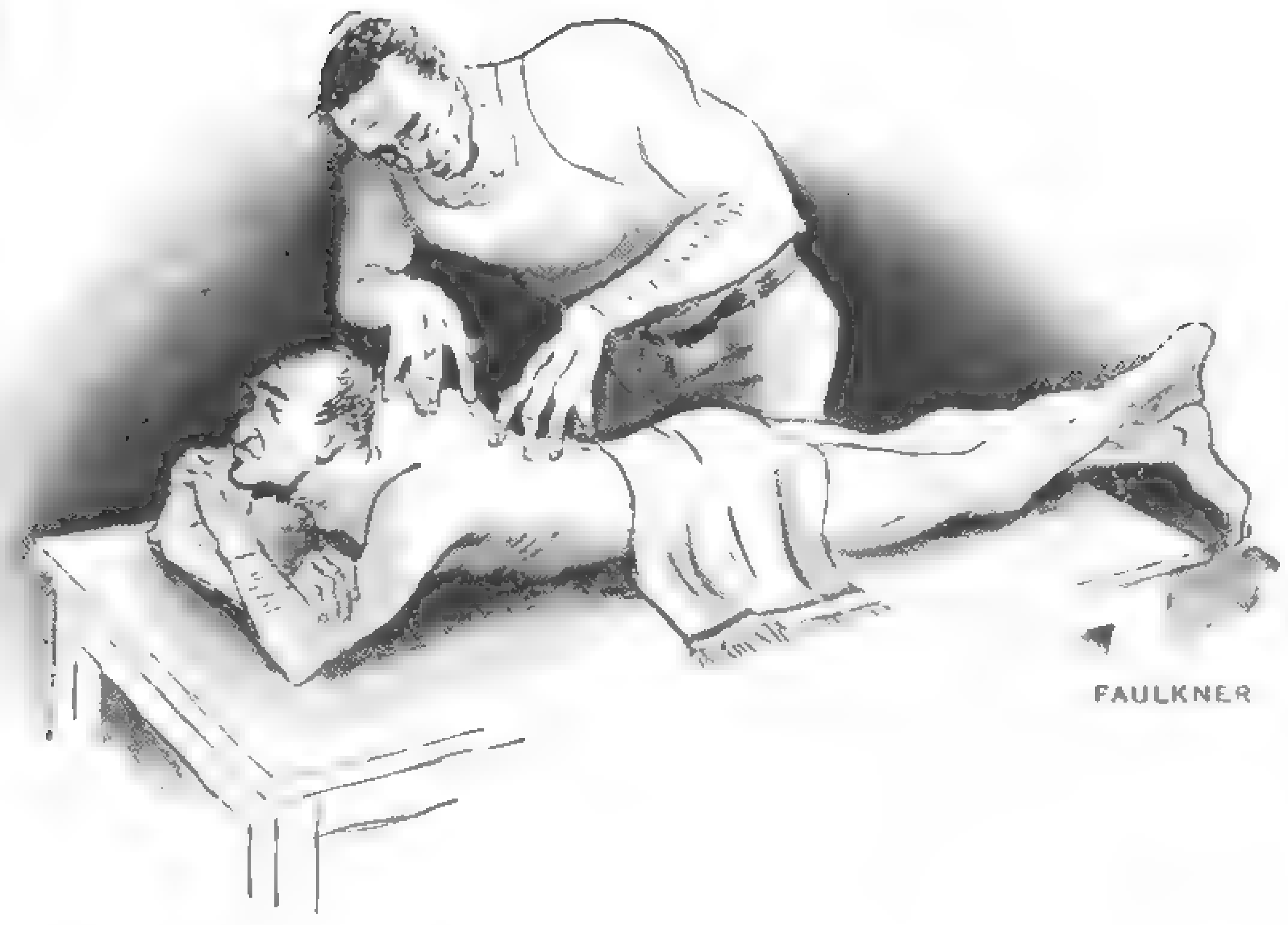


Frank Black, General Music Director for the National Broadcasting Company, is one of those rare musicians whose work is respected by symphonic and jazz enthusiasts alike. Philadelphia born, Dr. Black studied chemistry in his early school days, but soon switched to his life's work, music. Breaking in as a pianist, he performed such varied musical jobs during his formative career as composing songs for vaudeville acts, scoring silent films, and later serving as conductor with the Brunswick Phonograph Company. He joined NBC in 1932, taking over the post he still holds. He is the founder of the NBC String Symphony which was the basis for the network's present Symphony Orchestra; he has been responsible for writing and directing much of the best original music aired in the U. S., and has served as guest conductor with several of the nation's outstanding symphonic orchestras. As for wearables, he prefers dark suits for the city, especially the rich shades of blue or grey.

Strangeness of Truth

A story about a major and another about a Home Secretary, both of which reveal how coming events cast previous shadows

by RICHARD SHARPE



Coincidence is the strangeness of truth. Here, then, are two short tales about a pair of men who, in our time, accomplished such truly amazing things in advance of their fame that the achievements can only be considered coincidental.

One of these men is today a famous actor, the other an elder statesman. The actor made good in roles which parallel his real life. The statesman, however one may feel about his political convictions, is universally admired for his daring, no matter what the odds.

* * *

The sons of the Bishop of Claremont were incredible. All over six feet tall, up to six feet seven, they rode, wrestled, brawled and hunted like characters in *Superman*. The third son found the seams of his coats, as well as the English countryside, much too small for him. He burst out of both, and joined the Guards.

With his superb figure poured into his uniform, his Irish grin beneath the tower of his shako, he looked like something Amber would have left a Stuart to pursue. By World War I, he was a captain, had attained fame as an Army athlete, and was given a command against the Turks in Arabia.

The battle of Kutlamara (an example of British bungling, rather than muddling through), so decimated the officers in Townsend's army, he was the main survivor and rapidly became a major. He was also named Provost Marshal, or Chief of Police, of ancient Bagdad, and smashed the behind-the-lines Fifth Column in that area in double-quick time.

One of his main jobs was stopping Arab hijacking of both British and Turkish arms. With four hundred Ghurka troops and British officers, he attacked the adobe fortress in an oasis which was their citadel. He found other hijackers had preceded them, and saved him and his Ghurkas the trouble. In a welter of corpses the hijackers had left, they found only one whole human being, a little boy of nine. The waif attached himself to the major like a small puppy who is astonished and delighted at his first experience in not being kicked. Thereafter, he was the major's shadow, and his child.

The major dressed him well, sent him to school, presided over his physical education. The boy could box like his master. His double-duck, with an uppercut in the middle of it, laid every adversary cold, either British or Arab, and they had to suppress him for the sake of white prestige. But Abdullah, as he was called, had become the best masseur in all the Near East and in that capacity he remained with the fighting major.

The Armistice produced a great Inter-Theater of War Boxing and Wrestling Championship at Aldershot in England. The major, as a champ in both, naturally entered. Abdullah, as his trainer, naturally wanted to go to England too. He smuggled his two pet monkeys and a crocodile aboard the ship the major took back to England. When the pets were discovered and exposed, Abdullah gave rubdowns to the commanding Earl of Carnavon and saved the day. He managed to get his monkeys and crocodile safely off the ship, and was sent, with them, to the Bishop of Claremont's palace. The High Church mansion became a madhouse, with fight promoters, Arabs, monkeys, saurians and what not. But the major won every bout, both at wrestling and boxing. At the National Sporting Club, Abdullah so impressed its president that he backed him as a fighter on his own. The major taught him English and table manners, thereby lifting him to the realm of Arabic royalty, for only royalty had the advantage of such an education in Arabia.

In 1923 Abdullah started a successful fight career in the U. S. A few years later, the major, become an actor through prize-fight roles and presently a star through sheer ability and charm, also came to America. In 1945, a great star in his own right, he needed a massage. It was at Republic Studios, and Yates, president of Republic, offered him the services of his own masseur. The major went to the baths. And, when he got there, he was greeted with a flood of Arabic hitherto unknown and unprecedented in all of Southern California.

The masseur—the most accomplished and famous in Hollywood—was, of course, Abdullah. The man who had come to him for a rubdown was his original customer, his rescuer from death, his ruler in Bagdad, his mentor in English, his sponsor in England—the quite fabulous son of the Bishop of Claremont who reached fame in the films under the name of Victor McLaglen.

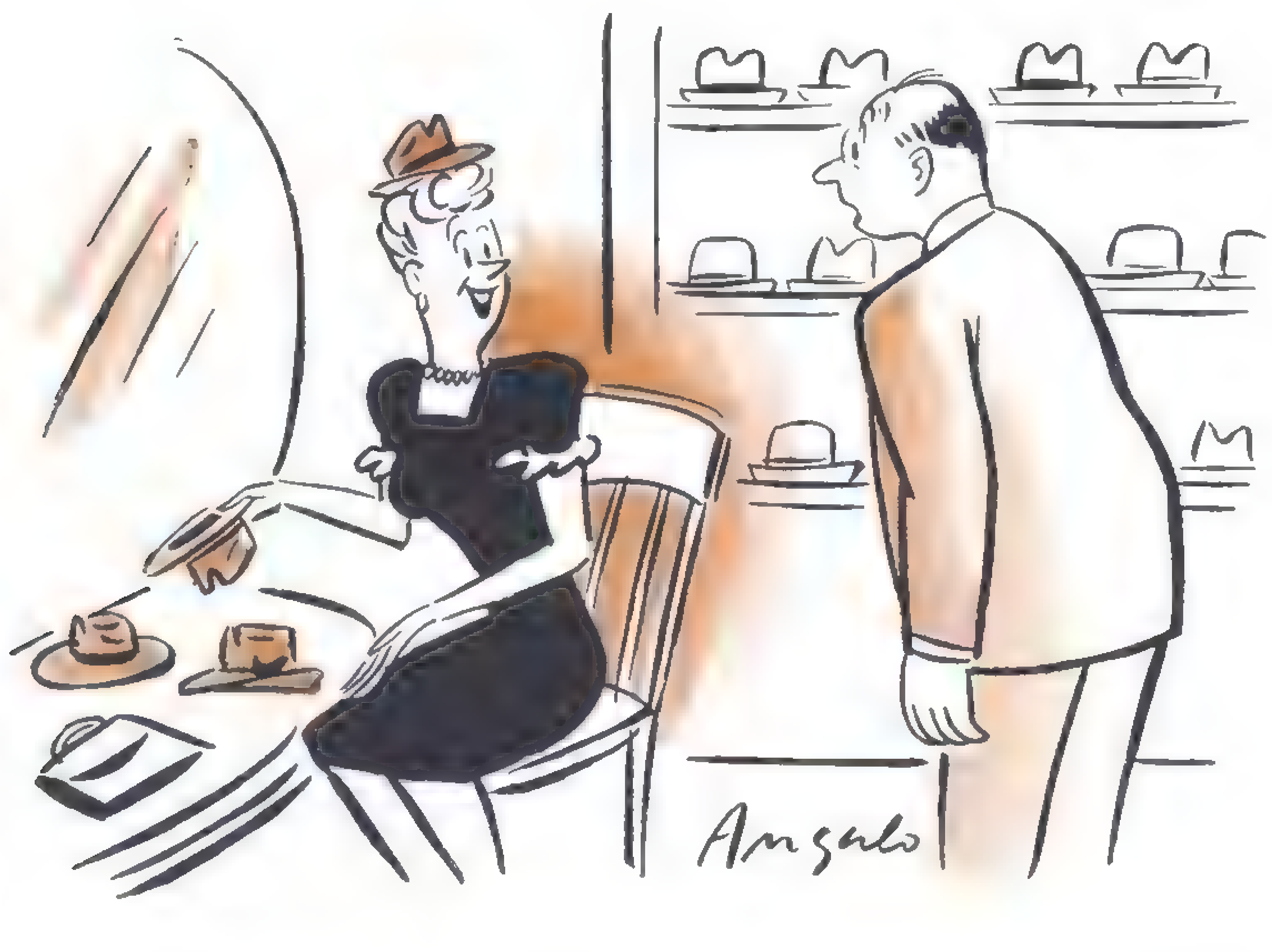
* * *

Until 1910, Scotland Yard was exclusively a London organization. Then the murder of an Austrian diplomat led their Criminal Investigation Division to a group of Serbian terrorists in Southampton. Lacking jurisdiction there, they petitioned the Home Secretary for the aid of the County Constabulary, and he promised full co-operation.

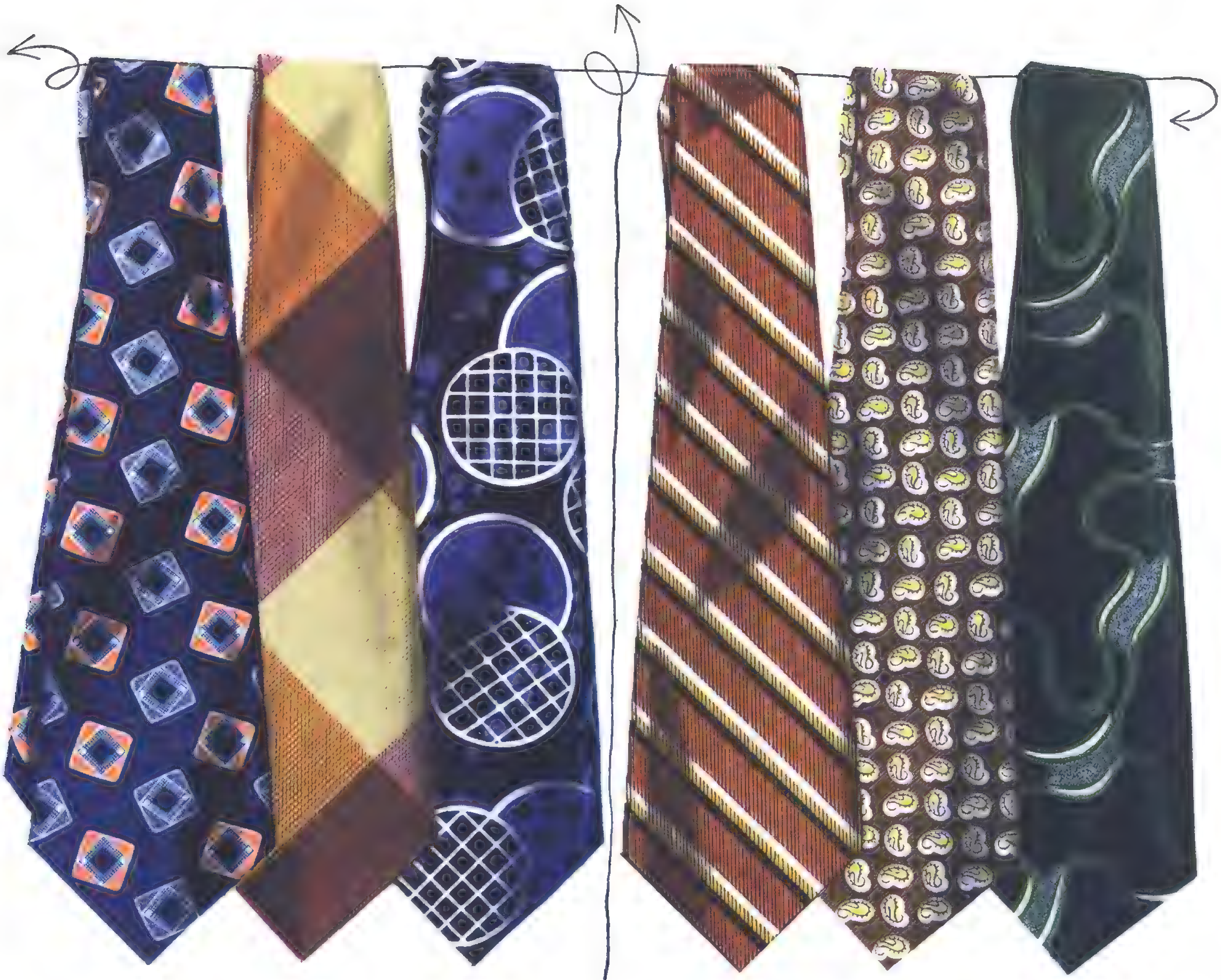
Arms, munitions, bombs, and anarchist networks all over England were rounded up. Three policemen were killed. Britain was aroused. The trail led back to Sydney Street, in London's slums. Scotland Yard remembered reports of strange sounds in a cheap jewelry shop there. On a night when the suspected ringleaders were inside, they struck in force, in the famous Siege of Sydney Street.

Whole squadrons, armed with tear gas, fire bombs and rifles, stormed the revolutionists' headquarters. Alighting from his limousine, in fur-lined coat and high silk hat, with revolvers strapped all over him, the Home Secretary himself directed the attack, and led the final charge.

When the plot was crushed, it was revealed that it was he who, for the first time, had co-ordinated the work of every police force in England with Scotland Yard's C. I. D., and had planned the gigantic dragnet which had brought in every member of the conspiracy. His daring thereafter became legendary. His name? Winston Churchill. ⧻



"I always buy my husband's hats. He says I have better taste than he has"



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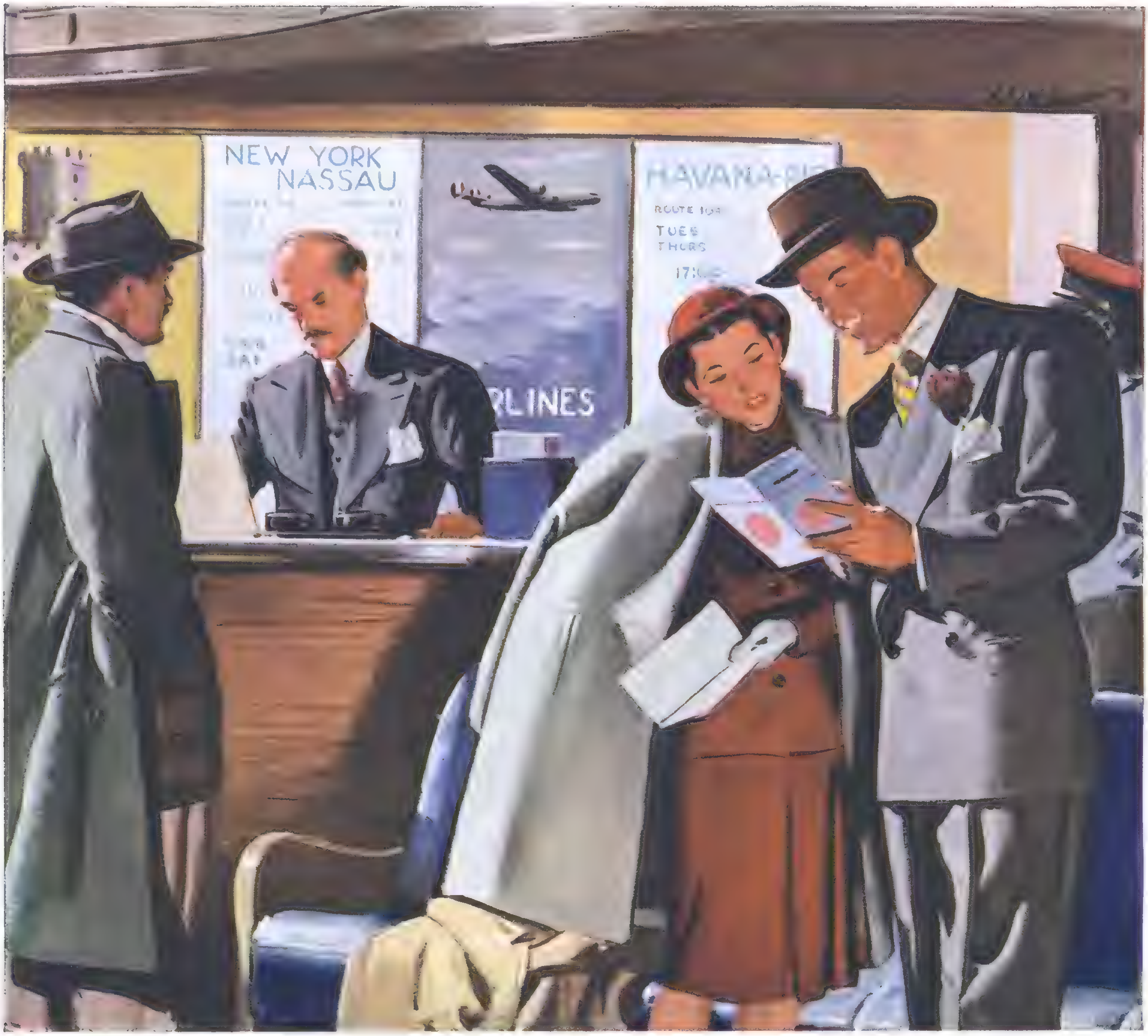

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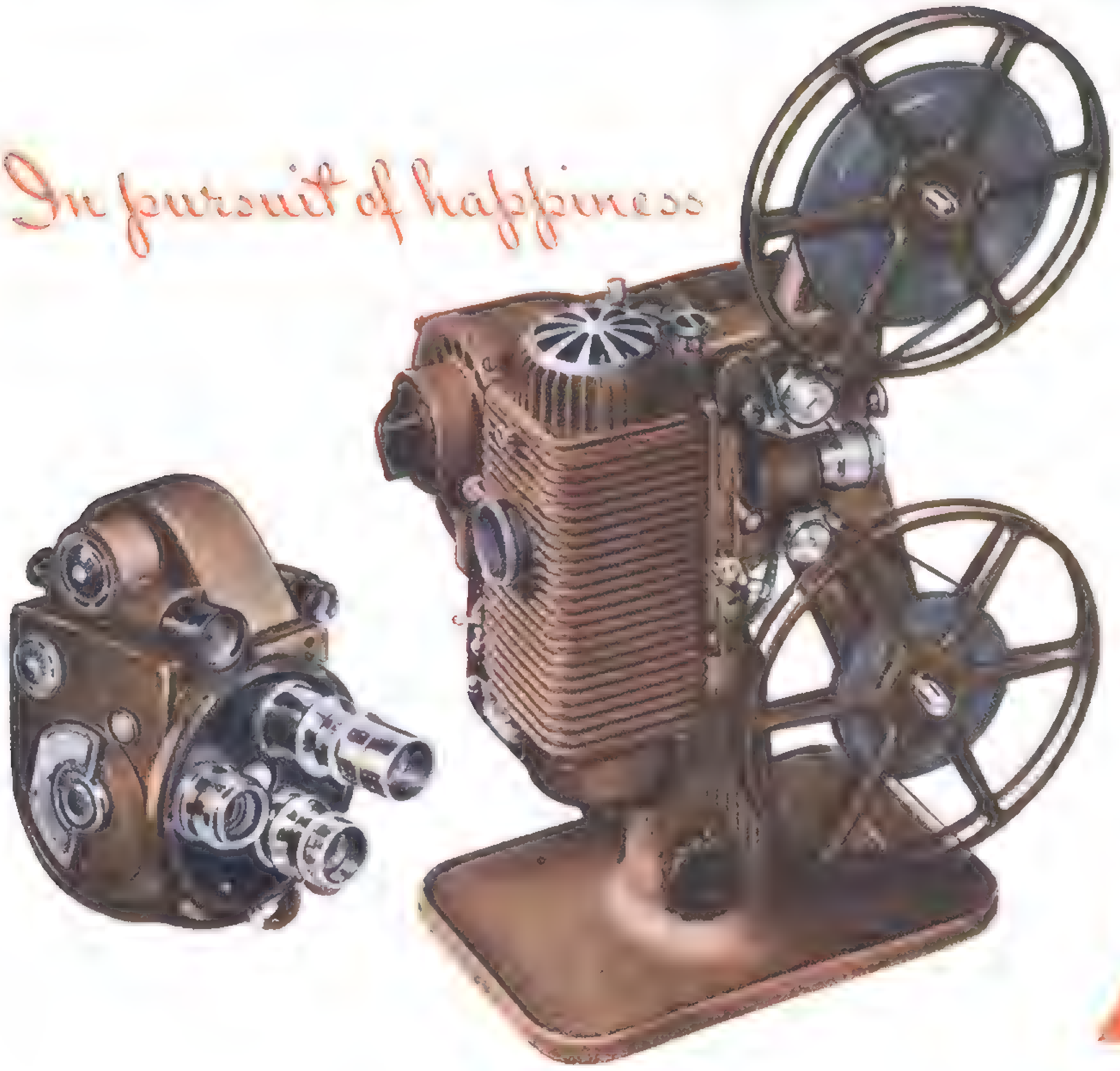

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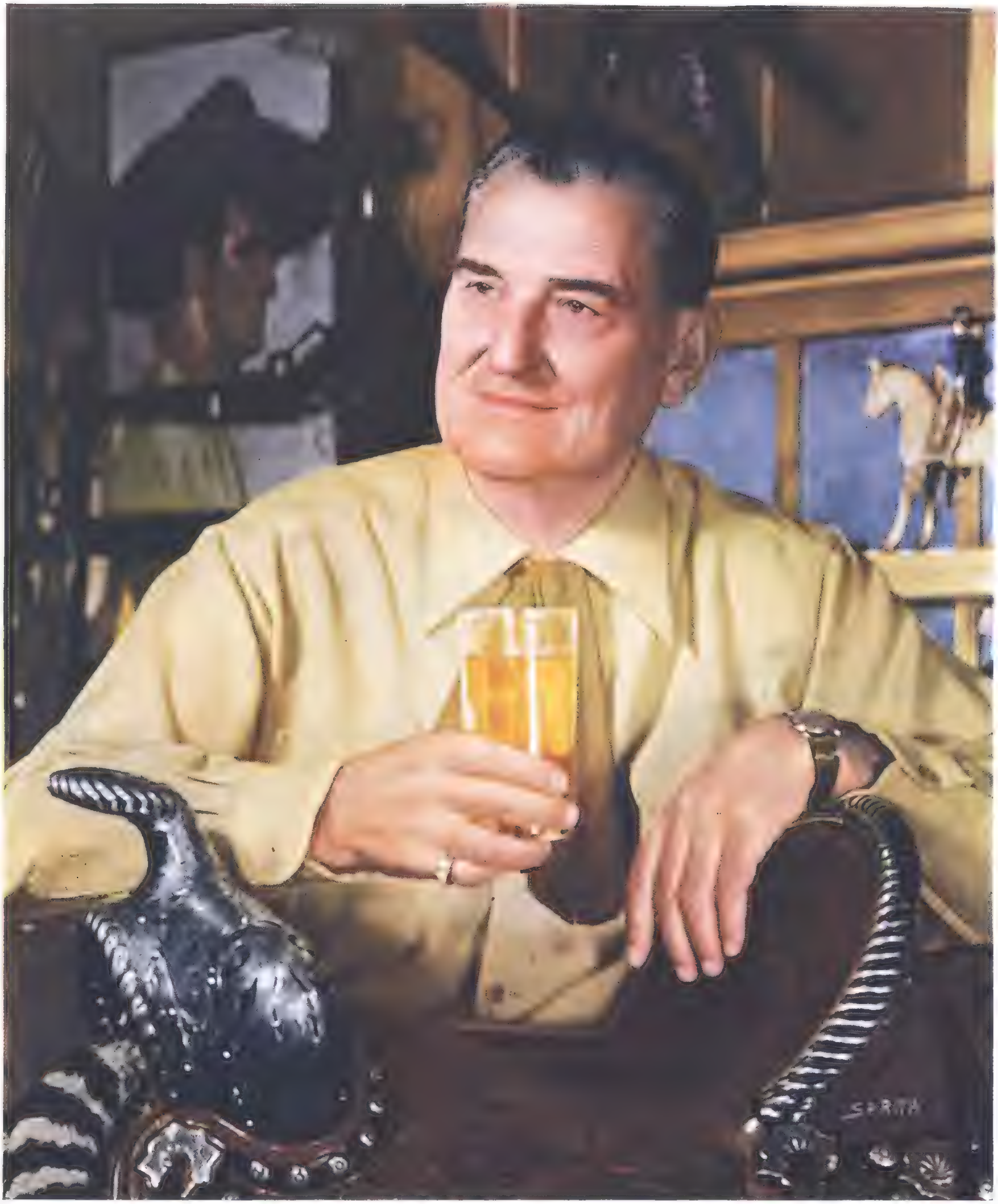

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HANSEN

Because it was their own special song, its strains swept him back to an officer's club, a Village spot, and other remembered places

And I Forget to Do...

by GEORGE W. MORSE

It was a small place, intimate, and as he danced he felt her nearness as if it were new. There was the warmth of brandy in him, and the familiar longing; when he spoke his voice was rough.

"You," he said, "were born to be danced with . . . or loved."

She threw her head back, laughing, and the soft light made her skin almost translucent. She said, "That bad, darling?"

He laughed with her, pulling her close. "That bad, darling."

It had been like that, then it happened quickly. She wondered, sensing his abrupt change of mood, but she thought nothing of what the orchestra was playing. She knew only his thoughts had fled . . .

He remembered pushing aside the mosquito net in the doorway of the Officer's Club and stepping inside. He was numb-tired and the sudden glare of unshaded bulbs hurt his eyes. He thought, God damn this place. Then he moved towards the crowded bamboo bar.

He knew everyone there from months of too close association. How they flew and what they drank, their women and their endless yarns. He knew before he came in that Collins and Dougherty and Davis would be at the far corner of the bar. He knew Conroy would be in the poker game and Eldridge and the three valley pilots would be playing bridge and Thatcher would be arguing with the colonel.

He knew he wanted none of them, that he was here because he was driven to it; in that tiny jungle clearing there was no other place to go. He found a lone stool away from them all and ordered.

"Just get back, Burke?" It was Conroy, his tentmate, breaking away from the poker game and coming towards him. "Yes," he said flatly. Then, in an effort at politeness, "The bearer do our laundry?"

Conroy grinned. "Uh-huh. You look like you could use it."

He grunted. "I flew twenty-one hours out of the last twenty-four. Kunming. Liuchow. Shanghai. Back nonstop."

Conroy said, "Jeez. And I'm due for a daylight take-off. How's the weather on the Hump?"

The weather, his mind said. Always the weather. The weather that killed. He felt a quick bitterness. For three months Marge had been writing as if she expected him home the next week.

"There's a couple of bad storms over the Chin Hills," he said finally. "A load of ice over the main Hump. Shanghai closed in."

Conroy shrugged, phlegmatic as always. He said, "Asking about the weather just makes conversation. We fly anyway." He added, "I'm a hundred rupees behind the game. Want to sit in?"

"No. The hell with it."

Conroy moved off and he looked around the room listlessly. It was crowded and there was noise but no gaiety. His gaze settled on the bar; his throat felt raw from sucking oxygen. Then, weary beyond thinking, his mind snapped to something silly she had written about his son, and he laughed. He drank three shots of gin and he found himself moving unsteadily towards the piano.

There was a small group slouched in chairs around the piano. McElroy and Brady and Craig and Thompson. Outsiders to the bar group, they lived by the piano when they weren't flying. The sergeant playing was the Club Steward. He pulled a chair up and Thompson said, "*Deep Purple*, Sarge?"

He had never before sat and listened; they looked at him strangely. Craig asked: "How's the weather?"

"There's storms over the Chins, and ice. Shanghai's closed in."

He leaned back and watched a lizard crawling over the thatching of the roof. His mind kept skipping from place to place, focusing clearly, then flashing to something unrelated, refusing to relax after the hours of tension. He knew he wouldn't sleep. He never could after a trip.

The melody filtered through to him suddenly then, without his consciously knowing it; he half sat up. It was *Stardust*, soft, searching. Nostalgia swept over him and the Hump and the weather were gone. The way he and Marge had danced to that in the little roadhouse before they were married. The way she hummed it. The day, years later, they had bought the Tommy Dorsey recording. The image of her came to him, but faintly, as if he weren't quite sure of it. Two years. Two years they'd never get back. Stardust . . .

As if sensing his mood the sergeant drifted into old melodies he had almost forgotten; he heard them as if from a great distance. *My Blue Heaven. Sleepy Valley. No Letter Today. Love for Sale.* They ran together, timeless, far back in another life.

Love for Sale. He was in their apartment waiting for the phone to ring because Marge was in the hospital having his son. It seemed all the radio could play was *Love for Sale.*

He said harshly, "Play *The Very Thought of You.*"

"Sure," the sergeant said, looking at him queerly.

His eyes were half closed. The night in the Village when they'd listened to the little Italian accordionist. Marge had left her purse in the taxi and it had had the theatre tickets in it; when they got it back it was too late to go. They'd stayed and drunk Dago Red and they'd made the accordionist play *The Very Thought of You* until the place closed. The very thought of you . . .

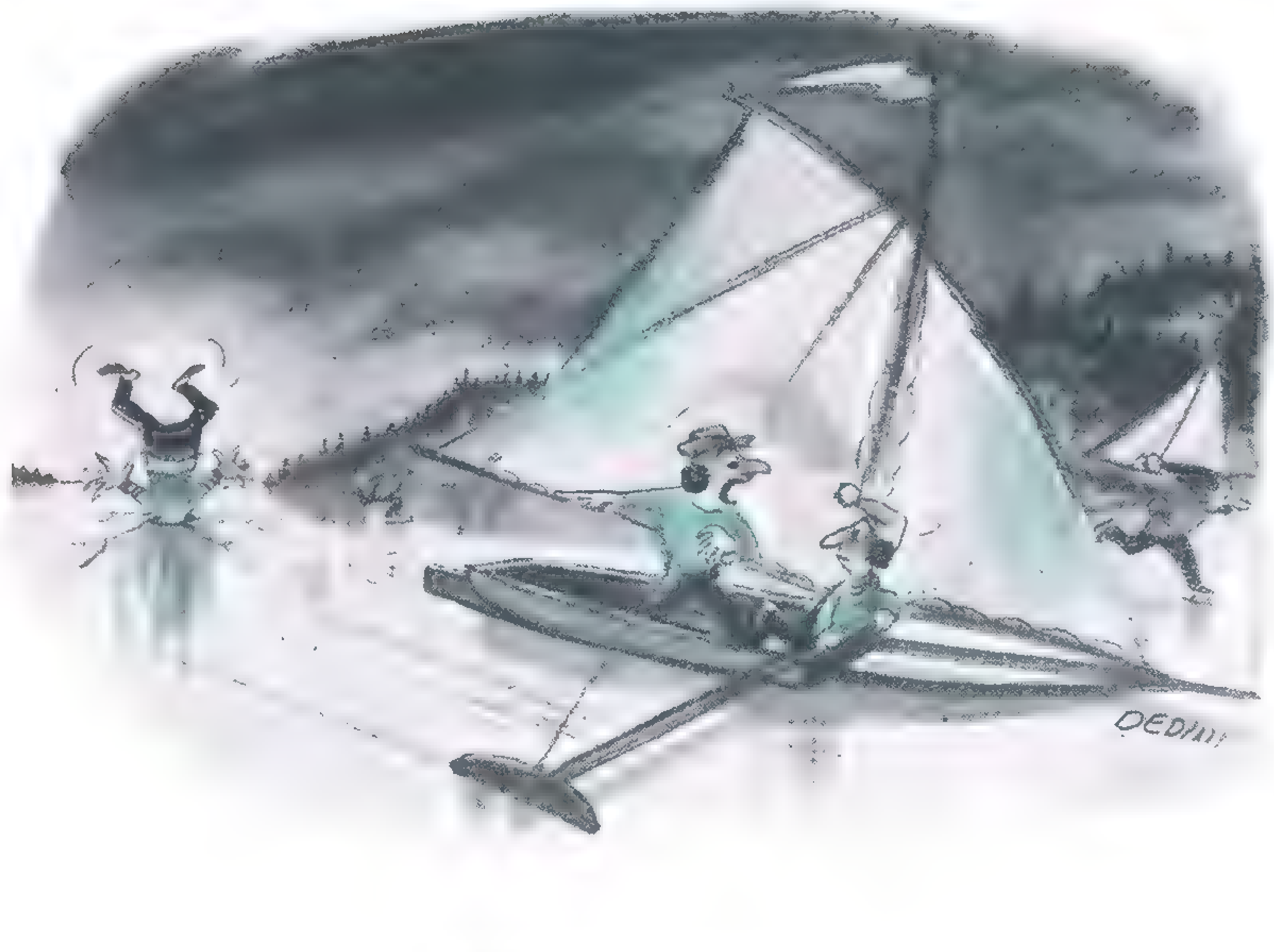
Tension drained from him as the sergeant played. Gradually his mind stopped racing, settled half a world away. After a while he got up and stumbled out into the dark to his tent, and he thought, she was always losing her purse. He was suddenly sleepy, but the want for her was the deepest feeling he had ever known . . .

Her voice came to him and the room snapped back into focus. She said, "What is it, darling? What . . ."

The orchestra was playing the last chorus. Slowly. Softly. *The Very Thought of You.* He looked at her, hard, as if seeing her for the first time. He said, "Let's get out of here."

"If you want, darling . . ." When they were in the taxi she said, "Burke, this is wonderful, but—well—where's Marge?"

"Away," he said harshly, staring out of the window, "away." ⧺



"Man overboard!"

Jazz Forum: Gene Krupa Votes No!

Continued from page 46

fessionally, many while they were still in short pants. They never had the chance to get highly technical classical training. And, essentially, they were performers, virtuosos, not creators. At most, they were improvisors. They achieved a certain measure of greatness in performance because they'd never been told that this or that was "impossible." They achieved, through very lack of classical training, effects which transcended themselves and their instruments. Don't misunderstand me. I'm not questioning their inherent musicianship. Louis Armstrong, "Satchmo'," one of the greatest jazz trumpeters, could stand up in front of the New York Philharmonic and improvise a brilliant contrapuntal concerto flawless in color and tone against anything they might play.

But the great jazz masters didn't and don't have what musicians must have to achieve the kind of music we hope to achieve in America—musical discipline and a comprehensive musical background. They were locked within their limitations, and they were utterly unable to understand anything beyond the one segment of music which they *were*, the music they sensed rather than knew. They could only play what they *felt* inside themselves. They were completely incapable of going beyond it. Consequently, the music they played, as *they* played it, was limited by their limitations.

Most jazzmen, at any rate a lot of them, were never at ease with musical notation. If they attempted to *learn* something musical, some passage, some effect, they sweated it out in rehearsal. Their music, and I must repeat again, as *they* played it, was caged in, locked in. It couldn't go much beyond its start. Within their own field, they showed genius, but the field was narrow and specialized.

But those limitations are not, I must emphasize again, inherent in jazz, natural to the idiom itself. Once the fetters are removed, America's own musical idiom is capable of limitless development.

A trumpet player in my band today is a case in point. I refer to young Red Rodney. Red was brought up in a musical family, his father being a famous symphony musician. Naturally, Red's first training and influence were thoroughly classical. But Red's musical interest these days is all jazz. (As I write these lines the young man is in the middle of a Dizzy Gillespie period. Nevertheless, he has a powerful degree of respect for Bobby Hackett. Beiderbecke to him right now is just a three-syllable name.) Perhaps Red is typical of today's young musicians who may soon be able to bridge the gap between jazz band and symphony.

Let me pass along a word, with great respect, to Mr. Stokowski and Mr. Koussevitzky and their august brethren:

"Gentlemen, if you should sometime in the future schedule for performance a work based on jazz, containing jazz passages, when such music is written, don't entrust its execution entirely to the regular members of your organizations. They are highly competent musicians—but this is not for them.

"The most skilled cordon bleu would look silly beside a Rhode Island cook at a shore dinner, or a Texas ranch hand at a barbecue.

"American music, jazz music, must be played by men who were brought up to drink rye and coke in juke joints. A lifetime of blond beer in Munich or Torino Vermouth isn't quite the same thing.

"So, when you present American music, music growing out of jazz, make sure it is played by American musicians brought up in its tradition.

"There are such musicians, men who feel jazz and who are the musical equals otherwise of the regular members of your orchestras. There weren't a generation ago. But there are now.

"Try them.

"That's the only way, Maestros, you will ever find out what American music has to offer you and to offer the world."

Some of the top men today, and a great many more of the musicians coming up, have the greatness of jazz' legendary figures. They were brought up in the idiom, they feel it, it's part of them and they are part of it, just as much as in the cases of Teschemacher and Dodds, Beiderbecke and the rest.

They have the same greatness, and even though it sounds somehow irreverent to write it down, they have a lot more. Sentiment aside, they have a whole lot more. They have all the background, the knowledge, the education and training their predecessors lacked. In them, the jazz idiom, the jazz technique, the native music of America, enters into the main stream of music. These musicians are part of jazz. They are also part of the world's musical tradition.

They are the ones who will write and play the new music, the American music that has its roots in and flows from jazz, flows from the trumpets of Bix Beiderbecke and Louis Armstrong and the piano fingers of James P. Johnson, from Eddie Condon's guitar and from Peewee Russell's clarinet.

Everyone knows that Bix Beiderbecke was among the jazz immortals as a trumpet player. But not everyone knows that, were it not for his untimely death, he might today be producing the sort of music I've been talking about. He seemed to be approaching it in *In a Mist*, *Flashes*, *Candlelights*, and *In the Dark*, which compositions constitute his piano suite. Eastwood Lane was so impressed by Bix' ideas on composition that he sent for Bix, who spent some time working with Lane. But death silenced Bix' trumpet, and prevented his expressing to the world the music which may have been within him.

What will the American music developed out of the jazz idiom be like? I don't pretend to know what Bix' answer might have been, had he lived. But I have, for what it's worth, an answer of my own.

Top priority on my time is now being given to a musical experiment, an experiment in composition, the result of which I hope you'll hear some time in 1947.

It will be a composition, in concerto form, written for my swing band, with the usual brass, rhythm and reed sections, and for a seventy-man symphony orchestra. The melodic contrapuntal line, the hot solos and jazz rhythms, will be played by musicians who know how to play them. The broad masses of harmony, the swelling legatos, will be played by musicians, the symphony musicians who know how to play them. In its present outlined form my tentative concerto for "swing band and symphony" has three movements. First is a moderate tempo blues. Second is the drag, the tragic slow blues. And last is a frenzied, wild boogie. It will take, as I plan it now, about twenty-five minutes to play.

Even if my particular experiment is not too successful, it will represent what I think will be the coming American music. And it is the kind of music I want to hear. I want to hear a jazz solo weaving its intricate, dynamic melodic line across the powerful harmonies of a full symphony orchestra. I want to hear a quartette or trio of horns improvising against the background of fifty violins.

That's when the symphony will meet jazz as far as I am concerned.

Speaking of Weather

The weather is a restless nomad, always moving eastward as the world revolves from west to east. In a very real way, how it moves, and what it does, affects you—your personality, your capacity for work, your outlook.

Weather is the behavior of that restless layer of the air which overspreads our earth. Ninety per cent of this blanket of air lies between the ground and a height of ten miles.

The gases and moisture making up this swirling giant that hovers over and around us like some unescapable genie, half good, half evil, weigh altogether about five-and-a-half-quadrillion short tons. Next time you lie on the beach sunning yourself you might reflect that the air is pressing on your chest with a weight of more than one ton to one square foot. This weight of atmospheric pressure you don't feel because the air inside you is pressing outward with the same force.

Heat of the sun keeps the air blanket continuously moving. Warm air above the Equator expands, rises and flows toward the North Pole. Cold air over the Pole sinks and moves southward. When a mass of cold, dry air moving down from the north meets a warm, moist air mass moving up from the south, the head-on collision produces storms.

A typical west-to-east storm starts, say, at the Philippines with a light breeze. Sweeping up the Pacific, it brings rain to Japan, races for Alaska, whips down to Seattle, blocks traffic in Boston and roars across the Atlantic. It will rage in England, fade in Scandinavia and die as a cold breeze in Russia. Every phase of such a storm is predictable from its first breath.

Weather is climate. That's all climate is—average weather over a long period. People in some parts of the world lead easy lives because of climate. In other regions climate makes life hard. Climate fixes the very destinies of nations.

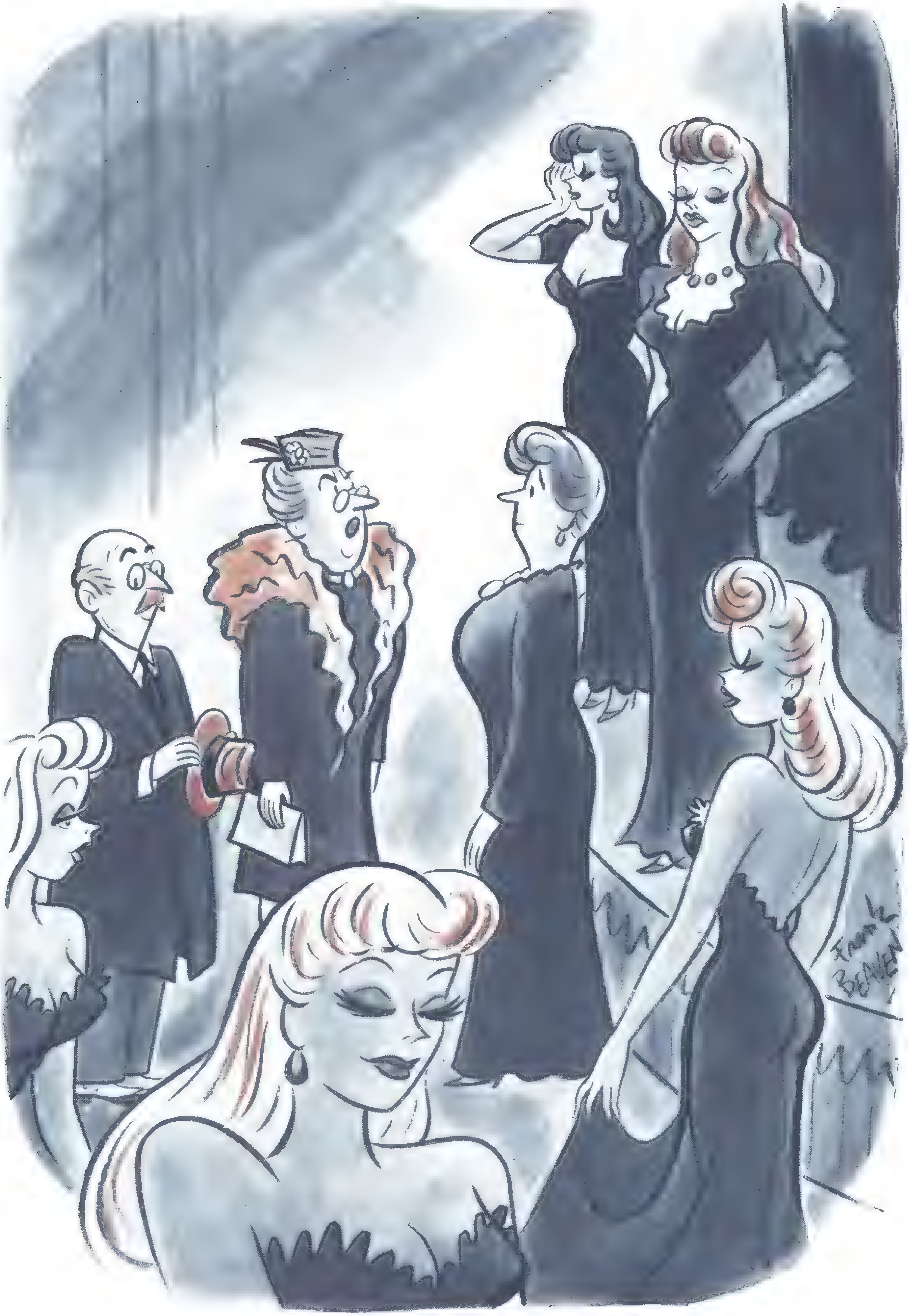
"Climate affects human behavior by conditioning the energy level," a physiologist says. If one is too hot or too cold the body has too much to do in maintaining normal internal temperature to have much reserve energy for constructive work. Some observed facts indicate that the most desirable climate for ambitious people is on the cold side.

Tests with rats showed that the animals learned three times faster in a room at 55 degrees than their brother rats in a warm room at 90 degrees. Also the rats in the "cold climate" grew larger, were healthier, more docile and had larger litters of young than the "hot climate" rats. The latter were more erratic, emotional and vicious.

According to the same authority, cold and stormy climates—in the United States, the northern states, especially the Northwest, northern Middlewest and New England—produce the largest proportion in this country of geniuses and outstanding men and women. But the same regions also have a higher percentage of insanity and other mental disturbances. Possibly further work in animal psychology might show the same tendencies in "cold climate" rats.

Well, there it is. If when you awaken in the morning you ask the usual question, "What is the weather today?" and the answer is, "Cold and rainy with high wind," at least you may say to yourself, "Anyhow I live in an energizing climate."

—E. M. Hockensmith


Frank BEAVEN

"Have you a late paper or a magazine for my husband to look at?"

Taming the Social Lioness

Continued from page 64

male guests have been radiating upon her. She has sweet delusions of grandeur and begins taking on as though she's just been named Miss America by acclamation.

Then she is hard to handle, but there are ways it can be done with ease and impunity. One way is to let the wives of the frolicsome moths around your flaming wife take care of the situation. You never will have to go to any trouble to enlist them as accomplices. They will come to you and make a strong play for you by way of inaugurating their campaign of vengeance. All you have to do is to keep your head and not think the ladies are on the level in showing such delight at enjoying your captivating personality. Get into the act and pretend you are relieved by not acknowledging responsibility for your wife.

Play the field. Do not go for one dame especially just because she happens to look as though she were the girl the class voted as the one most likely to succeed in helping a vexed husband get even with his wife. When you thus are circulating, seemingly carefree, the spouses of the husbands who are messing around with your woman will try to subject you to inflammatory remarks. Laugh heartily and say the tenderest sort of perjuries about your wife. If you discreetly convince the wives of the designing husbands that you are a hopeless chump, they will redouble their vigor and skill in cutting their own husbands out of the herd and lousing up your wife so she will come eagerly to you, resolved never to risk the wrath of cruel vixens again.

When there are designing single men in the pursuit squadron, the most effective method of eliminating them one by one is needling drunken nuisances to the assignment. If there are no souses handy, don't become alarmed. There will be one along soon.

Souses fall into two classes; the affable and the pugnacious. When you see an affable party staggering around, greet him effusively and get his confidence before you start with a routine on this order:

"Why, Muffinghurst, old fellow, you're just the chap I'm looking for. I've been sent for you in fact. It should make me very sore, but I guess you're such a grand guy everybody's got to love you.

"My wife has been telling me every time I've seen her tonight that you are the most fascinating man she ever saw in her life. She says that all the rest of the fellows at the party are bums and bores and her evening is going to be ruined unless you make a heavy drive for her. Take her a couple of drinks right away. She may give you and the drinks a brush-off just to hide her real feelings from the crowd, but you keep after her every minute and pour libation into her."

The genial guzzler will be so happy in believing that somebody cordially reciprocates his sentiments of 86.8 proof good-will he will stick to your wife like a birthmark, slop drinks all over her, and be so tenacious that the other fellows will slink away. He will even make you look wonderful, by comparison, to your wife.

In the case of the party who has a pronounced tendency to indulge in belligerent benders, you must be more careful. If you govern the situation with skill somebody will receive a noseful of knuckles. You should make sure the somebody will not be you.

What you should do is get the person who is tottering on the brink of hostilities to one side and plead with him earnestly. "Now see here, Foulingham, there is no need of declaring war about it, but . . ." Then shrug your shoulders as though you had changed your mind. Foulingham then will demand that you continue, or immediately choose your weapons for an affair of honor under the dueling chandelier. That, of course, is exactly what you want; to have the guy put a few bricks of U 235 under his boilers and get up pressure.

FIGHT
INFANTILE
PARALYSIS
MARCH OF DIMES

After that get yourself in the clear by asking: "What's this I hear from my wife about some of the guys who have been hanging around her all evening passing uncomplimentary remarks concerning you? She said it is getting to be so bad I ought to step in and stop it as a friend of yours.

"She wouldn't tell me just who said what, so I told her to forget it. 'Foulingham is a gentleman who can take care of himself without dragging any ladies into the matter,' I told her. 'So you go ahead and have a nice time, darling. Try to get away from the fellows gracefully, but I am sure that none of them have anything against Foulingham. They are merely jesting. Foulingham could lick any of them or all of them and maybe that's why they don't want to have anything to do with him.'

"So please, Foulingham, stay away from that bunch as I do want that little woman to enjoy herself here."

Then walk swiftly to some place where you will not be hit by flying bodies, and let nature take its course.

Stay in whatever safe place you find until your wife locates you and begs you to take her home and away from the scene of carnage. Then be a Big Noble Man and yield to her entreaties. By so doing you will avoid having your own features marred by Foulingham, if he is still on his feet, or by others involved if Foulingham is receiving first aid from the gent's-room corpsman.

The preceding suggestions offer a choice of three almost infallible methods of impressing upon a bewitching young wife to keep her bewitchery discreetly under control. But an impetuous true lover may leave these directions at home and at the party find himself at the mercy of male characters who are experts at persuading a susceptible young wife that she has something about her that drives attractive men mad. She doesn't know exactly what it is but revels in the mystery of it. Her husband is afraid that he does know what it is and is quite unhappy about the whole thing.

Thus in bewilderment the normally congenial pair often separate in anger or indifference. Frequently the young husband gets into some other game of chance and is asked to retire when his checks become so numerous other participants become apprehensive. Many a time, too, the aggrieved husband will leave the party to go home. He will pause many places to administer healing liquid balms to his aching heart. By that course he will allow his gay young wife enough time to get home from the interior of Mongolia.

Eventually, by taking out a funnel and poking his house key into it, he manages to gain entry to his homestead and finds that his vivacious bride is still absent from the premises. Dizzily and disconsolately he applies a few night caps to his tonsils and begins a fretful vigil.

Eventually his missing merrymaker arrives, either contrite and worried or flying blind. But regardless of her condition she probably still is, if incorrectly handled, a danger to the tranquillity and understanding that should prevail in the American home. If she isn't, the guy who brought her home is.

Then, what to do till the doctor comes?

Problem No. 1 is to get rid of the guy. The most reliable method is to say to him, "Oh, hello, Vyvyan, old boy, I have been hoping you would show. There's been a big fellow storming around here for the past hour inquiring for you. I was going to let him in, but when I saw he had a roscoe with a bore in it about the size of a mortar I shut the door on him. He was here about fifteen or twenty minutes ago and I told him you ought to show up in half an hour or so. Stick around. There should be some excitement. But, say, just as a slight favor to us would you mind meeting the guy down the street? I didn't want to call the coppers as the man assured me that it was strictly a matter between the two of you, and that he could take care of it himself easily."

Then if you will look out the window a few minutes later you will see your wife's convoy departing hastily.

After that you can attend to the little woman. This calls for restraint which you won't have; nevertheless I'll tell you what you ought to do.

Act as though she only had a small speaking part at the party, if she happened to be there, and of the latter you are not quite sure as it was such a merry, mad festival for you you cannot remember things except through a thick fog of clamorous, pawing, calculating females.

Then ease in an apology for having neglected her. That will shoot her right down to earth as she probably has been gloating or sorry that she turned in a record performance forgetting you and playing with other fellows at the fiesta. Before she can follow up and try to pin you down on your misbehavior—if real or imaginary —put on a show of trying desperately but unsuccessfully to emerge from a cloud of confusion. You simply don't remember just what happened. Remember that!

Rush a hazy general roundup of the evening as though you felt you should make a full confession but lacked the memory and the nerve. Mutter something about wishing that women would let you alone when their passions get inflamed or when their husbands run off the reservation to lift the scalps of strange and silly squaws. That'll give the little wanderer plenty to think about. She will fill in all needed details, and far beyond fact. She'll wonder what you were doing when she was throbbing with hilarity and had no time for you.

Chances are you were disappointed in your own plans to do a bit of social exploring. Fellows usually are at parties. Looking back over a long vista of late hours, ulcers and frivolous evenings, I can recall very little definite reason for domestic brawls between young men and their wives as the aftermath of lively evenings participated in by what the late and great Ring Lardner called the opposite sects.

If the distressed young couples had been able to keep their vocal organs inactive at the right times during and after the parties, or followed the procedure recommended in the foregoing paragraphs, all would have been well.

However, the only way the sprightly and inquisitive young seem to learn is by getting burned. The best that can be done for many is to give them a bit of advice to save them from being barbecued at the matrimonial stake. And this is such counsel, whether you appreciate it now or have to experiment and take risks for the next twenty years. After that period you'll agree. #

Those in the know...ask for

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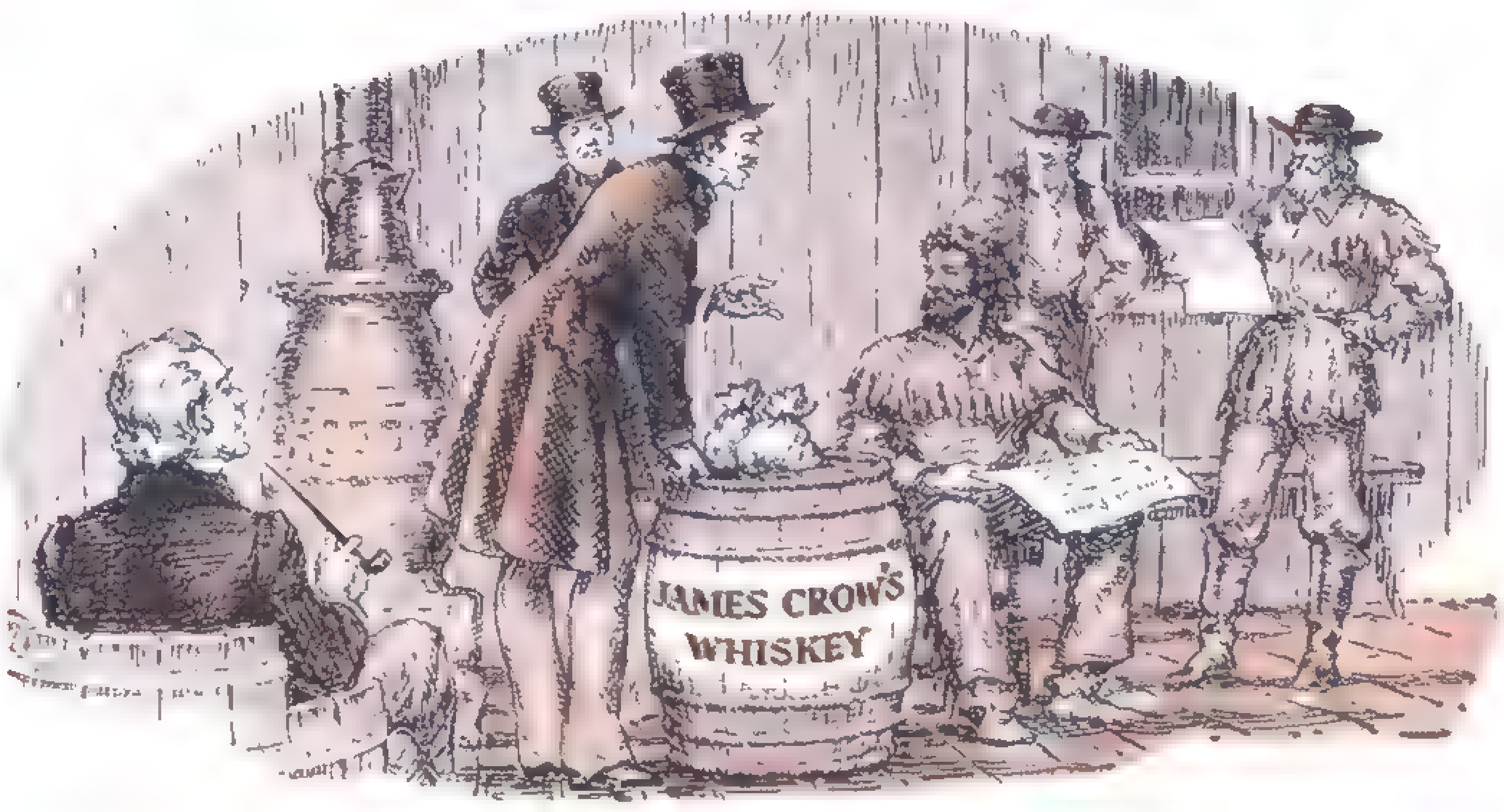
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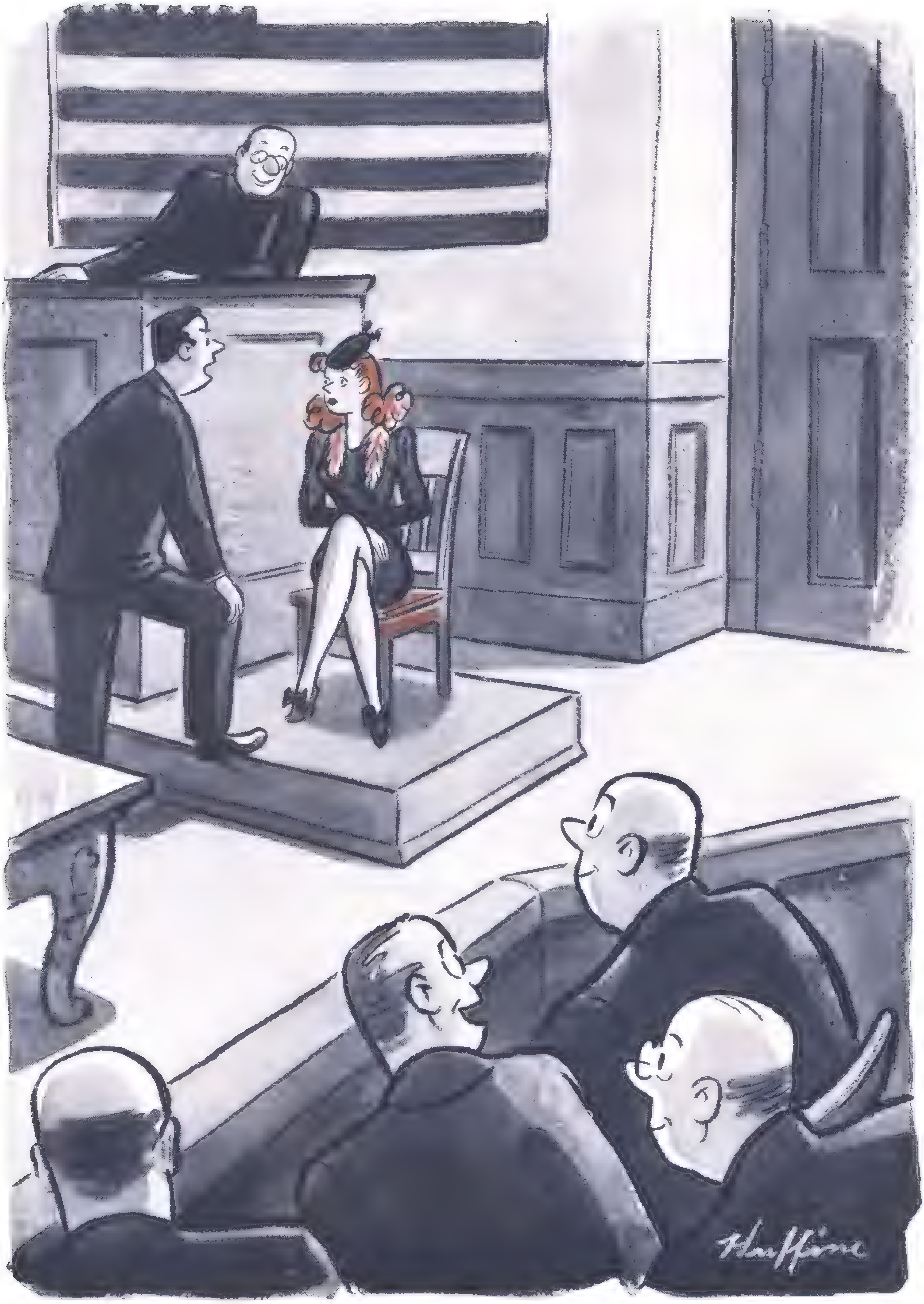


"Boy, it's nice to see evidence reconverted back to nylon!"

Gilhooley's Glamorous Club Casino

Continued from page 70

converted into a yucca palm. Stars were suspended from the ceiling like so many luminous spiders. The waiters were dressed in red sashes and sombreros, a combination which blended symphonically with their Bronx accents. The cigarette girls wore tightly wound sarongs, on the theory that Bali was as legitimate a part of the Carioca world as Flash Gilhooley's Club Casino. The main trick, anyway, was to divert your attention while you were being charged fifty cents plus a two-bit tip for a seventeen-cent pack of cigarettes.

But the floor show was where I really was going to show my directorial talent. I hired twenty-five of the most beautiful show girls in New York; I proposed to show their charms in a manner worthy of the Great Ziegfeld. The backers had no objection to my hiring them—even at a minimum of $85 a week—and they were courteous enough to compliment me on my selection. What they objected to was the Ziegfeld type of costuming. "What do you think?" they asked. "Do you want to have our license revoked?"

They insisted on a compromise costume. The girls were to walk forward dressed in crinoline, wearing little fluffy bonnets, and carrying parasols. This was the last word in conservatism. Then they were to turn. *Au derrière*, they would have on practically nothing, except, perhaps, a little pair of red swim pants. Backer Adolf Schmidt thought up this barbarism. He was a sausage maker.

"Remember," I said, "this is just the chorus line. You still have nothing in the way of entertainment. The purpose of a beautiful girl, it seems to me, is to entertain."

"Oh, for that," said Mr. Schmidt, "get some acrobats."

I ended up with tap dancers, a crooner, a femme warbler, and my two-toned reversible beauty line. The feature artist wasn't even a girl. He was an ex-G.I. whose special talent lay in his ability to make tremolos like Lionel Barrymore. During the show, band No. 1 played pieces reminiscent of the all-night disc-jockey programs. Between shows, the audience was edified by the No. 2 band which specializes in sambas. We considered the latter a particularly sophisticated touch, for we have about as many samba dancers among our customers as we have paleontologists.

The pay-off is this: by dint of boring our paying guests to the n-plus-one degree, by overcharging them on every possible score, by giving them inedible food at exorbitant rates, pushing them behind posts and into specially constructed dead ends from which it is impossible to see or hear the show; by insulting them, annoying them, and plaguing them with flash photographers, Teddy-bear vendors, and high-pressure salesmen for watered drinks, we have promoted the most successful saloon in town. To be in New York and not to be seen at Gilhooley's Club Casino is tantamount to being either a complete nobody, or a somebody with junior grade beriberi. A complete nobody, on the other hand, becomes somebody at Gilhooley's—particularly if he slips the headwaiter five bucks. (A ten-spot will give him the estate only a minor prince could enjoy—in another country.)

Each night we serve 1,500 to 2,000 bistro fans. Week ends and holiday nights around 3,300 jam the Gilhooley floor. Ten drinks cross our bar every five seconds. Our bands have steadily changing shifts; we actually employ more musicians than any other single outfit, with the possible exception of the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra. Our weekly take varies from about $45,000 to $50,000. Our yucca trees are now a spotless white, a decided improvement, we feel, over the pale yellow of the unglamourized tropics. Every day a specialist gives them a new coat of whitewash; he has never yet seen the show.

As for the line of feckless, sinuous girls in reversible vestments—that, too, has had its share of conspicuous success. At this writing, forty-six of the Gilhooley-Glamourized Galaxy have been signed for the movies. Mr. Schmidt believes that the selection was made from the back, and feels duly proud of his contribution to the cause of higher drama. When you consider that the whole line in any one show consists of only twenty-five carefully-selected show girls, our gift to the American cinema is not to be dismissed lightly.

We hold auditions for new talent twice each week, and change our show four times a year. The fact that each show is precisely like its predecessor is no reflection on the impartiality of our auditions. Many are called, as the saying goes, but few are chosen. Mr. Schmidt likes to help with the choosing.

Suppose we pay an imaginary visit to Gilhooley's Club Casino and see precisely how our well-oiled system operates. You have been in New York a week now, working hard. You are very tired. You have a girl; a tender, exotic, sensitive girl. You are anxious to spend a suave, stimulating evening with her; you are prepared to squander the tail end of your expense account.

Very well. You call for her and taxi up to the impressive entrance of our streamlined saloon. A man who looks like a refugee from Devil's Island opens the door for you. He is still wearing his mosquito helmet because as far as he knows this is still the tropics.

You pay and tip your taxi driver, then you tip our malaria fighter. He greets you cordially as he pockets the tip. You are not inside yet; courtesy is in order. A major-domo corrals you and steers you to the check room. A very bored blonde, tall and world-weary, condescends to take your coat and hat. As she gives you your check, her pale, manicured hand directs your eye to a saucer containing nothing but half-dollar pieces. Your girl's wraps, of course, must be checked in the ladies' room. We are very puritanical about such things.

You wind slowly down a staircase until you come to the hall of the Grand Inquisitor. Here you are barred by Tony, the headwaiter. He has been trained to make you feel that you have come to the wrong place—that what you really want is the Automat.

"You have a reservation, sir?" he asks, indifferently, as if you were the Afghanistan representative seeking a seat at the Peace Conference. You explain that while you don't have a reservation, you were hoping that somehow you might get a table. The headwaiter looks very sad. This is an extraordinary situation. The same procedure is gone through, incidentally, even if you do have a reservation. In the latter eventuality, someone, for reasons unknown, has neglected to enter your name in the Golden Book.

With some embarrassment, because you don't want to hurt his feelings, you touch your palm to his, meanwhile transferring some legal tender of the U.S. Treasury. Suddenly the headwaiter remembers a table which had previously escaped his attention. Possibly you could have that. Meanwhile would you please sit at the bar and have a drink? He will call you.

You take your girl back upstairs and sit at the bar. Everything, as you would expect by now, is sympathetically tropical. After the two of you have quaffed a total of six drinks, at eighty-five cents each, your table is ready. An emissary taps you imperatively on the shoulder. You settle your bar check, leave a seventy-five cent tip, and go downstairs to your place of honor. This turns out to be a table the size of a bottle cap set midway between the back of the orchestra and the kitchen. The noise of the orchestra drowns out any attempt you might make at polite conversation. Each waiter who comes out of the kitchen trips over your chair.

Tony then comes up and uses his personal influence to suggest that you have something to drink. You indulge in another couple of rounds before your order is taken. By this time you are no longer able to read. You thus miss the cheery information conveyed by a card on the table saying that "The Gilhooley Club Casino has no cover charge—only a minimum." This, of course, is an entirely academic communication, for you are already committed well beyond the minimum.

When you pick up the menu, you realize how moderate our charges are. There is one table-d'hôte special which is an extraordinary buy: chow mein at only $3.75. As a gesture of noblesse, however, you have to ask your girl if she wouldn't like a nice juicy sirloin; or perhaps breast of guinea hen. Those are the other specials—at $5.75. You take a deep breath and shoot the works.

At this moment Maria arrives—the fortuneteller. She reads your girl's hand, announcing that she is in love with a handsome young man (describing you), and that she will be married within the year. The charge is whatever you want to pay, which is to say $2.00, *prix fixe*.

With the shrimp cocktails comes the girl photographer who's avowed aim is to make a rogues gallery shot of the two of you *in flagrante*. If you are persistent, you can usually dispose of her. You can also shoo away the gardenia girl and the Teddy-bear girl—but this calls for poise and practice. If your own girl is two sheets to the wind and coy, you can easily dispose of more cash.

The steaks are entirely inedible; but the management has counted on the narcotic effects of the earlier libations to paralyze your critical faculties. Most customers wolf down this re-processed leather in an effort to regain sobriety.

Suddenly the room darkens. The horns blare out a brave fanfare. The famous Gilhooley Galaxy is about to circumnavigate. The show is on.

Fortunately, you are spared this phase of the torture, for from your place behind the orchestra, all you can see is the spotlight. This has been designed to shoot a thousand candle power beam straight into your eyes.

After dinner the rules permit your getting up and dancing. There is no point in bothering about this, though; nothing short of a bulldozer could get you through the periphery of the sardine basin. Unless, of course, you want to samba; then you can have the floor to yourself. If you are drunk enough, you'll take it.

Dazed, wearied, with a splitting headache and an empty wallet, you stagger out of our wonderful tropical saloon. Wearily you say to your girl, "I guess I'm getting old; I can't take night life the way I did when I was fresh from college." She smiles consolingly.

But there is nothing wrong with you, my friend. You were not having night life. What you got was Gilhooley's Anti-gossamer Gilt-edge Works.

Now you understand why I'm a radical. One of these days, when I don't need any backers, I'm going to open up a diner. The place will be cool, spacious, quiet, and seductive. You will be served by the most beautiful girls in the world. In the far distance you will hear the voice of a nightingale and the soft throbbing of a solitary flute. And all you have to order is a good, five-cent cup of coffee. #

Esquire's All-American Jazz Band, 1947

Continued from page 45

competition as Roy Eldridge, Buck Clayton, Charlie Shavers and Cootie Williams.

Trombone. Woody Herman's tram sensation of the previous poll, Bill Harris, scores again with a point total second only to Benny Goodman's on clarinet. Bill more than held his own; he stayed way out in front with a big vibrato, a tone on slow tunes to make your scalp creep, and ideas which add up to a truly original style. Vic Dickenson and Lawrence Brown finished in the silver-award and runner-up spots.

Alto Sax. Benny Carter, who narrowly squeezed past Johnny Hodges in '46, continued steadily ahead in this year's balloting, but only after a fairly close contest with Harry James' Willie Smith and Hodges himself. Willie's high score is another point for those who argue that good jazzmen can hold down chairs in big commercial outfits without hurting their ability. Hodges' slipping is blamed by the experts on his recent loving affection for sweet rather than hot.

Tenor Sax. On the big horn, the Bean maintains his first place spot on reputation plus known ability, though there were some critics who insisted he hadn't been trying very hard during the past season. This year, Lester Young, finally out of the Army and thus able to play where he could be heard, gave the Hawk a real battle all the way to the wire, bowing out by a six-point margin. Don Byas, Georgie Auld and Flip Phillips trailed the two award winners in that order.

Clarinet. The clarinet balloting, as usual, found no contest, with Benny running like the dream horse of all two-dollar bettors—breaking on top, lengthening his lead on the backstretch and closing with a rush down the stretch. He topped the balloting in total points with fifty-two and beat second-place Barney Bigard by a full thirty-seven points. Maybe BG has been coasting as they say, but he evidently does as well in second as other clarinetists do in third. For the record, Buddy de Franco, Irv Fazola and Edmond Hall led the also-rans.

Piano. Balloting on pianists turned out closer than the pages of a manuscript. Gold Award winner, Teddy Wilson, eked a one-point photo-finish victory over Art Tatum and King Cole who dead-heated for second. Erroll Garner and Mary Lou Williams who led the rest of the field were far from outdistanced. Teddy's winning point total was a puny sixteen, which indicates how close the voting was and how many pianists received support.

Guitar. The experts had as much difficulty separating the guitarists as they did the pianists. Oscar Moore of the King Cole Trio finally came out on top, but with only a fourteen-point total score. Barney Kessell followed him three points back, with Dave Barbour being nosed out for the place. Zeb Julian stayed with the boys till the finish.

Drums. One of the real surprises of the '46 jazz season was the critical acclaim finally bestowed on the spectacular yet tasteful drumming of Buddy Rich. Buddy has been called everything from a show-off to a mugger, but for all his explosiveness on solos, he keeps as fine a beat as any drummer in the world. Last year's gold Esky winner, Dave Tough, takes over the Silver Award chair this season, beating out Jo Jones (back with Basie and better than ever) and his own replacement with Woody Herman, the sensational Don Lamond.

"Oh, that—a midget had this apartment"

Bass. Woody Herman's spectacular fat boy, Chubby Jackson, scored a close repeat victory in this year's poll. There were some critical rumblings about Chubby getting a little careless lately, but when the votes were tallied it was Jackson by a slim two points over Ed Safranski, pride of Stan Kenton and the West Coast. The old bowing master, Slam Stewart, finished a bang-up third, followed by Red Callender and Al McKibbon.

Miscellaneous Instruments. Again it's the balding redhead of the fabulous beat and wonderful ideas. Mr. Norvo, playing very fine for Herman, just as he played in the past for Goodman and for himself, scored a solid win in the miscellaneous instruments class, beating out Harry Carney, his vibes rival, Lionel Hampton, the perennial Sidney Bechet and last year's runner-up, Stuff Smith.

Arranger. This was another tough one for the experts, with the Duke being challenged by Boyd Raeburn's modernist, George Handy. The latter's controversial writing for the controversial Raeburn aggregation is catching on and marks him as a man to watch on future polls. But when it was all over this year, Mr. Edward Kennedy Ellington was on top where he usually finishes. Ralph Burns, whose arrangements have done so much for the Herman Herd, captured third place, with the reliables, Eddie Sauter and Sy Oliver finishing four-five in that order.

Orchestra. In this category, the Duke again had things pretty much his own way, with Woody Herman scoring a repeat for the Silver Award. Several votes for Ellington were cast with misgivings, some of the critics noting that the loss of stars hurt the band. Meanwhile, Woody Herman held a steady pace as a crowd pleaser who could also provide good jazz and Count Basie made the boys know he was back in force. A feature of the balloting was the strength shown by Boyd Raeburn's experimental outfit. Stan Kenton's modernist kick also seems to have begun paying off.

Male Singer. The guttural voice of Louis was preferred again this year in a contest that found King Cole capturing the Silver Award, with Herb Jeffries third. But the gratifying surprise of the entire balloting was the support given Frank Sinatra. For all his sentimental, premeditated balladeering, Frankie has been singing with real jazz feeling right along, and his voice has been consistently on pitch—a distinction which makes him practically alone among singers. Anyhow, the hero of the female youth finished fourth in the poll, just a step ahead of those two solid stylists, Louis Jordan and Jack Teagarden.

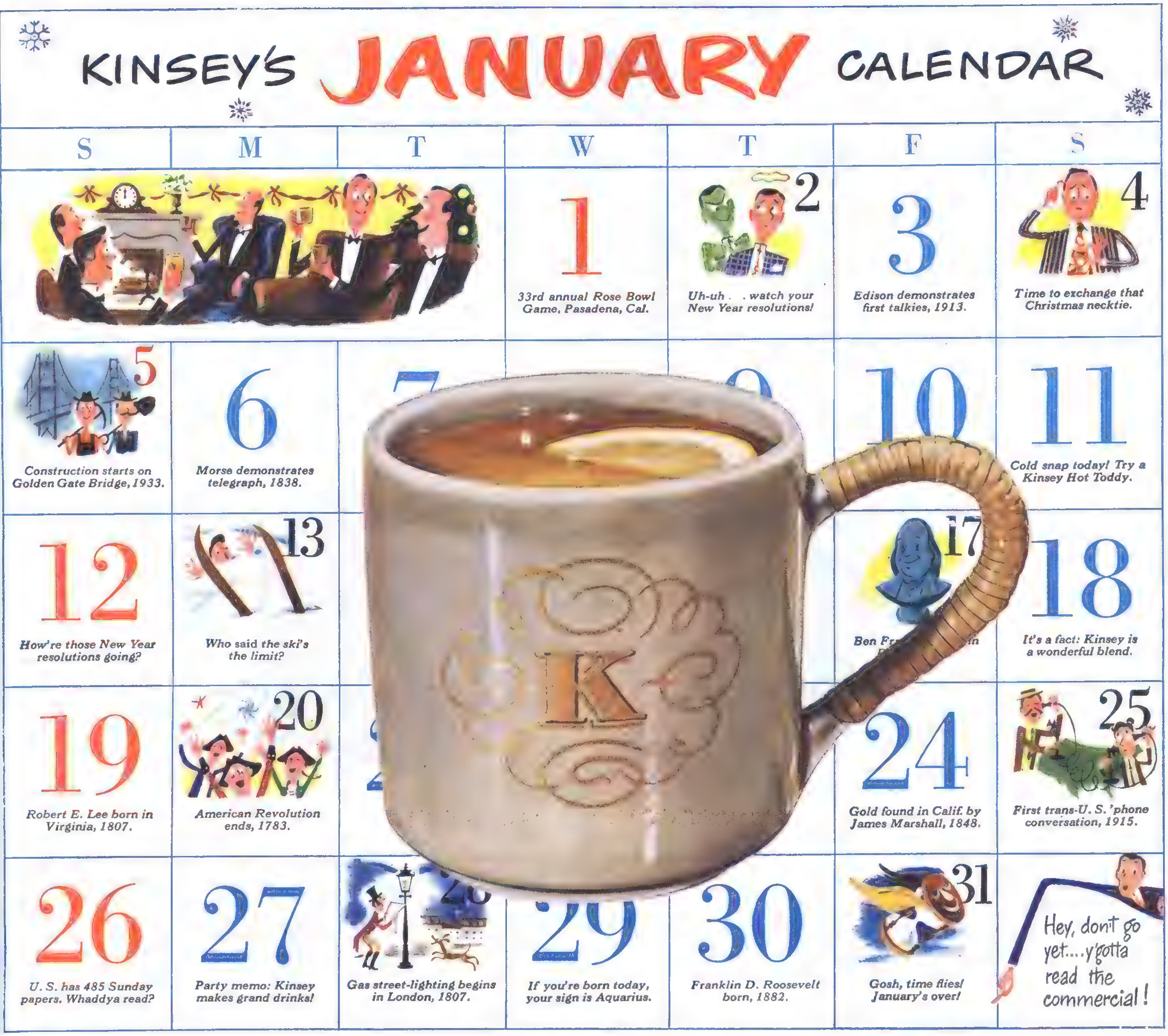
Female Singer. The boxed results don't tell the whole story on this category by any means. For you could have thrown an upswept hair-do over five of the finalists and none of them would have suffered a chill. The winner, Billie Holiday, scored twenty-two points, one more than runner-up Ella Fitzgerald, three more than Sara Vaughan, six more than Mildred Bailey, only nine more than fifth-placer, Peggy Lee. A little added support here and there and the positions could have been reversed for all the gals.

New Star Awards. As might be expected, balloting for new stars failed to turn up more than a couple of personalities who were standouts on their instruments. According to poll tradition, ballots were cast by previous gold and silver Esky winners, musicians themselves, and since musicians get around and since, in the last analysis, their tastes vary as considerably as those of listeners, there was immense diversity in their votes. Only Sara Vaughan, Sonny Stitt and Milton Jackson scored what could be called clear-cut victories. The balance of the contests were so extremely close that one or two votes could have reshuffled the whole pack.

And so—that's the Esquire All-American Jazz Band for 1947. Some of our pollees submitted their ballots with postscripts about how they knew their choices were fine but wondered if they could actually play together as a unit. We subscribe to the theory that they could—whatever their stylistic and background differences. We do this because we know they are finished musicians first and soloists second, because they all aptly fit that treasured phrase musicians at liberty used to employ when advertising for jobs: "Read, Fake, Plenty Hot." That's the way the experts—and public—like 'em.

Obviously, it can't be told now how this all-star outfit stacks up historically. Off the record, though, we think it would cut any dream band ever assembled. Jazz is a creative art in which the music of the past, good as it was, serves as a four-bar vamp. What we get from the All-Americans of 1947 is music of today and tomorrow. ⌗

KINSEY'S JANUARY CALENDAR



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			1 33rd annual Rose Bowl Game, Pasadena, Cal.	2 Uh-uh . . . watch your New Year resolutions!	3 Edison demonstrates first talkies, 1913.	4 Time to exchange that Christmas necktie.
5 Construction starts on Golden Gate Bridge, 1933.	6 Morse demonstrates telegraph, 1838.				10	11 Cold snap today! Try a Kinsey Hot Toddy.
12 How're those New Year resolutions going?	13 Who said the ski's the limit?				17 Ben Fr	18 It's a fact: Kinsey is a wonderful blend.
19 Robert E. Lee born in Virginia, 1807.	20 American Revolution ends, 1783.				24 Gold found in Calif. by James Marshall, 1848.	25 First trans-U. S. 'phone conversation, 1915.
26 U. S. has 485 Sunday papers. Whaddya read?	27 Party memo: Kinsey makes grand drinks!	Gas street-lighting begins in London, 1807.	29 If you're born today, your sign is Aquarius.	30 Franklin D. Roosevelt born, 1882.	31 Gosh, time flies! January's over!	Hey, don't go yet....y'gotta read the commercial!

Let's usher in the bright New Year with Kinsey Toddies and good cheer!

One of January's *nicest* events is the enjoyment of a delightful Hot Toddy made with superbly smooth Kinsey Whiskey. Here's how:

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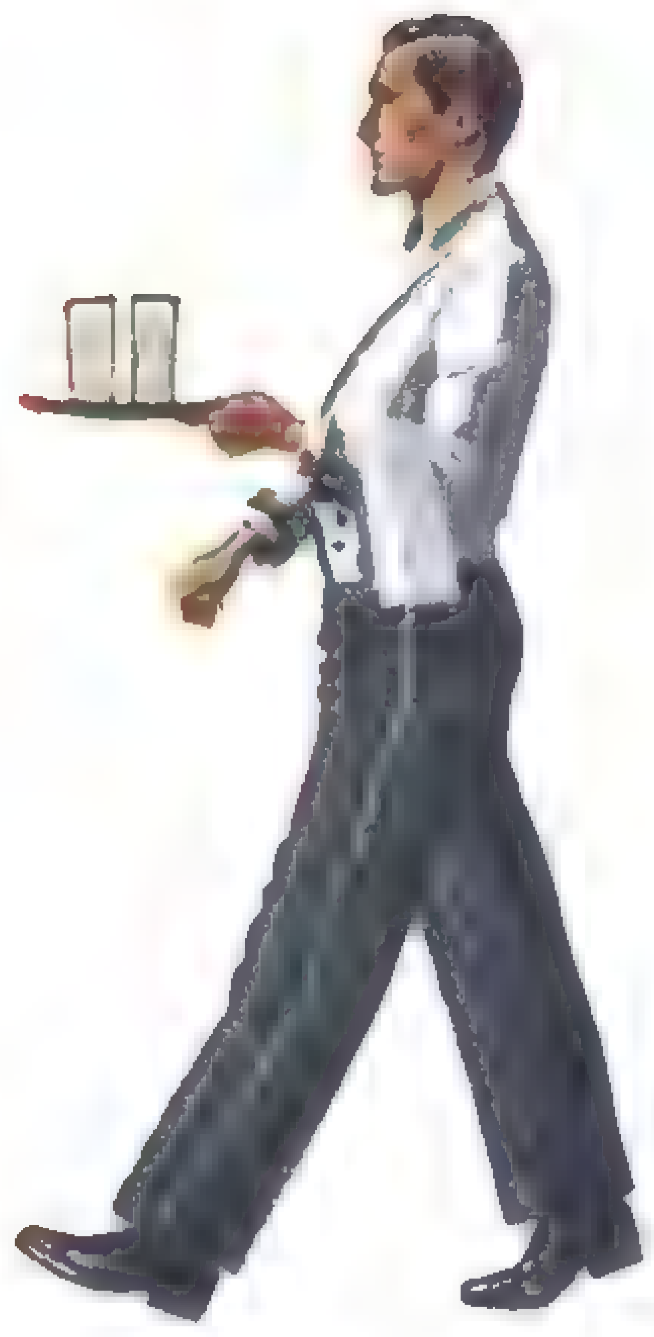
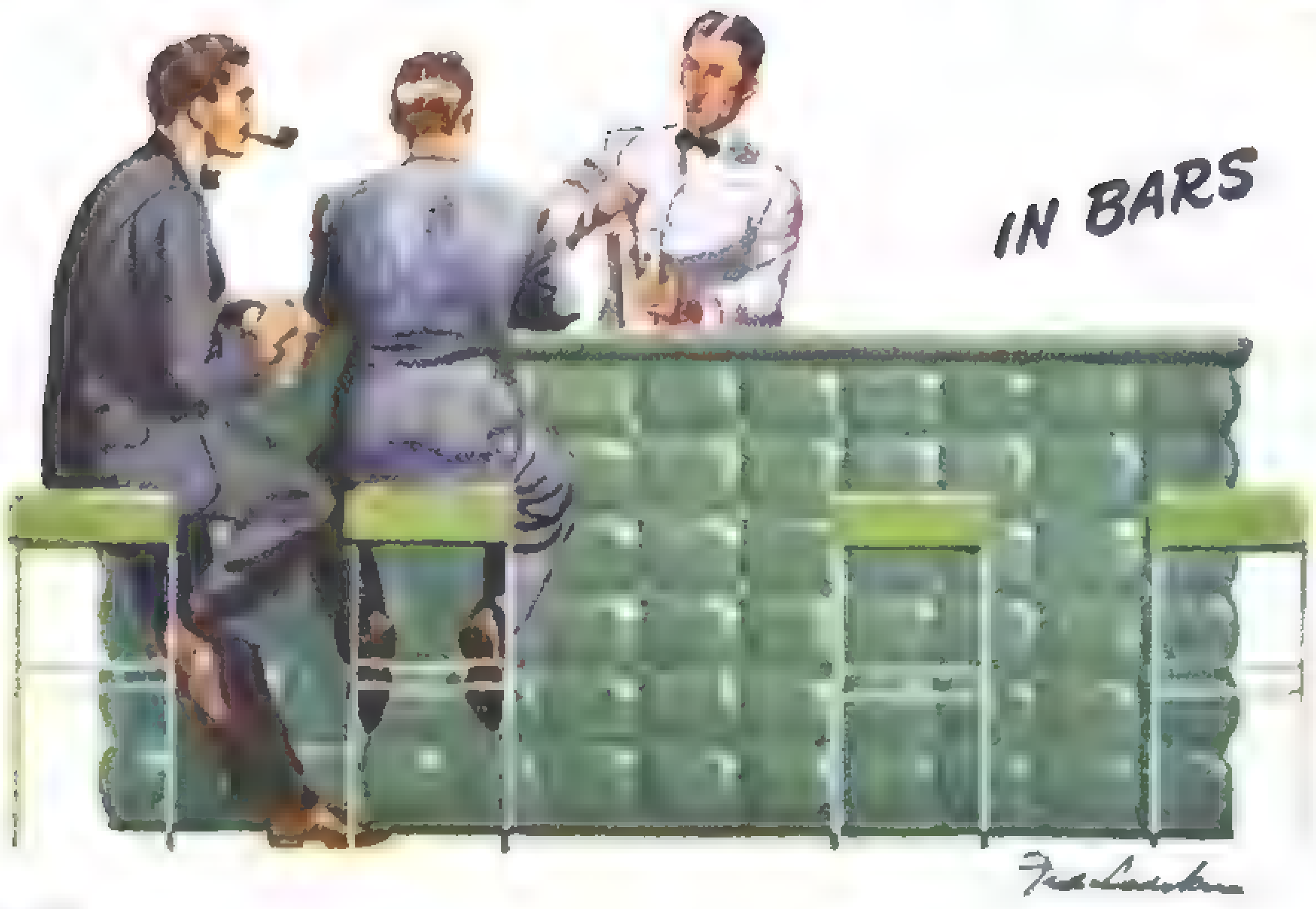
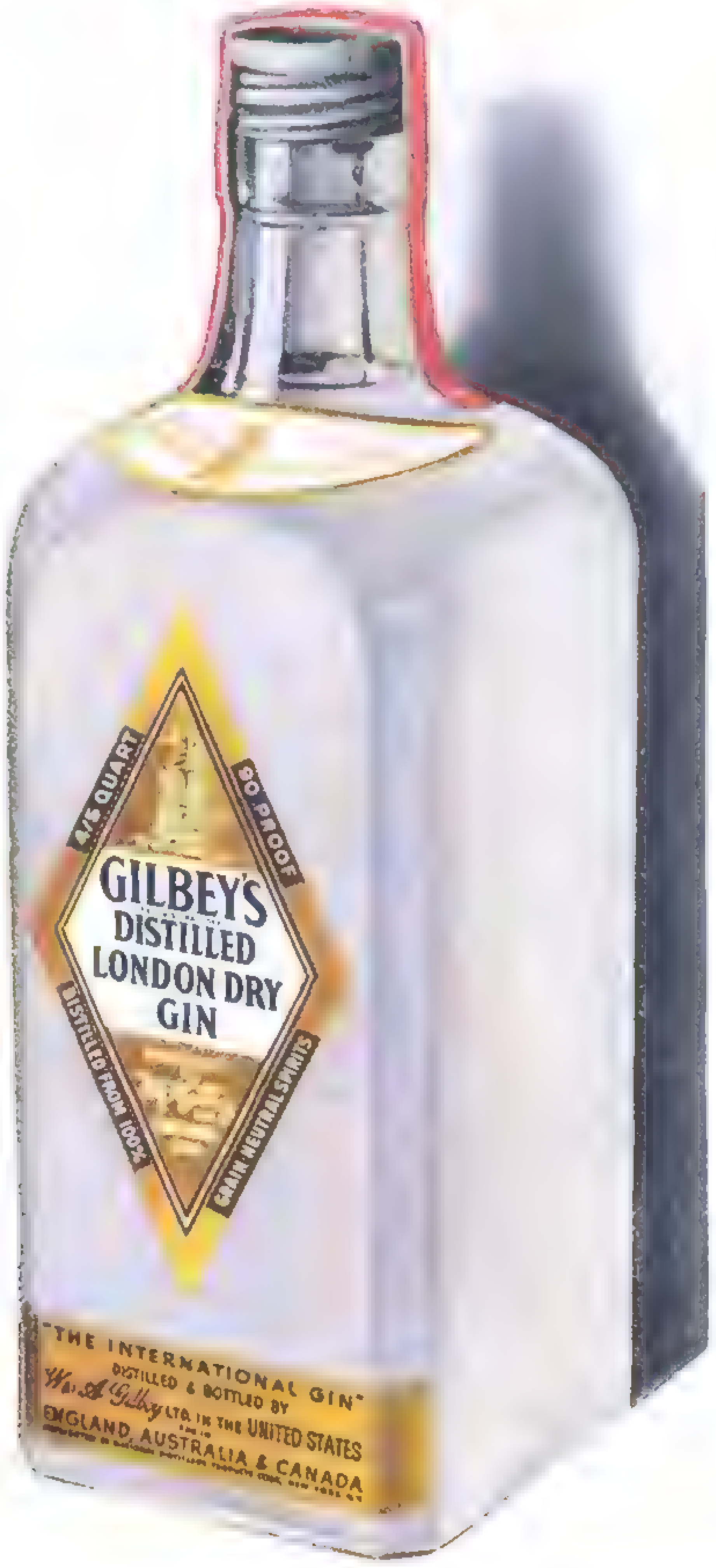


IN RESTAURANTS

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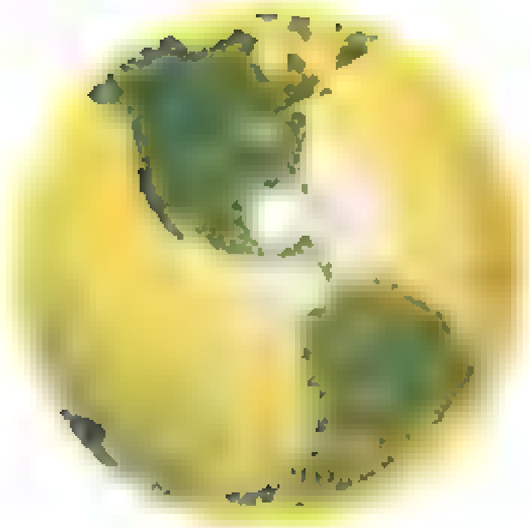

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Concerning The Mop

Continued from page 42

I say, Jack—when The Mop does blow, everybody in town strains to get there. Just like tonight.

What he's puttin' down here is blues, snakey blues. Slow, draggy, snakey blues. And every now and then he's slidin' into a weird phrase that comes out as the sound of a human voice and not as a clarinet at all. It's a woman's voice; a woman singin'. The first time I ever heard it I couldn't get the words, but lately it's been comin' out clear as if she was singin' in your ear.

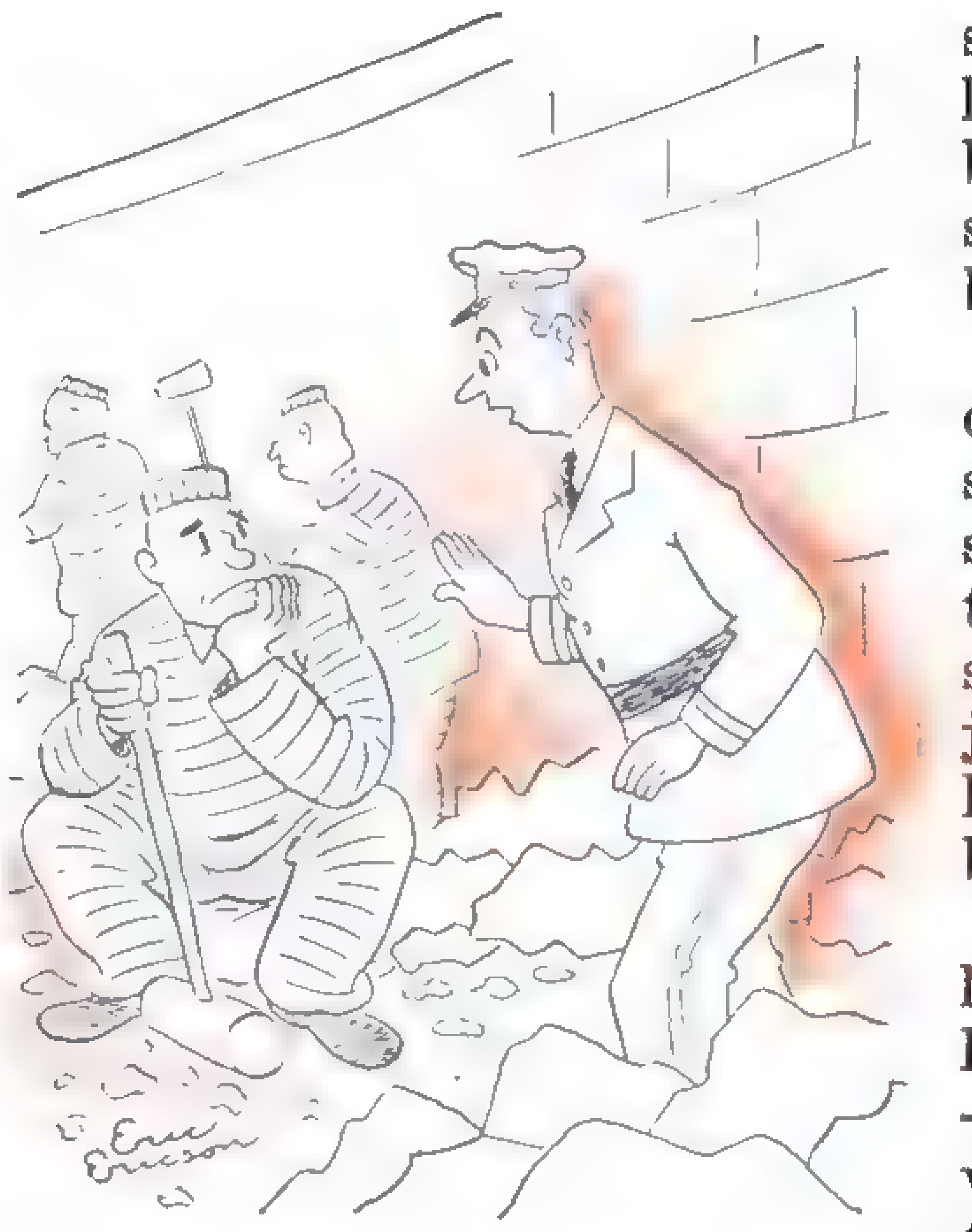
Singin':

Baby, baby—blues runnin' through
my head.
Baby, baby—blues hangin' roun' my
bed.
Woke up without you, baby—
Wish I'd woke up dead.

And as though this ain't enough these notes also come out smellin' like a woman. Even in this smoky, whiskey-filled air you can smell perfume—fine perfume—a kind you've never smelled before but one that you'll never forget as long as you breathe. It ain't too strong but it's solid in there—like Dave Tough's drumbeat. It's sorta sneakin' up on you and makin' you know it. Makes you look round to see if some chick ain't actually in the room somewhere, back in the shadows maybe.

Bout this time The Mop half-raises himself outa his chair, twists his face all outa shape and starts squeezin' out a long, mad chorus that raises his hair clear up. And the perfume gets so strong it goes straight to my head.

I lose track of all the things you think about when you're awake, conscious, sober. Seems I'm floatin' round somewhere in space, feelin' stuff no natural man was built to feel. Up. Back. Around I go. Whirlin'—Driftin'—OOoooo . . . Daddy-O, I'm in 8th heaven!



"Come now, you mustn't feel so discouraged about your work"

About a million years later, POOF! I'm back on earth. Back in this smoke-stuffed room. And I notice men movin' about, silently. Movin' toward the door, quietly. No one speaks a word. With all the people down here you'd think there would be a shufflin' of feet. It's like I remember church used to be. Dead quiet.

Then up ahead somebody moans out these words,

"Ah'm gonna tho' mah ho'n in the rivah."

That's all that's said. Nobody else makes a sound. Everyone files out the door.

I look back. The place is empty except for the smoke and table and chairs and things. Then I see him. He's still sittin' there slumped down in his chair with his horn in his hands, his eyes closed, his head bowed, his big mess of hair hangin' down quiet.

The Mop is through blowin'.

I close the door easy and walk up to the street again.

I don't know whether I've gone two blocks or two miles, when I dig this chick standin' under a light.

I must be half a block away when I first spot her, but even at that distance she's beautiful. And there's somethin' about her so different. It ain't the clothes, cause she's wearin' a cheap black dress; but maybe it's just the way she's standin' there. She's got a stand on her like you find on Park Avenue chicks, like you never find on regular hustlers.

Needless to say, I waste no time makin' the pitch and the next thing I know we're walkin' away arm in arm, and not like two people just out strollin', either. For the first time tonight I'm walkin' with an aim in my walk.

And then it happens.

We hadn't walked but a few steps when I start smellin' that perfume that comes outa The Mop's clarinet. And this time it is comin' from her.

My ol' heart starts jumpin' and I can feel the sweat start tricklin' down my back and I try to say somethin' but can't.

And then what does she do but start singin' very softly to herself the blues, the same blues I had just got through hearin' The Mop blow on his horn.

It hits just like lightnin'; cuts like a razor slice—this woman I'm walkin' with is the very woman that was down in that smoke-filled room tonight! There could only be one woman in the world like the woman The Mop blows outa his clarinet and this is her. The way she smells, the way she sings, hell, even the way she feels. It's her!

I start tremblin' all over and finally I just can't stand it no longer. I give my arm a twist and get free from her and I turn and start runnin' just as fast as my legs will go. There's not a soul on the street and I run and run till I'm clear gone.

Then I sit down on the curb and try to get my breath—and try to think.

But I can't figure nothin' out. I don't know if this woman is The Mop's wife or some chick he's in love with or what.

All I know is, by God, she was down in that room tonight and came outa The Mop's clarinet. ###

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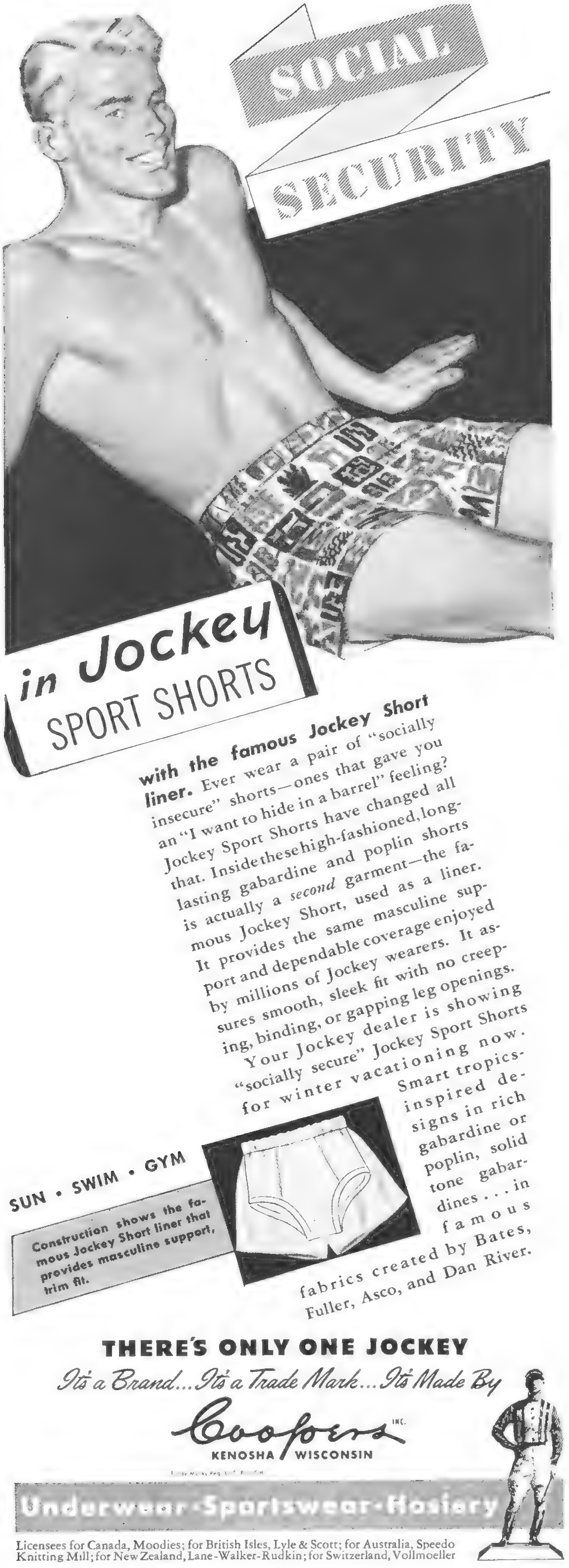
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A Glass of Milk

Continued from page 53

with no relative except a brother, Timothy Cole.

"He inherits," I said, brilliantly.

"Only he."

"So?"

"We check. He's a mousy little mug, sales manager for an ice-cream company at a hundred and a quarter a week. Worked all day today, even had his lunch sent in. With thirty-nine witnesses, the office staff, to back that up."

The Peacock Bar, dressed up in neons, welcomed us with a warm breath of cheery sound. There were three bartenders now. I drew a bead on handsome High-shoulders and we wedged through.

"Hello," I said.

"Hello."

"Two ryes. Soda."

"You off the milk?"

I laughed. "Tell him," I said, and I pointed a pinky at Parker.

"Milk," he said. "Your friend here cushions it with milk in the afternoon. Ha."

"What time?" Parker said.

"About four o'clock. Huh?"

He poured the rye from a valved nozzle stuck in the tip of the bottle and Parker gulped it and I gulped it and we drank soda and High-shoulders wielded his slop rag and I said, "Ha, ha. Tell him about the other one."

"What other one?"

"That other glass of milk up at the end of the bar. The woman in the yellowish suit."

He stopped wiping and he leaned on the rag, stiff-arm, and he squinted like a man fighting dust on a windy street.

"I can't say I do."

"Up at the end of the bar. Blonde, with flowers in her hat. She left about the same time I did. A little before. Think, man. It might be important."

"More rye?" he said.

"Yeah," Parker said.

He shook whiskey into the little glasses. He brought up a fresh little fat-bellied bottle of soda.

"Nope," he said. "I'm on from one to ten. I see a million of them. With flowers, and without."

I made little circles with the bottom of my glass. Parker swallowed rye. I swallowed rye.

"Try again," I said. "It wasn't crowded then. Up there at the end with a glass of milk . . ."

He put a thumbnail to his teeth and he nudged it audibly. "Nope," he said. "I'm sorry, brother. I hope I'm not spoiling nothing."

"Thanks, anyway," I said.

Parker paid him.

Outside, Parker said, "What now?"

"Now we visit Timothy Cole."

"He's been visited."

I said, "Lieutenant, you're a friend of mine. From here on in, let me do it my way. Alone. Something stinks. There's more one can do, ethically, without a minion hampering him. A detective-lieutenant minion, yet."

He got in one door and I got in the other and he snapped on the dingus with the words and listened and then turned it off.

"If there's more one can do," he said, "ethically or otherwise, it's fine by me. Only when does one start doing? Anything; let alone more."

"I'm doing," I said.

He drove up to West End Avenue, with the dingus on and me low on my spine listening to scratchy voices tell the same story over and over but changing up the names. At Eighty-third Street, he clicked it off and he pulled over in front of a high apartment house with a doorman.

"Fancy," I said.

"Rent, ninety-five a month. Three rooms. Apartment 9G."

"Will you wait here, please, Louis?"

I got into an automatic elevator and I squeezed 9 and then I pushed the bell of 9G and a little guy with freckles on top of his bald head opened the door.

"Timothy Cole?"

"Yes, sir."

"Chambers, police department."

"Yes, but . . . please come in."

He led me along a long, thin hallway and then he opened a glass, latticed, shirred-curtained door and I was in a nice-looking drawing room; baby grand with an embroidered scarf, silver vase with artificial flowers, fireplace, cocktail table with mirrored top, shining drapes. The works.

He sat down. "The police," he said, "have talked to us."

"Follow-up," I said. "Routine."

He was a small sour-smelling man with an up-hinged nose and a porcine face and tobacco stain along the edges of his teeth.

"How many are you?" I asked.

"Just my wife and myself."

"About your sister. Did you know any of her boy friends?"

"Nary," he said, "a one."

"Nary," I said, musingly, and I wondered about my next move, and then it was made for me.

From outside, a high voice sang: "Is it the taxi man, dearie?"

"No—" he started to say.

A woman came into the room.

The woman was Abigail Christenberry.

Her eyes buttonholed; a small lump showed at the hinge of her jaw. Nothing else.

"How do you do?" I said.

"How do you do?" she said.

"Mr. Chambers," Timothy Cole said.

"Are you the taxi man?" she said.

"I am the milkman," I said.

"He's from the police," explained Timothy Cole.

"Timothy," she said, "will you please close my Gladstone? I'm having so much trouble with it."

He went away.

"How do you do?" I said. "Remember me?"

"I do not."

"Peter Chambers."

"Who are you?"

"Let's leave it like your husband said. From the police. A few questions. Follow up. Routine."

"We have already been questioned."

"One more question, then."

"Yes?"

"About that Gladstone. You think you're going somewhere?"

"I am taking a trip to Florida. It has been planned for a long time. I am leaving tonight. I told that to the police this afternoon. Nobody objected."

"That's all," I said. "Thank you. Tell your husband good-bye."

I trotted through the hallway and I jiggled in the elevator and I pranced across the lobby and I patted the lower back of the doorman and I crowded into the police car and bestowed a return kiss upon the damp and untranquil forehead of detective-lieutenant Parker.

"For what?" he said.

"Case closed."

"You hope."

"I think."

"Now what?"

"Now you go to work on that two-way dingus of yours and have a couple of your boys usher Mrs. Timothy Cole downtown."

Parker mashed a hand across his face. "Look, Chambers. There's a thing, I think they call it false arrest. You know?"

"I know that when the Lieutenant wishes to be naïve he forgets there is also proper and necessary questioning of a material witness. Put her on ice. By very special request. You'll either let her go in a little while or you'll book her for something. I've done you a few favors in my time. You said you'd play it my way."

He put both hands up and washed at his face. Then he sucked at a knuckle. Then he shoved his hat back and scratched with his left hand. Then he shifted hands and covered one eye and folded his nose with his fingers. He didn't have time to start gouging at his eyes.

"Look who's here," I said.

Mrs. Timothy Cole, in a lovely fox jacket, handed two suitcases to the doorman and the doorman put them down on the sidewalk and started blowing a pip-squeak whistle for a cab.

Parker squeezed his lips together and he looked at me, upward and unhappily; then he got out and went around the front of the car and he joined the party on the sidewalk; fur jacket, suitcases, pip-squeak whistle and all—but with gestures.

Then the doorman stopped whistling and went back to his door, and Parker picked up the suitcases, and in no time we were rolling, a cozy party in the front seat, slightly smelling of perfume.

"This man," the lady said, and she wriggled her right shoulder. "Who is this man?"

"A private detective. I met him coming out of your apartment house."

"He called upon us. He told us he was a police officer."

"A police officer," Parker said. He got his right hand up and around and in back of his head and he tilted his hat and it slid down to his nose. "Impersonating an officer. Do you wish to prefer charges, lady?"

"No."

Silence.

Then, "Will this take long, Lieutenant?"

"No," he said. "Just some questions."

He stopped at the detective precinct on West Sixty-eighth Street and he delivered her. He took Detective Kidd and Detective Oren aside and he said, "I'm sorry about the gin rummy. I need a tomato pigeonholed. She's a sister-in-law of an Abigail Christenberry, got cooled today. Maybe you read about it. Ask her questions, or something, but don't get funny. I'll pick her up."

He hooked his arm in mine, chummily; and we went down the precinct steps and I didn't like the way he said: "I'm still playing it your way. It had better be good."

I got in the car and he got in the car and I said, "The lady has aplomb, which maybe she has good reason to have. I hope not." And he said, "I don't know what that means. It had still better be good. Where to?"

I looked at my watch. It was a quarter to ten.

"The Peacock Bar."

He looked at me. He didn't say anything. He poked the starter.

Once I said, "Thanks, Louis." Later I said, "We've been kicking it around in the frothy wise-guy manner, and you haven't stuck your nose in at all, for which, thanks again. But if I got it figured right, it's mean and cussed and diabolical."

"Diabolical," he said. "Well, it better be good and diabolical."

He parked a few yards up from the Peacock Bar and he slid his hat down toward his nose again and he slumped with his knees high and he drummed on the steering wheel, and, obviously, he didn't see me shift the .38 from the holster to the outside pocket of my coat, not unless he was stone blind.

"Stick with it," I said.

I wore out the sidewalk in front of the Peacock Bar and I smoked a couple of cigarettes and I watched the revolving door until it produced High-shoulders, spruce in an expensive beat-up felt hat and a navy blue camel's-hair coat.

I tapped his elbow and he looked surprised and he said, "Huh?" and I didn't fiddle around. I said: "The lump in my pocket is a gun and I will use it if you make me. I'm in trouble."

"Sure," he said.

"Where you heading for?"

"Home."

"How do we go?"

"We walk."

On Forty-third Street near Lexington Avenue, we went up the stoop-steps of a brownstone house, and then there was a little lobby and a steep flight of stairs and then he put a key in a door. I had the gun out of my pocket

Continued on page 132

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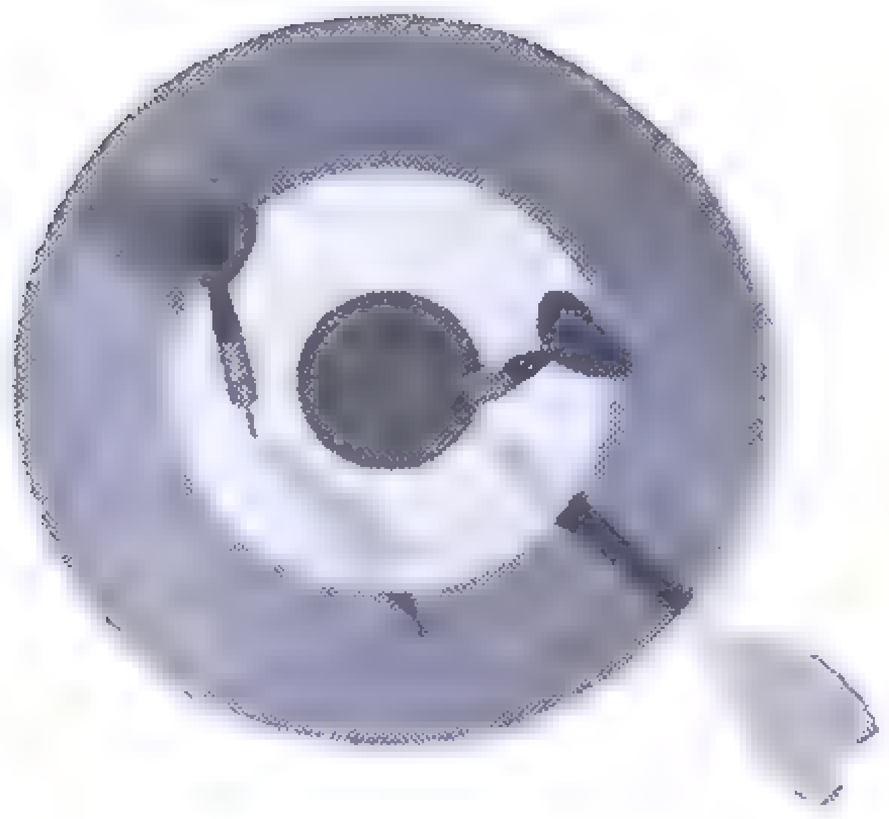

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A Glass of Milk

Continued from page 131

and in my hand. High-shoulders opened up and then he switched on a light and he took his hat off and he turned around. I smashed the flat of the gun against the side of his face, hard and scrapingly.

Blood ran down his collar.

He stumbled, but he stayed up.

I feinted with my left hand and he ducked and I slashed with the middle of the gun again, with all my strength, on the same side of his face. I heard the vomit-inspiring sound of splintering bone, and the cheek opened wide and deep with a long-hanging flap of wrinkled flesh. Blood came faster and thicker and in clots, and my mouth was very dry and I closed my teeth hard.

He was a big guy. He didn't go down. He swung all the way around and he waved a balled-up left and it caught me high, under the ear, with all the force of the full pivot, and I sprawled over against the wall and I shook my head like a punk at the Garden, and then I heard the click and I saw him throw it and I rolled over and the knife made a gong of the wall.

I reached out for it and I sat there like a cockeyed arsenal, a knife in my left hand and a gun in my right hand, and I watched him come at me, stiff-legged and large, and he didn't look at all pretty and maybe I got panicky or maybe I meant it, but I pulled the thing. I kept it low. It got him in the thigh and he grunted, but he kept coming and then suddenly he went down on his knees, and he stayed that way, upright, like he was praying. He made bubbling sounds.

I pushed the blade of the knife against the floor and I folded it and put it in my pocket and I got to him and I took his hair in my hand and I said, "What's your name?" and he didn't answer.

I pulled his head back and his Adam's apple stuck out like he had a throat full of marbles and I said, "Name?" and he didn't answer, so I slapped the good side of his face, and he said, "Peter Stephan Yupt."

"Of course," I said. "Don't go 'way."

I opened the door and I ran downstairs and Parker was pacing the little lobby like it was the men's room in a maternity hospital and he looked at the gun in my hand and he said, "I didn't think it was backfire. I was just about to come a-calling only I didn't know which door. I hope you know what you're doing." We went upstairs.

He took one look at Mr. Yupt and took out the leather case and flashed the yellow badge.

"Lieutenant Parker," he said. "Homicide."

"The gentleman's name is Peter," I said.

"The hell with that. From now on we play it my way. Sit down."

"Maybe we ought to take care of Peter's leg first," I said.

There was a spreading wetness on his trouser leg that didn't look good. We put him on a leather couch and we took his pants off. The hole was bubbling blood like a sprung toilet pipe bubbles water, and the leg was pale grey-white. Parker opened a closet door and found a tie rack. We arranged an elaborate tourniquet of fancy-flowered silk, one with diagonal stripes and the other with canaries, above and beneath the hole. We put a clean table napkin on top of that. We couldn't do a thing about his face except put a damp towel against it and put his hand up to hold it.

"Now sit down," Parker said.

I sat.

"Spill," he said. "And this is the time you're supposed to make it good."

I looked at Mr. Yupt. "You want to tell him?"

He didn't answer.

"Mrs. Timothy Cole is under arrest. That right, Lieutenant?"

"Uh huh," Parker said, not too enthusiastically.

Mr. Yupt did the derring-do with the brows and beneath that he got owl-eyed, but he stayed clammed.

"Look, Mr. Yupt," I said. "I'll tell it. Remember, all of it can be proven without you. Mrs. Cole hasn't talked yet, I'll be frank, but whoever talks first gets the break. I'll tell it now, and if you underwrite it, you're the State's witness, which is good for you. If not, you fry, if you know what I mean. That right, Lieutenant?"

I didn't know what I was talking about and I didn't care. Parker picked up his eyebrows and cocked his head and looked worried, but Peter Stephan Yupt, what showed of him, brightened intelligently.

"So tell it," he croaked.

In my business, we have a technique. First we scare a guy, then we give him hope. Then we tell him a story, and we tell him we can prove it without him anyway. If he's shaped up right, and the story is good; mostly, the guy starts signing papers all over the place and babbling like your two-year-old son very early in the morning just when you're trying to lay away the very best part of your night's rest.

The point is: the story has got to be good.

"All right," I said. "This guy has a love affair with Abigail Christenberry. A discreet love affair with a circumspect lady. She's got dough, he wants dough, he gets dough, he wants more dough, the lady balks and they scrap. In the meantime, she has introduced him to her sister-in-law, Mrs. Timothy Cole, a blonde with voltage and a chipmunk for a husband. Mrs. Timothy Cole and Mr. Peter Stephan Yupt, they get along."

He pulled himself up on one elbow and blinked his good eye and I got cigarettes and lit two and brought one over to him and went back to my chair. I didn't look at Parker. "Somebody gets an idea. We bump Abigail, the chipmunk inherits, then the missus either takes it away, or we kind of take him on a trip, someday, to Mexico or someplace and lose him, probably over a mountain."

I snatched a look at Parker. Parker was watching Mr. Yupt's eye operate, and Parker's expression was improving.

"Of course, of course," Parker mumbled and he rubbed his hand over his mouth and left it there.

"But," I said, "somebody was very smart. This wasn't going to be a happy-go-lucky-pull-the-trigger job. This was going to be a cutie. They dug up a fall guy and rigged plans about him."

"But diabolical," Parker said.

"They knew she kept a diary, and they knew she referred to our friend here solely as Pete. So they checked a classified under private detective which is often confused with fall guy and the first Pete they come to is Chambers. Me. So she calls me and she says she is Abigail and I am to meet her at the Peacock at four o'clock and drink a glass of milk. There are two reasons for that. First, that he can get a look at me so that he knows who's been elected, and second, it will sound fantastic when I won't be able to prove it was a date."

Mr. Yupt was a push-over. He was waving his hand like Junior wanting to leave the room.

"How'm I doing?" I inquired.

"All right, all right. Only I had nothing to do with it. I was tending bar all day."

"What'd she use?"

"A hammer. Abigail's."

"Where is it?"

"In the East River."

"Who knew about the diary?"

"Me. I knew where she kept it. I used to keep tabs on how I was making out."

"Lean back," I said. "Take it easy."

"Spread it a little," Parker said.

"She took care of Abigail, and planted my name and phone number in Abigail's pocketbook. She probably did the job before she met me at the Peacock. That way, I wouldn't spoil things if I came back or something. Coming and going, she probably got off at three and walked the rest."

"He's right," Mr. Yupt yodeled.

"That's enough," Parker said, and he went into action.

Later, much later—after Mrs. Timothy Cole had been transferred from precinct to more appropriate confines, and after Peter Stephan Yupt had been thrown together with a doctor and a stenographer and two of the D.A.'s bright young men, and after the detective-lieutenant had been interviewed by the press—we went around to the Lonesome Bar and Grill and Parker said, "I'm buying," and I said, "Thanks."

Still later, in a narrow booth, after seven or eight ryes with beer chasers, the detective-lieutenant looked at me and waved a limp finger.

"I mean," he said. "How?"

"Lucky."

"I mean," he said, "very modest and all that. But how?"

"Lucky."

"I see what you mean," he said gravely. "Very lucky and very modest and diabolical and a nice-legged blonde that you didn't have time to get fresh with—but how did you figure it?"

I banged the little glass on the table and the guy in the white apron said, "Comin' up," and then I said, "I was lucky because you got it, and not another copper. You know me."

"So what?"

"So you were looking to give me an out. So we figured out the no fingerprint angle. So you played along with me. Another guy hauls me downtown. That would have made it too late."

"I don't get it," Parker said.

"Look," I said, "it was diabolical, because it was so simple and so sweet, and yet so positively intricate. Given a little time, maybe a few hours, it would have worked. They would not only have had a fall guy, they would have also had a red herring."

"I still don't get it."

"Listen. Suppose I'd have been taken downtown. Then I come up with my angle. All right. They show me Abigail. No face. A blonde with no face. So right away, I don't know the difference. I take them to the Peacock Bar. The bartender is a nice honest guy. Sure he remembers me drinking a glass of milk. But he doesn't remember the other glass of milk. What can I do about it? Curse him? Then what have I got?"

"What?"

"A dead client, a bartender with a bad memory, and a screwy story about going to a bar to drink milk because a lady asked me. I'm in the middle, and I'm the fall guy. If I'm convicted, they're out, and I'm the red herring, a fried red herring. Suppose I beat it. Suppose I'm acquitted. Insufficient evidence. Anything. Then I'm the red herring anyway, because by then nobody would think about Mrs. Timothy Cole who went off for a vacation that she had planned a long time ago, and certainly nobody would link Mrs. T. C. with the beautiful bartender. See what I mean?"

The man brought the drinks.

"But with you I had time. I poked around, very scientific, like seven card stud, deuces wild. But I saw Mrs. Timothy Cole who had told me she was Abigail Christenberry and I tie that in with a bartender that forgets one of two glasses of milk over a drinking bar in the same afternoon, so I catch on. But it would have worked, I tell you, given just a little time."

"You got something there," Parker said.

"Diabolical," I insisted and I picked up the little glass.

"Diabolical," Parker said and he knocked down rye. "A very sloppy word." ⧻

Continued from page 53

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Sex Goes West

Continued from page 57

passing boxcar. Hopalong Cassidy loped toward the horizon whenever the heroine held out her arms. And any woman within kissing distance of Gene Autrey was hit by the first three bars of *When the Swallows Come Back to Capistrano*. The celluloid sagebrush was a man's world.

But it isn't any more. This year, Passion crawls out of the covered wagon and the Pioneer Woman throws away her sunbonnet and takes out after the Overland Male. Jennifer Jones, in *Duel in the Sun*; Linda Darnell, in *My Darling Clementine*; and Veronica Lake in *Ramrod* all tend to prove on current screens that when it's springtime in the Rockies, the rustle of petticoats can be a lot more dangerous than the rustling of cattle.

Duel in the Sun

Of course, this is the picture you all want to hear about. It's the western to end all westerns—the biggest thing David Selznick has made since *Gone with the Wind*. You're bound to see it. When Selznick makes a picture, his advertising sounds like Noah issuing weather prophecies. " 'Love That' *Duel in the Sun*!" The average American has no more chance of missing it than a Canaanite had of sending regrets to the Deluge.

In the first place, the picture is big. It contains enough Technicolor to tint all the world's tutti-frutti ice cream for the next ten thousand years. It employs enough horses to pull every milk wagon from Bangor, Maine, to Bangkok, Siam.

Duel in the Sun cost five million dollars. If this sum were changed into nickels and piled on the stage of the Rockefeller Music Hall, it would draw crowds—without any story, without any director and without any stars. The Ancient Order of Misers, the Union League Club and the National Manufacturers' Association would book the house solid for the first seven weeks. Even the editor of the *New Masses* would pay a buck for a loge seat just to hiss. You can't ignore five million dollars!

Neither can you ignore a David Selznick movie. For David changes the five million into something more glamourous than nickels. He changes it into such stars as Jennifer Jones, Gregory Peck, Joseph Cotten, Lionel Barrymore, Lillian Gish, Tilly Losch, Charles Bickford, Harry Carey, Herbert Marshall, Otto Krueger and Sidney Blackmer. All of them have names worth money at the box office. All of them have been starred. Selznick uses them to transform the characters of a rather ordinary Niven Busch novel into personalities who howl and pant with primitive emotions. Busch's original story was cold and perfunctory. But something new has been added. About three of David Selznick's five million have been spent on sex appeal.

Selznick knows from experience that three million bucks worth of sex appeal is bound to cause a certain amount of chitchat and discussion. The low-brows will have to see it because they like that sort of thing. The high-brows will have to see it so they can sneer at the taste of the low-brows. That gets everybody in.

Selznick's such a showman that he has people talking about his production long before he actually opens it.

But he always gives them a good show. He keeps his audience interested in the scene he is playing and he keeps it anxious to see what comes next. There are those who will call *Duel in the Sun* over-melodramatic and inartistic because its effects are boldly theatrical and its emotions are violent and raw. But audiences love nature in the raw. They have been going for such barnstorming since the days of the Elizabethans. In fact, *Duel in the Sun*, with its tortured love story and its bloody bombast, is more than a little like a buckskin version of *Romeo and Juliet* and *The Duchess of Malfi*.

Its love story between Miss Jones and Mr. Peck is alternately swooning and snarling. And its background, dealing with a Texas cattle baron's efforts to stop the progress of the railways, is filled with hard riding, dynamiting, train wrecking and gunplay. It is never dull and it's full of guts. The characters say, "I'm crazy about you!" when they love each other and, "The hell with you!" when they are angry.

Unlike most westerns, *Duel in the Sun* is a woman's story. It tells of Pearl Chavez, the half-breed daughter of a down-at-heel Creole gentleman (Herbert Marshall) and his squaw wife (Tilly Losch). Squaw Losch does an exciting, but highly inaccurate barroom dance that would have brought a blush to the countenance of Chief Rain-in-the-Face. The records contain no hint that squaws ever indulged in provocative dances. Our American primitives were singularly prim. This dance, with its wild *Bolero* type abandon, must have been taught to Squaw Losch by a caravan of lost Bedouins who got off course and led their camels across Texas.

But, whether or not it's authentic, the dance, with its powerful musical scoring, effectively dramatizes the savage and passionate side of her daughter's heredity. And it drives a passing gambler (Sidney Blackmer) mad. He "pays ardent court" as you will see when you pay for your ticket.

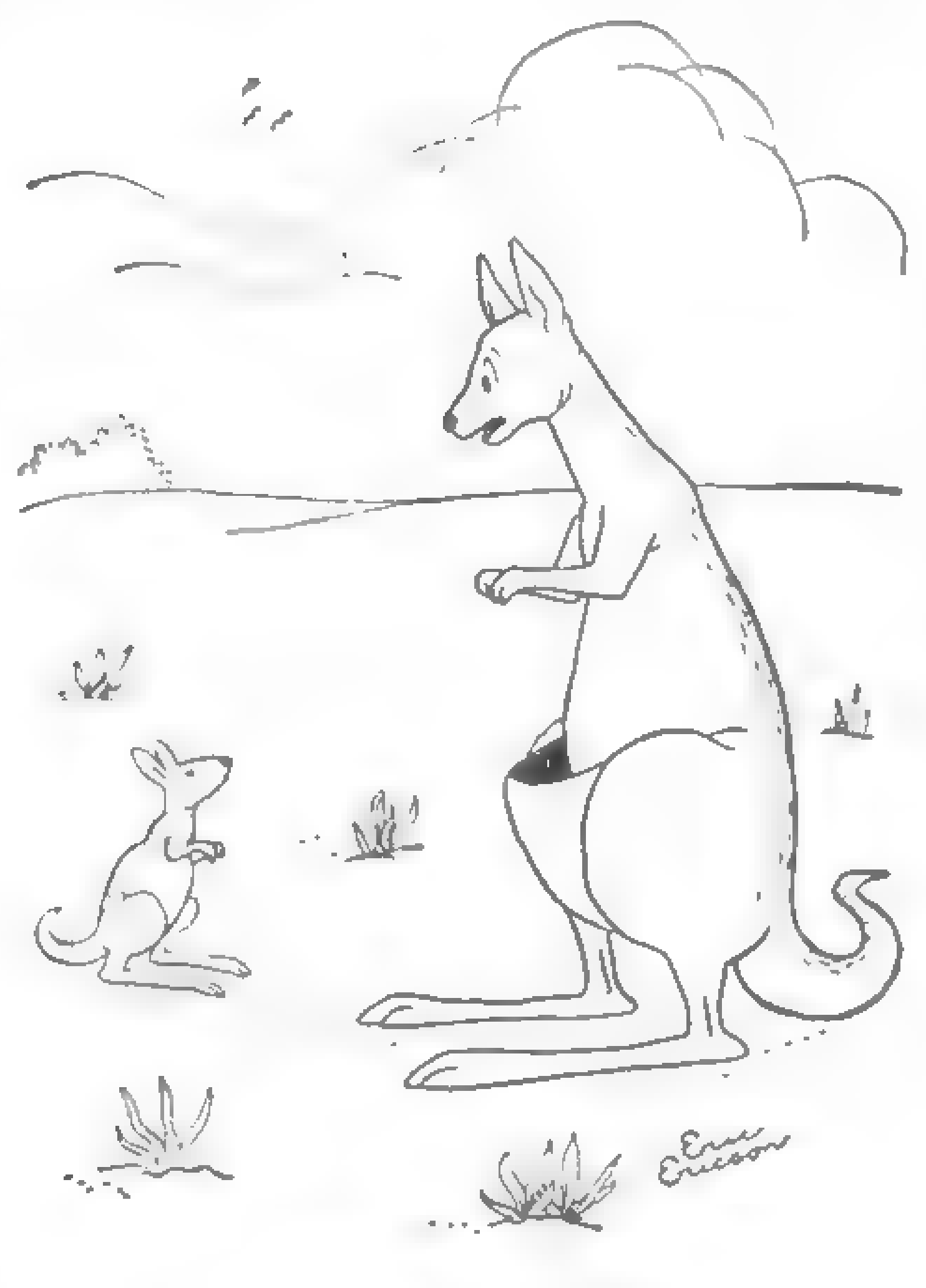
This is too much for her husband. He shoots them both. Later, at his trial, he steals the show from the lawyers by arguing that he be hung by the neck until dead. The jury, quick to follow any reasonable suggestion, grants his wish. On his last morning on earth, he receives his daughter

Pearl in his cell, recites several verses of Omar Khayyám to her, and tells her to find a new home with the lost love of his youth (Lillian Gish).

All of this may sound a trifle corny to the ivory tower boys. But people have a tendency to go corny when they are about to dance on air. I have read *I Burn My Candle at Both Ends* copied out in the suicide notes of seven Kansas Cityians who hanged themselves in their cellars and attics. And I once heard a plump and pretty housewife, who had dispatched her husband with an ax, recite all the verses and choruses of *The Song Is Ended, but the Melody Lingers On,* before being led out to the gallows.

Lillian Gish is introduced as the wife of a former Texas senator (Lionel Barrymore) who acts exactly like Lionel Barrymore—as do a great many other Southern senators. This sharp-tongued land baron greets Pearl with something less than the traditional Southern hospitality. He didn't like Pearl's paw, who was his rival in love, and he doesn't like half-breeds.

His sons show more interest in the little brown stranger. They are Lewt (Gregory Peck) and Jesse (Joseph Cotten). Jesse is the smooth one. He's studied law and this interferes with his study of Pearl. Jesse uses many fine speeches to oppose his father, who is fighting to keep the railroads from advancing across his land. Eventually he leaves home when the old man gets tired of listening to his idealism. The picture does its best to make Jesse sound noble but, since he very soon reappears married to the railroad president's daughter, his sacrifice doesn't seem too excruciating.



"He's out"

Actually, the railroaders were not as high-minded as Jesse would have us believe. They demanded land grants equal in area to the entire State of Indiana as the price for laying their tracks across Texas. Even in the Lone Star State, that's more than you need for a string of water tanks and a few roundhouses. The cattle baron is fighting the railroad baron. One declaims the sanctity of private property while the other side prates of progress.

The climax of their conflict is presented with great spectacle. Not since Henry B. Walthall mobilized the Klansmen in *The Birth of a Nation* has the screen been filled with such galloping magnificence as when the old senator rallies his range riders to keep the section gangs from cutting his fences. He's kept from massacring the railroaders by the arrival of the United States Cavalry, who come riding up just in the nick of time, in accordance with the most venerable of western traditions. The old senator refuses to fire on "the flag he fought for at Petersburg." It is a bit surprising to be told that a big-shot Texas land baron was a Yankee. A former "Bluebelly" who started throwing his weight around in Texas during that period did not wind up riding big white horses. He wound up riding a rail.

But those who love the traditions of the West may find the beauty of the shots more than ample compensation. The well-disciplined blue-clad cavalry, with its sleek mounts and fluttering guidons, seem to be loping straight off a canvas by Remington.

This mighty panorama of rival imperialisms provides the background for a love conflict that is equally fierce and selfish. Pretty Miss Jones paints a pathetic picture of poor Pearl's predicament after polite Jesse has departed from the home range. Men make passes in the mountains as well as in the cities. And when a girl has to fight her way through those mountain passes, she's really up against something.

One of the prairie wolves is the "Sinkiller." As played by Walter Huston, he is a hypocritical Tartuffe of Texas, who spouts literature while he covets Pearl as she cowers before him, covering her nakedness with a blanket. The picture takes care to state that the "Sinkiller" is not an ordained minister, but that doesn't save Mr. Huston's howlingly funny performance from being a ruthless lampoon of backsliding religion. It's hard to regard it as anything but a defamation of the circuit-riding preachers who braved the dangers of lawless white men and savage Indians to establish a basis for moral law in Texas.

Pearl has other perils. Jesse's brother Lewt is still around, and, as Gregory Peck plays him, Brother Lewt is quite a fellow—one of the devil's brood, turned loose in God's Country. Drawling and humorous, he evinces the most active libido this side of Laredo. When he fights a wild stallion, it is hard to decide which is the more dynamic animal.

Even the clink of his spurs has menace, and the subtlety with which this sound is worked into the sound track is a significant example of the meticulousness with which Selznick seeks perfection. Spurs that jingle, jangle, jingle, have been known to drive actors as well as audiences nuts. Warner Baxter, while enacting a

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oh-oh, Dry Scalp!

"... **HIS SKIS GET** loving care, but his hair gets only neglect! It's so dull and lifeless...must be next to impossible to comb...full of loose dandruff, too. How Dry Scalp spoils a man's appearance! It's time I told him about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic!"

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Vaseline HAIR TONIC
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Used by more men today than any other hair tonic

Sex Goes West

Continued from page 135

biography of Joaquin Murietta, once suffered a complete nervous breakdown because the costumers had so loaded him with hardware that every time he took a step he sounded like a bride falling downstairs with a hope chest of silver.

Miss Jones is sultrily adroit in showing how the savage side of the heroine's nature responds to the atavistic passion of the hero's attacks. But, in her own way, she fights back. Making use of the kind of dance her mother did in the barroom, she inflames him into a promise of marriage.

It is doubtful if a fellow like Lewt would fall for this maneuver. The idea that strong men go crazy when they see women prancing about is a fallacy dear to all females and most theatrical producers. A dancing woman is thinking of the effect she is creating. A dominant male wants the woman to think of nothing but him.

However, Peck's bad cowboy doesn't remain long under the spell of the dance. Soon he brushes aside his promise of marriage and brutally tells her that he wants her love without paying for it—with marriage or any other responsibility. When the ranch foreman (Charles Bickford) offers to marry Pearl, Lewt murders him. He dangerously wounds Brother Jesse when he returns with his wife to take Pearl away to school. Lewt regards the girl merely as a convenience—a convenience that he will not have interfered with. Few movies have dared present the basic selfishness of this masculine viewpoint with such unvarnished realism.

For all her pathetic feminine appeal, the half-breed girl is equally selfish. She wants Lewt but she wants him on her terms. If Lewt is a stark portrait of predatory masculinity, Pearl is a no less ruthlessly drawn picture of woman's possessive demands. When she realizes that Lewt won't marry her, she still seeks to have her love envelope him. When she should be mourning for honest Bickford, she gives in to his murderer—and begs to go away with him. But it's no soap. He will not be possessed. Later, she turns her back on Jesse's offer to give her peace and schooling and, carrying a Winchester, sets out to find Lewt's hideout.

When she finds him, he greets her with a rollicking cry of welcome. She brings the Winchester to her shoulder and starts pumping. He reaches for his six-shooter as he falls. Their shots re-echo—until there is finally silence.

So, the duel in the sun is the old duel—the struggle that leads one American couple out of three to the divorce courts.

Despite the hyperbole and melodrama, Selznick presents a centuries-old theme. He is one producer who has not succumbed to the current Hollywood cult of restraint. Many of his theatrical colleagues live under the false assumption that there can be no venom in the Racquet Club and no tears in the Junior League. In order to impart a false elegance to their productions, they insist on a pastel interpretation of life. They turn out dull and uninteresting movies because they have forgotten that the basic meaning of restraint is "force held in check."

Selznick never has been guilty of these habits of the mentally nouveau-riche. All his pictures have force. But *Duel in the Sun* might be a more complete commentary on the human struggle if it contained some characters such as Melanie and Ashley in *Gone with the Wind*—people who, though defeated by life's ruthlessness, still triumphed over it because they had such spiritual resources as kindness, chivalry, idealism. These intangibles can be a part of realism, for they, too, endure.

Ramrod

VERONICA LAKE in *Ramrod* tops Jennifer Jones—not by acting, but by killing more people. For centuries cattlemen hated sheepmen. Maybe they should have feared girls made famous by sheep-dog haircuts too, for before the shooting is over, Miss Lake has brought about the death of one sheriff, three villains, one secondary hero and most of the extras sent to the waterhole by the Central Casting Bureau. She does this because she's land-hungry, but the men keep looking on her as a dainty little thing.

At the finish, the hero, Joel McCrea, still is on his feet, but he has been so perforated by buckshot that he couldn't drink a glass of orange juice without danger of becoming a walking sprinkler system. However, his wounds have been calked with wisdom. He's finally onto Veronica and he knows that, in the sagas of the West, the United States marshals wasted too much time running down bad men—when they should have been bulldogging bad girls.

Miss Lake is directed in her wholesale mischief by her husband, Andre De Toth. The story goes that the producer, Harry Sherman, so wanted Miss Lake for his heartless heroine that he therefore plighted De Toth. But, in his own right, the director was a bargain. He not only got a cold performance out of Veronica (which shouldn't have been too difficult), but he secured a fine

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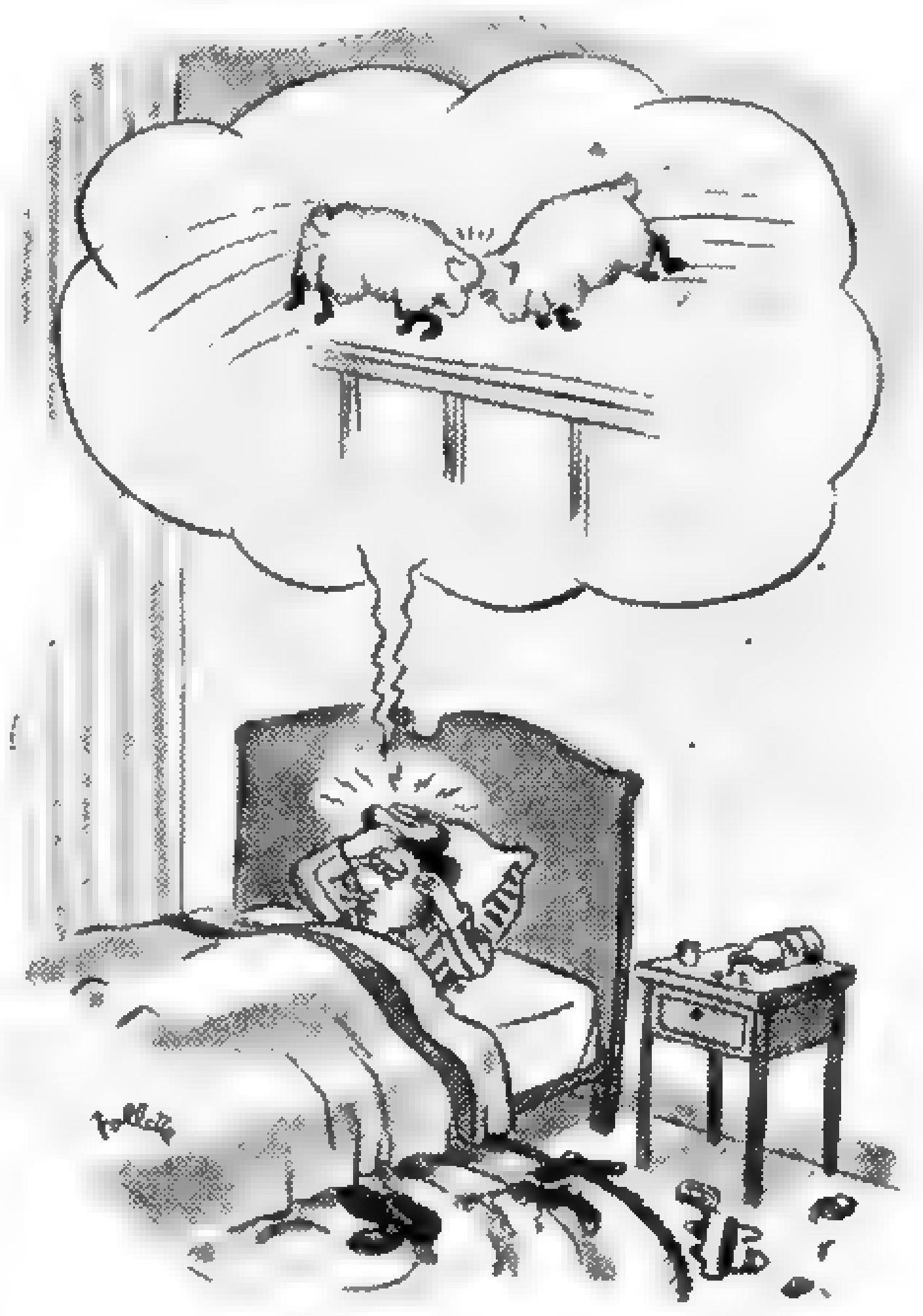
gallery of characterizations from the masculine members of his cast.

McCrea is excellent as the plain and unsuspicious ranch foreman who gets involved in a righteous range war without knowing that he is working for a sweet and clinging crook. He's always a believable cowhand. None of his costumes look as though they'd been designed for a Frontier Days celebration at Palm Springs. And his horsemanship is casually superb. If you want to know who the real riders are in the movies, pick out the actors who permit their feet to be photographed when they mount. Many a Hollywood buckaroo needs five stagehands, crouching below the camera line, to boost his rugged manhood into the saddle. Joel swings off and on a loping cayuse with all the ease of Molotov going in and out of a peace conference.

Donald Crisp, as a sheriff, neither chews tobacco nor wears a horse's-tail mustache. He seems more concerned with making arrests than in getting off feed-barrel wisecracks. Preston Foster, as the rancher who murders him, also shuns the typical Western hoke. The immaculate black broadcloth of most movie varlets makes you wonder if they have valets with whisk brooms staked out behind every sagebush. Foster's killer is a tough guy who belches. And he's the first movie bad man to trail his victims by riding slowly, with his eyes fixed on the ground—instead of riding at a gallop, following by scent or blind instinct.

The scenario is from a Luke Short novel, serialized in the *Saturday Evening Post.* But the real screen credits should go to the man who taught Joel McCrea to ride horseback, to the Mesozoic Era which supplied the picture's magnificent scenery, and to the parents of Don De Fore, who produced the film's most interesting actor. As a fiddle-footed young roughneck who is not quite bad enough to be an outlaw but not good enough to be much of anything else, Mr. De Fore turns in an appealing study of the type of likable daredevil who frequently wound up tragically in the early days of the West.



Unfortunately, the screen version lacks the climactic chapter that gave Mr. Short's novel its biggest punch. In this, the ruthless heroine ordered her own cattle stampeded off the rimrock so that she could blame it on the villain. The scene was omitted because the producer could devise no means of staging it without maiming and killing cattle.

No one can quarrel with his humane restraints. But the picture would be stronger if this ruthless deed could have been retained in the plot as an off-stage happening. In the book, the villain murdered the sheriff rather than submit to arrest for a crime of such savage enormity. Even *he* was shocked. In the picture, Miss Lake only accuses him of "stampeding the cattle out of the country." You can't stampede a herd out of the State of Utah overnight—or far enough that an experienced range boss couldn't trail them in a few hours. Thus the villain (who was forced to become violent in the novel) would have had little trouble proving his innocence in the movie. Therefore, the killing of the sheriff is weakly motivated.

Except for this incongruity, *Ramrod* is an adult and sometimes brilliant study of the havoc a subtle and money-crazy female inflicts upon a bunch of knuckle-headed masculine extroverts.

My Darling Clementine

THIS excellent six-shooter symphony has been out for some time, but it still deserves a cheer for keeping the sex-mad tendencies of Westerns from going too far.

Henry Fonda gave a swell performance as a frontier marshal with a low temperature, and Victor Mature transformed himself from a mere magnificent hunk of man into an actor of considerable skill and sincerity. More than that, he cleaned up the memory of one of the West's most picturesque gamblers and gun fighters, Doc Holliday, who was also featured in *The Outlaw.*

My Darling Clementine corrected one or two tendencies created by *The Outlaw.* Mr. Hughes' picture was exploited by Russell Birdwell who formerly had called the nation's attention to *The Manatee* by showing the public pictures of a fish with a bosom. This worked so well that Mr. Birdwell felt it consistent to advertise *The Outlaw* along similar lines. A blimp bearing the name of the leading woman, Jane Russell, spelled out in neon letters, was sent soaring over the roofs of Los Angeles—and all the newspaper advertising featured a low neckline.

This vogue for the decolleté spread until, in *San Antonio,* Errol Flynn conquered Texas with his shirt open clear down to his belt buckle. Somehow, the vogue didn't look the same on Errol.

In *Clementine,* the style was followed only by Linda Darnell. She finally got shot for it. Maybe the West is being made safe for the Youth of America again. #

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MacArthur Shogunate

Continued from page 75

enemy country is unavoidable. But ours was not even intelligent chaos. It was born of jealousy, bungling, petty tyranny. Worst of all, we exposed our bungling to the Japanese. We asked questions which betrayed our abysmal ignorance of the country and asked them not once but fifty times. Patient officials humbly suggested after awhile that we would find the answers already submitted in writing to such-and-such section of headquarters. Men with a knowledge of Japan were rare at headquarters. There were a good many in Washington who had been offered but turned down. The Bataan crowd felt that they had the situation well in hand.

We'd spent $339,300,000,000 on the war, not to mention the more precious asset of our manhood. Did we expect to get anything for this incredible expenditure? What had we come to Japan *for*? So that generals could dine in the Imperial Hotel with kimonoed waitresses to come running at every flutter of the hand, while G.I.s were crowded into buildings where the toilets overflowed onto the floors? Or did we have some idea of seeing to it that Japanese militarism was so thoroughly rooted out, and democracy given so good a chance to take root, that we wouldn't have it to do over again?

One way to get the answer is to see what it took to get a directive signed by the Supreme Commander. It was by directives to the Imperial Japanese Government that the Commander imposed his will, the will of the United Nations, upon the Japanese people. Take the directive restoring political, civil and religious liberties, for the guiding motive of our occupation—in the early months at least—is in its story.

Ever since our arrival in Japan I had been trying to persuade those in command to do something quickly about freedom of the press and radio, of religion, of speech. So had others. The general who should have acted was afraid to move. Fortunately, in one of the frequent outbursts of headquarters politics he was replaced. The new man was good, but he had his hands full and was necessarily sensitive to front-office feeling. According to this feeling the time was not ripe for a sweeping removal of fascist restrictions. To my mind the time was overripe; we should have done it on the day of our occupation. We should have shown that we meant the Atlantic Charter.

After getting nowhere for several weeks I discovered the one sure way of getting action.

One morning I rushed to the commanding officer. "It looks like trouble for the Old Man," I said. "Have you seen the paper?"

"No. What's up?"

"One of Japan's real liberals has just died in prison, Kiyoshi Miki. Now it turns out that three others have died, probably as a result of mauling by the police, since we got here. It'll probably turn out there've been more. And we could have prevented it. When the American press gets hold of this—"

"Mm, it'll mean a bad press for the Old Man at home. What d'you think we ought to do?"

"Get out a real directive right away—demand the release of all political prisoners, the repeal of all the laws that prevent freedom of speech, religion and press. I happen to have a rough outline I've been working on."

The general went to the Chief of Staff with the proposal. The Chief of Staff went to MacArthur. And MacArthur said, "Get it out within twenty-four hours" — a document that required the searching and listing of God knows how many restrictive laws that had been piled, one on top of the other, upon the Japanese for years. But with the help of some able officers it was done. The point is that it took a threat to the Supreme Commander's prestige at home to get it done.

Anyhow, the Japanese people were for the first time in history freed from a system of governmental spying into every corner of their lives. Everyone from the Home Minister on down—and there were thousands—who had been involved in administering the hundreds of restrictive laws was, by order of the directive, fired. The next day the Higashikuni cabinet resigned.

Headquarters must have liked the impact and result of the directive, because from then on they came so fast as to keep the Japanese government reeling. The strategy of that government was, from the beginning, to bring about demobilization so easily—for us—that we would come to depend and rely upon it for everything, get out quickly, and allow the old caste of power and privilege to rule the country again.

For a while it looked as though it was succeeding. Wealthy Japanese invited high-ranking officers to sumptuous dinners—with geisha girls—at a time when most Japanese could not get enough to eat. During the evening they managed to suggest that "communism" in Japan must be curbed, that Japan if treated right and not stripped of her power could become, as she had tried to be all along, a bulwark of good honest capitalism against Russia.

It was an old gag, for Japan, while raping and torturing the Chinese, had always claimed that she was guarding the world from communism. Within Japan "communism" meant anything that challenged the power of a small privileged class to rule the land. This small clique was naturally alarmed at our freeing of political prisoners. If we freed enough and kept them free, Japan might at long last become a democracy. And to such a group democracy and communism are synonymous.

They viewed with alarm the reappearance on the scene of such labor leaders as Kanju Kato, the election to the Diet of such intelligent feminists—in a land where women are notoriously subservient—as the former Baroness Ishimoto (now Mrs. Kato). They shuddered at the directives aimed at breaking up the financial empires of Mitsui and Mitsubishi.

But they did not quite despair. There is an old saying in Japan that the pine tree bends under its burden of snow and therefore does not break. The technique of jujitsu is to retreat until the opponent, lunging off balance, can be floored. To retreat, to bend, and thus to preserve its strength was and is the technique of the Japanese ruling class.

They know the history of Japan. They know how one feudal house after another has ruled the land, each being overthrown when peace, ease and luxury have softened it. They know how each of these houses has used the emperor—even as MacArthur was using him—to give formal sanction to its acts. They understood perfectly, as many of our headquarters people did not, that government bureaucracy, industrial enterprises, control of the organs of public opinion, political parties and ruling cliques had been so intimately interrelated as to make a clean separation almost impossible, short of revolution. These strands of the corporate life are not, as with us, like twisted filaments of a piece of twine. They are like strands of metal fused into one inseparable piece.

"It's a little different than court tennis, dear"

For example: Until shortly before the end of the war a certain Taketora Ogata was a government official, president of the Cabinet Information Board. He was also president of the Imperial Rule Assistance Association Youth Corps, a political group. He was also hooked up with one of the notorious patriotic societies. Meanwhile he had very close connections with the *Asahi*, one of Japan's biggest newspapers. Or take the case of Ginjiro Fujiwara who had been Munitions Minister under Koiso and who was also President of the Oji Paper Company. This company owned a major block of stock in another large newspaper, the *Mainichi*, and was in turn owned by the Mitsui interests who had a hand in everything. Men like Ogata and Fujiwara are not exceptional but typical.

A formal separation of such octopus growths as Mitsui and Mitsubishi is relatively ineffective because of such interlocking of persons. Even if every major official is forced to resign, the corporate entity will be held together by its minor officers for a simple, fundamental reason.

The Japanese is not so much an individual as he is a member of a group—a family, a neighborhood, a company. The Japanese value loyalty above all virtues, loyalty to the groups they belong to and to their constituted heads.

A Japanese son often commits suicide rather than go against his father's wishes in regard to marriage. Employees rarely shop around or change jobs. They feel a family attachment to their employer. Japan is a nation built around the concept of a father—a figure in whom authority rests and to whom obedience is due. The Japanese autocracy has fostered this attitude in the people. As a result there is no public opinion in Japan as in America.

MacArthur and his staff, well fortified now with experts of every stripe, have done a remarkable job since their recovery from the first incredible weeks. They have built a military government unique in world history for its lack of friction with the governed, its liberal views, its combination of firmness with encouragement, expiation with reconstruction of everything from the police system to education. Half the credit, however, must go to the Japanese who are co-operating either because as leaders they find it the most effective way to cope with the victor or because as commoners they have the habit of obedience.

Still we are failing in essence, in the objective that really matters: that of making the Japanese into a democratic, peace-loving people. We are failing precisely *because* our plan of occupation was so good, so clever, so very Japanese.

Just like the bakufu, which carried on the government under the shoguns in the earlier days, we set up a big headquarters staff. The center of our activity is in Tokyo, around the shogun MacArthur, just as the shogun Iyeyasu had established himself there in 1603. All the important decisions are made there. The American troops and officers in outlying areas are essentially police. We impose our will from the top. We use the emperor as a puppet, just as military governors have done for centuries. We surrendered to this Japanese pattern in order to get things done quickly and easily. And in doing so we fell into a trap. I don't doubt that the Japanese expect our headquarters staff, if

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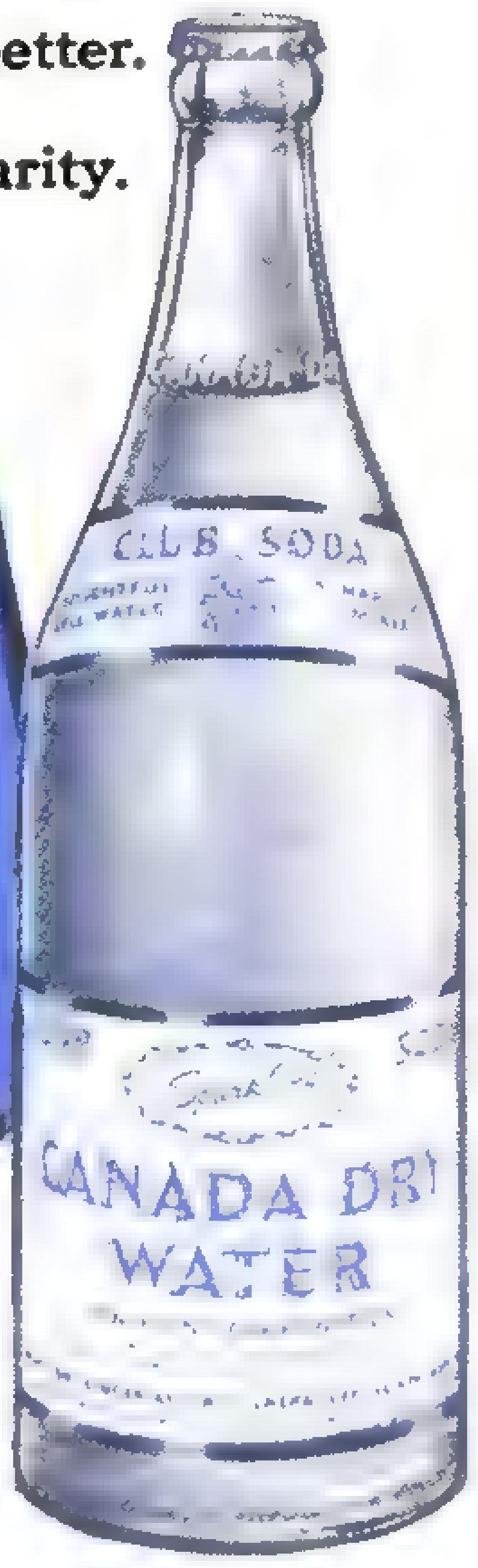

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MacArthur Shogunate

Continued from page 139

they stay there long enough, to become weak and effete as every bakufu has in Japan's long past.

By accepting and using the Japanese pattern of authority we have failed to touch the grass roots. We are distant, unapproachable in our high station. Our G.I.s have got around, all right; they have even given the Japanese some inkling of what democracy is like. But they are just soldiers, while MacArthur is the Ruler. We have commanded the Japanese to be free, to form unions, to let women vote, to express themselves, to act as individuals.

But they don't know how. They exist, even in their own minds, only as members of this or that group. To be accepted, to have status, they must conform. They have been so used to submerging their own desires, their own interests that they really don't know what freedom is. They have been taught by their own government to fear freedom as an evil. They have to be taught freedom.

Can we do it? Is there anything in Japanese society that we could begin on?

In the hamlets, the rural communities, yes. For there the Japanese have for centuries had a crude form of democracy, a kind of self-government which in late years has been dominated and overwhelmed by the national state, but which is strong because it is rooted in daily contacts and daily work. In the reviving labor unions, persecuted for many years and wiped out during the war, there is a real understanding of the potential political power of the worker. Schools, colleges, newspapers, co-operatives are other sources of liberal thought and of liberal leaders who may have survived Japan's purge of its liberals. During the war we took several groups of Japanese prisoners, former newspaper reporters, teachers, college students, who helped us devise propaganda against their own people to hasten the end of the conflict and of militarism. Men like these understand the propositions of freedom.

Such liberal-minded young men who might become champions of democracy find themselves in the economic stranglehold of the clique which rules Japan. Their strength is as nothing compared with the wealth, the strength of employers dispensing a livelihood, the political astuteness of this old guard who still controls the government up in Tokyo where MacArthur is.

Headquarters has been shy of anything that would look like political maneuvering. It is one of the curiosities of our democracy to think that a people without our tradition of freedom can be made free simply by setting them free from without, when nothing within themselves gives them the capacity to want or enjoy freedom, or even to understand what it is. We balk at political "interfering" in a conquered country, as if the Japanese were able to act politically as free men when they are still under the thumb of their old oligarchy and the ingrained habits of loyalty and obedience.

We could, of course, wait to see if our education directives produce the desired results on the children. But if they don't, it will be too late to try another tack.

All our directives, intended as they are to make the Japanese free, democratic and peace-loving, will fail unless we do take political action—unless we create the conditions which will allow the Japanese to resist being dominated by a small autocracy, unless we can make them want to be free of such domination. We shy away from this because we feel that to create the conditions of freedom in as far as true democracy can go, to indoctrinate the people, is to take away some of that freedom from them. But even a quick glance at the Russian method will show that we are being hypercautious. By failing to inculcate democracy on the popular level we are really failing in everything else.

The actions and the popular acceptance of our common soldiers, instinctive democrats without directive or indoctrination, point the way. We ought to see that every union local, every co-operative, every little local governing body gets to know American soldiers who are truly representative of America. We should be actively aiding the formation of unions and co-operatives. We ought to be turning over more authority to the local governing units, forcing them to make their own decisions, elect their leaders, voice their desires. Only in this way can they ultimately gain enough confidence to challenge authority instead of bowing to it. Until that time comes, Japan will always be a potential aggressor.

Impractical? Not necessarily. We have, or had until recently, over a thousand Americans of Japanese ancestry with our Army in Japan. They and the many English-speaking Japanese could bridge the gap. Brief indoctrinating courses on the technique of local democratic government given to hand-picked officers and men could be devised. Later American civilians might be substituted. Encouragement to local initiative in small industry now, while the nation is rebuilding, would also help prevent the otherwise inevitable concentration of wealth in the hands of the few.

By adding to the impressive front of authoritative control a popular movement for democracy, our occupation would pay back something for the sacrifices we have made. Otherwise there is no point in pouring sunshine over the land from Tokyo. The seed has to be scattered first. #

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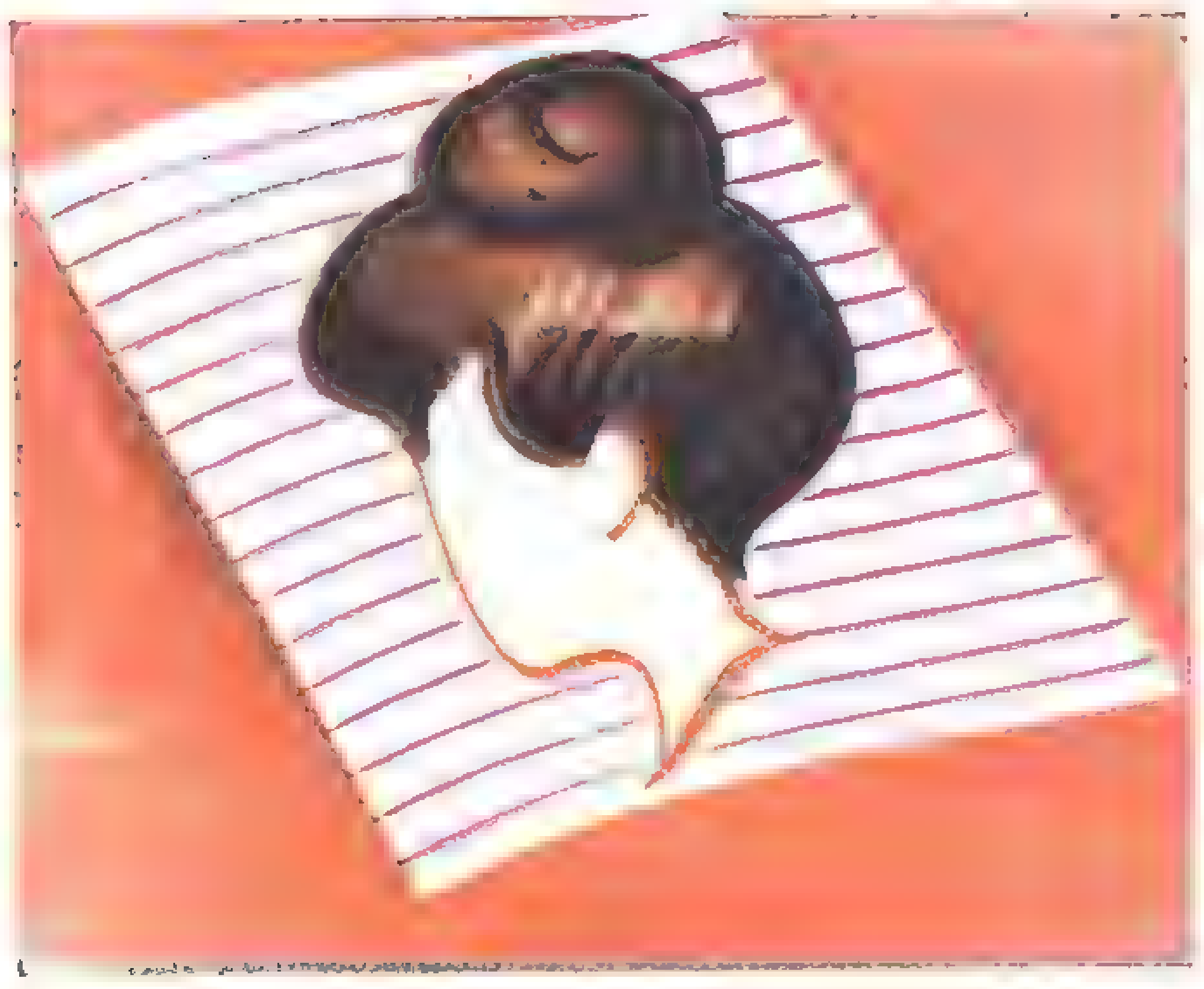
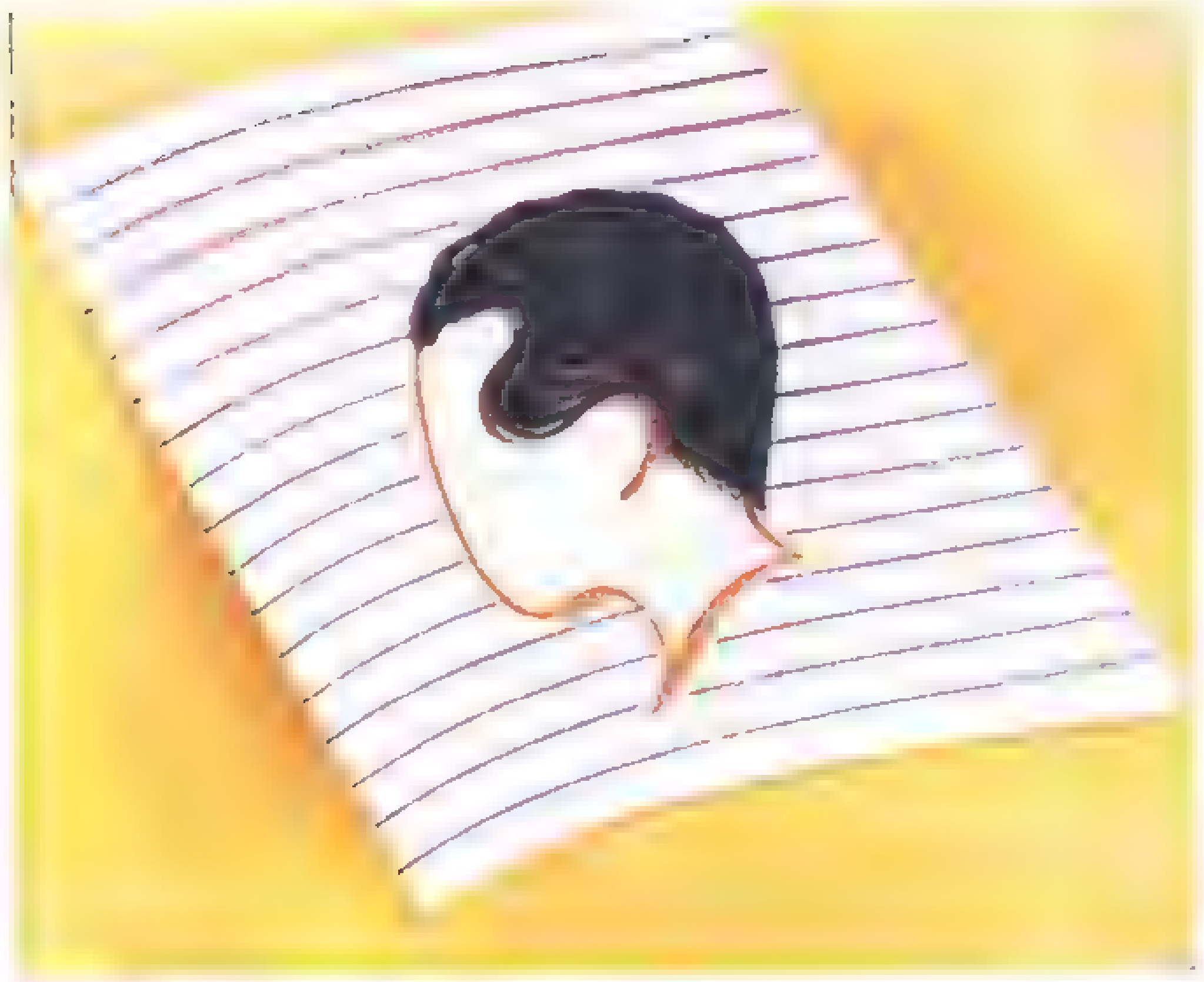
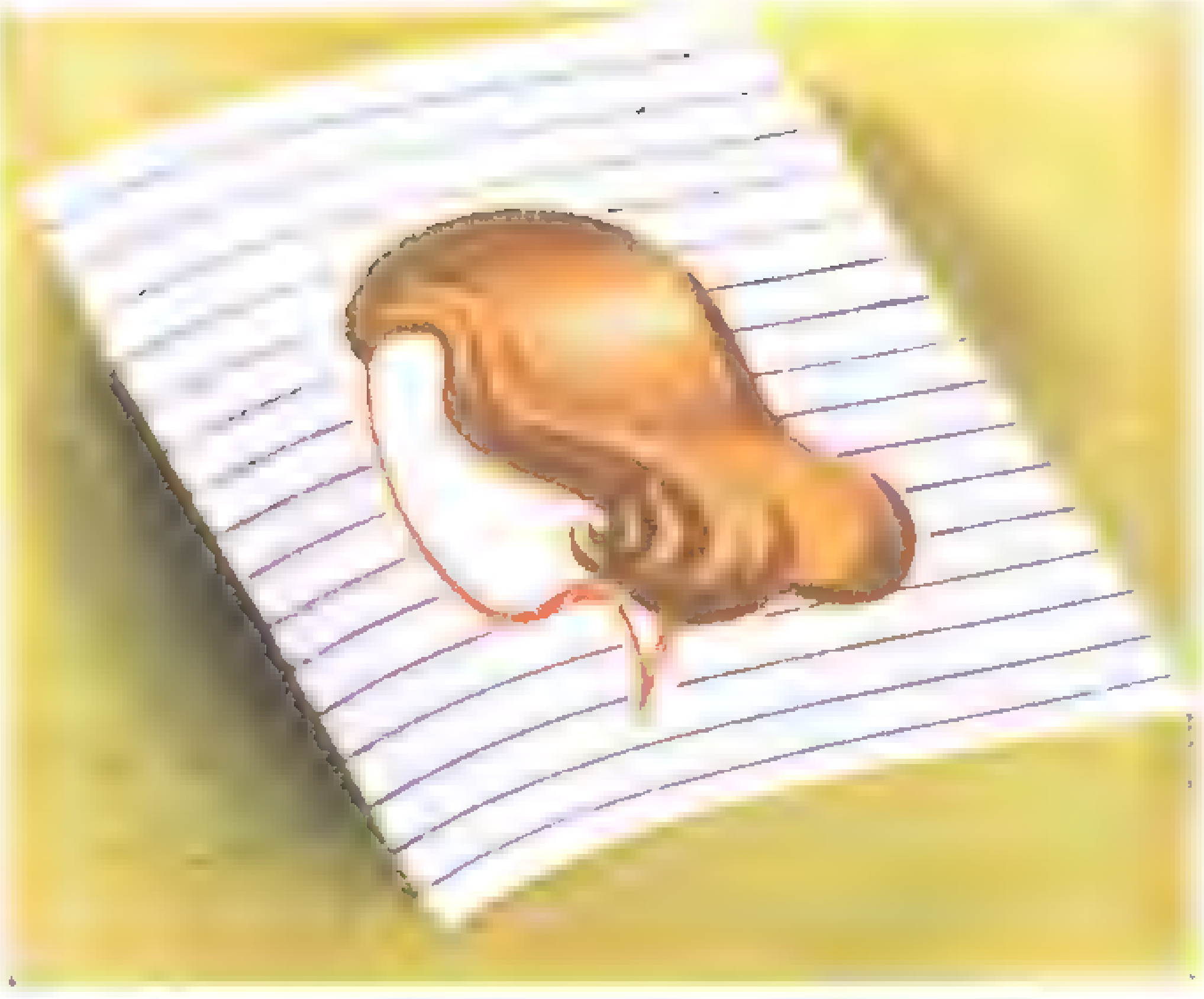
Man's-eye view of hairdo's



1900 **To bob** or not to bob—that is the question. Women's hairdo's (ways of doing up hair, to mere males) have set a dizzy pace since the piled-up style of 1900, when Corby's had been a famous Canadian name for 42 years.



1925 **The "flapper" days** brought in the short mannish bob—a complete reversal of previous styles. Blonde, brunette and red tresses disappeared like magic, as the streamlined hairdo matched straight-up-and-down dress lines in Corby's 67th year of Canadian renown.



1937 **And now** more feminine again, the style of the moment was a "dipsy-do" version of the middle-length hair cut 79 years after the name Corby's came to Canada. This looked like a happy medium, but a hairdo is seldom either happy or medium.

H. Corby
SAY CORBY'S
CORBY'S
Reserve
H. Corby
BLENDED WHISKEY
JAS. BARCLAY & PEORIA

1947 **Pile it up,** roll it under, cut it short. It looks like any new hair idea that comes along will have its fling this year. But if you're weary of trying any new *whiskey name* that comes along, *ask for Corby's next time.* Here's an 89 year-old Canadian name for a light, sociable whiskey—a whiskey you'll likely want to make your "regular."

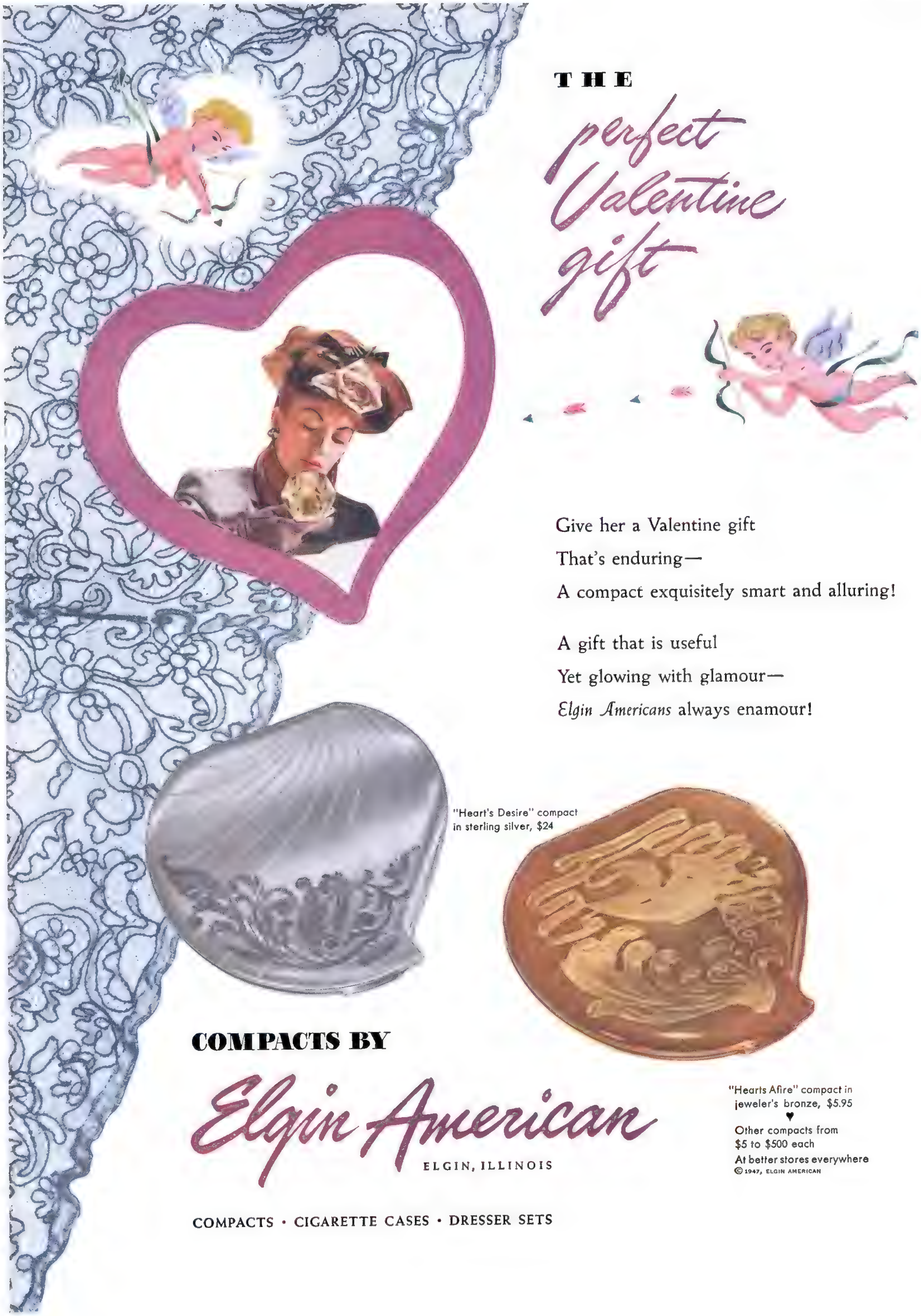
Look for me on every Corby's bottle

CORBY'S

A Grand Old Canadian Name

PRODUCED IN U.S.A. *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender*

86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited, Peoria, Illinois



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It looks so easy — but oh what a talent it takes — to turn out pajamas that perform like Weldons. Endowed with good looks, custom-type details and the breathe-with-you Lastex Wonderbelt. Made of Telomars*, the miracle fabric that's three times more absorbent, three times faster drying. Sanforized, of course. At fine department stores and men's shops everywhere. About $5.50

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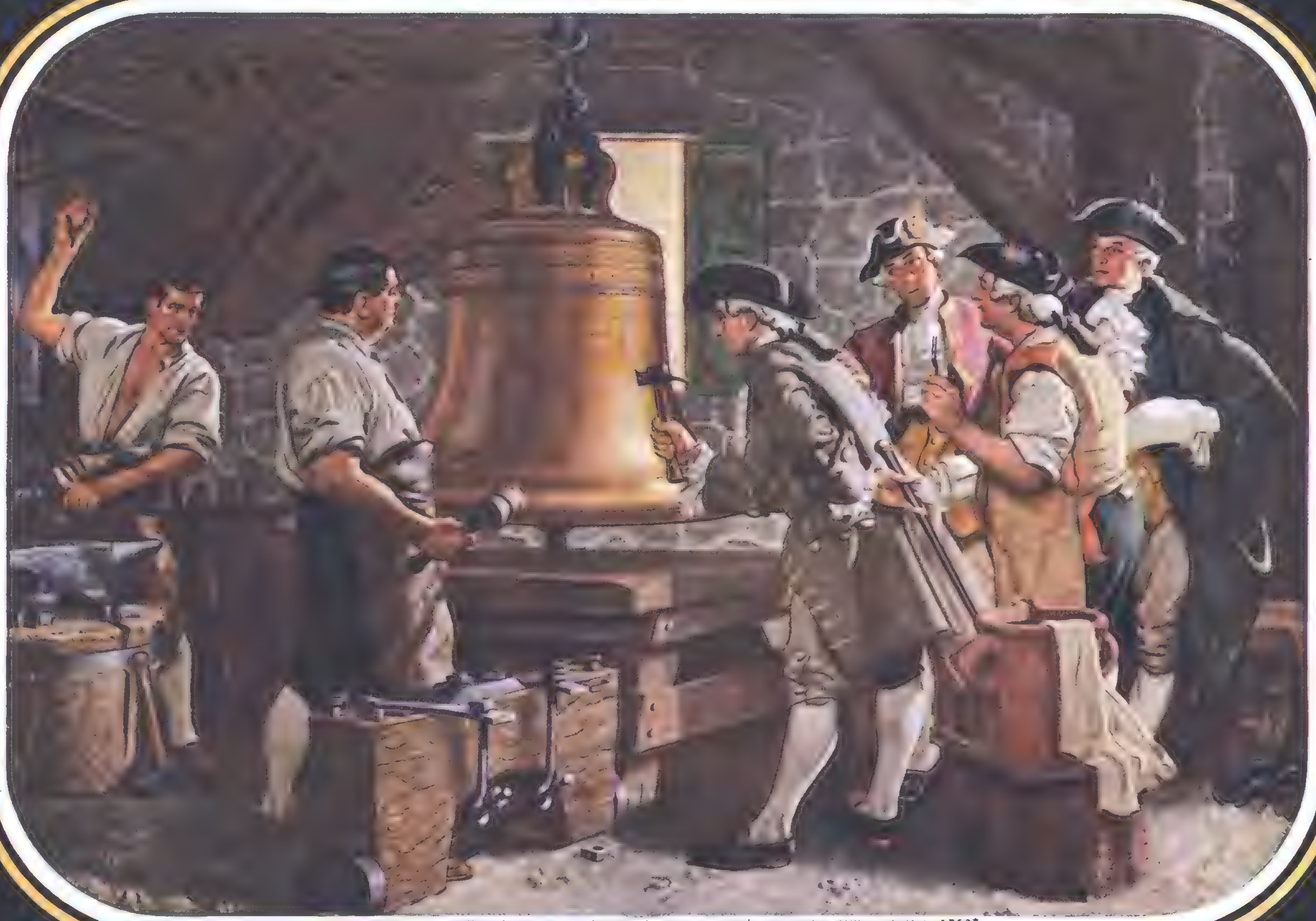

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THE HERITAGE WHISKY
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Philadelphia
BLENDED WHISKY

A HERITAGE TO REMEMBER

> *"... the persons who cast our bell ... made the mould in a masterly manner and run the metal well ..."*
>
> .. FROM LETTER BY ISAAC NORRIS, APRIL 14, 1753

Of the proud traditions established by Colonial Philadelphia, most gratifying is the heritage of hospitality. Its agreeable counterpart is found today in Philadelphia Blend, The Heritage Whisky. Distinguished by its rich, friendly taste, here is whisky which might justly be reserved for particular friends, for special occasions ... yet you can afford to enjoy Philadelphia regularly and often.

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*From a Series of Historic Paintings Designed for "Philadelphia"—*The Heritage Whisky*—Famous Since 1894

System Man: Ely Culbertson

Continued from page 61

wallow around in luxury. You have it in you to do something worth-while. All the books you have read, all the thinking you have done, and still you have not developed a single idea to justify your idle life . . ."

When the voice stopped needling, Culbertson was a changed man. What undertaking, he asked himself, is worthy of Ely the Idealist? In 1939 the world was drifting irrevocably into war. Ely the Idealist would work out a plan for world peace. The next day Culbertson began decentralizing his bridge business, turning the management of it over to his ex-wife. Then he disappeared into his hideaway and began to work out the most ambitious Culbertson System of all.

Born with a God-given gift for turning a white heat of concentration on problems, Culbertson is able to reduce almost any complex subject to its basic foundation. On this foundation he creates his own system, whether it be contract bridge or world peace. With peace he concentrated on the workings of the world for three years, until he had re-shuffled the globe into the World Federation Plan which in 1943 was explained in his 300-page book *Total Peace.* But in 1942, at the end of the first three years, only an outline of the Plan was ready. Culbertson had it mimeographed and sent to a list of political science professors. Eighty per cent of the replies were favorable, some containing constructive suggestions which Culbertson incorporated in the Plan. When the Plan was published in condensed form by a national magazine, Culbertson the peace doctor stepped into the open. A lecturer who rated $1000 a night when he talked on bridge, he offered himself for $50 when he began to speak on peace.

There is nothing screwball or crackpot about the Culbertson Plan. In fact, it has had considerable praise, having been attacked violently only by the extreme right of Gerald L. K. Smith and the extreme left of the *Daily Worker.* Between these poles there has been much solid approval.

In essence the Culbertson Plan, as it stands today, attacks the *means* of waging war, rather than the causes of war. Culbertson simplified his ambitious World Federation Plan, which divided the nations of the world into eleven regional foundations, when the United Nations came into being. "The United Nations is here," he said at the time. "It has many features worthy of preservation. We must keep what is useful and replace what is not." To do this he now offers the Quota Force Plan.

Reduced to its barest bones the Quota Force Plan advocates three basic amendments, or reforms, to the UN. The first establishes a World Court, members appointed for life, which would have the ultimate decision on cases of aggression. This amendment also does away with the ticklish veto power in the UN Security Council. "The Council is hopelessly paralyzed by the veto power of only one of the big governments," Culbertson says. His Plan calls for a simple majority of six out of ten, with the reorganized Security Council consisting of two members each from the United States, Britain, and Russia; one each from France and China; and two selected collectively from the remaining member states.

The second amendment provides the Security Council with power to establish a yearly armament-production limit. Within this global total, each of the five major powers would have its own quota, beyond which it is not permitted to produce. Smaller nations would not produce arms on their own; they would all contribute to a collective quota of heavy arms controlled by the Council. In the case of atomic weapons, an atomic authority should be established under the Security Council for the rigid control and scheduled elimination of atomic weapons along lines of the Baruch-Lilienthal proposals.

Most striking Culbertson amendment is the third—the World Police Force. This police force is to consist of one International Contingent and five National Contingents. The International Contingent, under orders of the Security Council, would consist of highly paid, highly trained regiments recruited from the smaller nations only. This Contingent would be stationed at special international bases all over the world, and would be armed with the smaller nations' collective quota of weapons. It would be the first to move against any aggressor nation.

The National Contingents of the World Police Force would be the armed forces of the Big Five, controlled by their own governments and stationed in their own territories. They would back up the International Contingent if necessary. With their National Contingents, the big nations maintain their own armed strength, but this strength is limited by the Security Council quotas on the production of weapons.

"My Plan," says Culbertson, "makes successful wars of aggression virtually impossible by creating a self-balancing system of national armed forces, so designed that no aggressor or combination of aggressors can overcome the system. Yet each leading state retains its own ability to defend itself.

"Further, it organizes and integrates the collective power of the fifty-odd smaller nations. Individually these states are impotent; collectively they become

Continued on page 146

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"Free Swing"*—the most comfortable suspender there is—eliminates skid, strain, pull. "Paris Free Swings" move with every motion—give with every gesture—best of all, they can't skid off your shoulders. All-Elastic construction for extra comfort in smart new patterns and colors. At better stores everywhere. $1.50 to $5.00.

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System Man: Ely Culbertson

Continued from page 145

a single world power of four hundred million population. The International Contingent, twenty per cent of the world's strength, will not only save the lesser state from absorption by the greater, but will serve as a perpetual ally of countries like ours, who seek to survive and not to conquer."

Culbertson is chiefly interested in selling his Plan to the people of the United States. He feels that for the next ten years we will be so powerful that any peace plan adopted here will be adopted by the world three months after. At the end of ten years Culbertson thinks Russia will be the world's most powerful military nation—unless, of course, his Plan is adopted, in which case world military power will be evenly balanced.

As a student of mass psychology Culbertson thinks that all crusades such as his must advance horizontally and vertically to achieve success. In July of this year a town meeting of 1,500 citizens of Middletown, Ohio, resoundingly passed a resolution urging that the United States government immediately strengthen the UN and prevent World War III by adopting the Quota Force Plan. As a result of this meeting the Plan is actually moving horizontally and vertically in Ohio. From Middletown it moved horizontally to Dayton, Columbus, Cleveland, and other cities, where town meetings were organized to study it. Vertically the Plan expanded through the Middletown post of the American Legion to the Ohio State Legion Convention, where the resolution was adopted by 100,000 Legionnaires with only two dissenting votes. At the same time the Middletown AFL pushed the Plan, also vertically, up to its State convention, where it was also passed. When enough resolutions have been adopted, Culbertson feels that the politicians will pay attention to his Plan.

Culbertson may appear to be overly optimistic about the eventual adoption of his Plan, but there is no denying that the odds against the Plan now are no greater than the odds once were against the Culbertson System being adopted by the world of bridge. When that latter System was the joke of the game, Culbertson fought his solidly entrenched opposition through the years until his System swept the country and he dominated the game. Today, Culbertson *is* bridge.

He achieved this stature by applying his own system of mass psychology, the system he began in the Czarist jail. This system does not advocate swaying the masses of people, but rather finding the leaders of the masses and swaying them. The people Culbertson considers the leaders are the instinctive leaders, the well-integrated individuals who walk, not run, to the nearest exit. Because they are well-integrated, their friends and associates look up to them, even though they are not always civic leaders. If Culbertson can reach enough of these leaders, as he did in bridge, he thinks the rest of the country will follow in adopting his Plan. The Middletown meeting shows that he is reaching them.

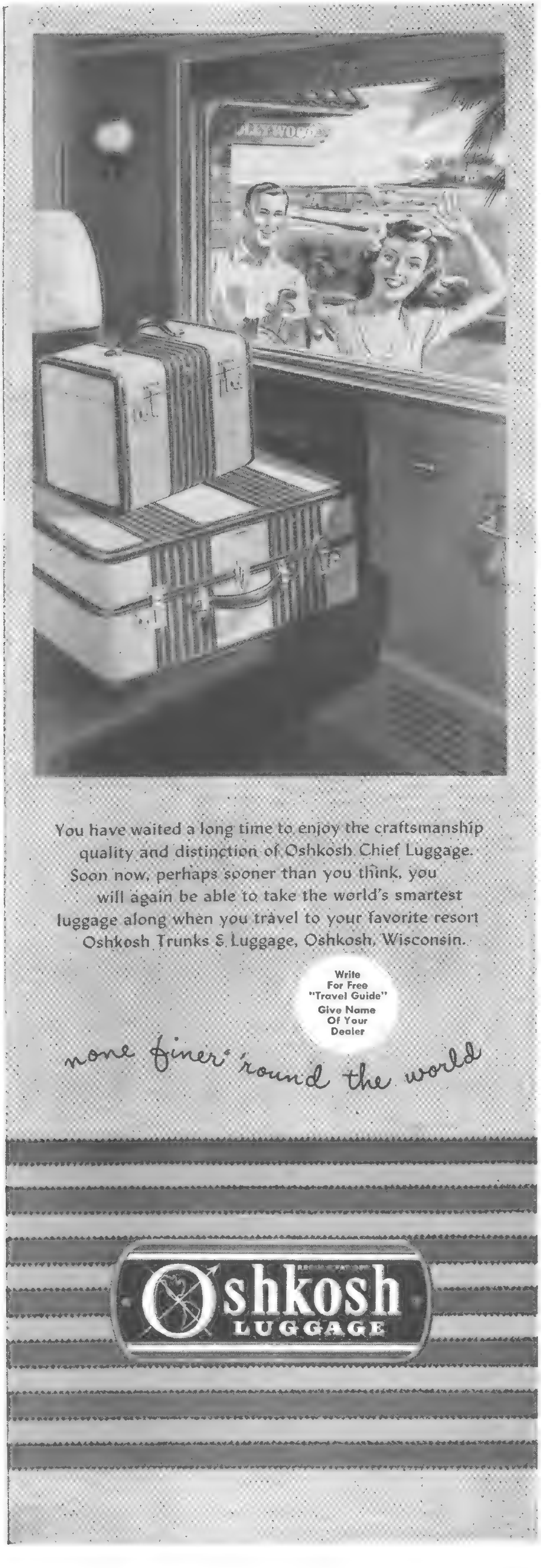
At the height of his bridge success Culbertson lived in two adjoining houses on East Sixty-second Street in New York. In one of them was a hideaway entered through a secret panel—a single large room, soundproofed, air-conditioned, so compactly designed that it was a study, dining room, bedroom, bar, card room, and reception room, all in one. Today Culbertson has sold one of his houses and lives in somewhat run-down elegance in the hideaway, which now boasts a regular door. On the same floor are the offices of his peace organization, with four secretaries, one of whom remains until midnight, when Culbertson finally calls it a day.

Work to Culbertson means tireless, high-speed dictation to a secretary who takes his words down on the typewriter. He is temperamental when he works. "I have had a lovely week," one of the secretaries told her diary during the writing of *Total Peace*. "I have not taken dictation and have not been the one yelled at. It is a marvelous rest for the nerves."

Culbertson is not one to underrate any part of his daily activity, but he considers the hours between midnight and two a.m. the most important of his day. It is then that he puts the problems bothering him up to what he calls his "psyche kick," in other words his highly developed subconscious. When he has impressed his problems on his psychic side-kick with sufficient force for them to be answered the next morning, he serenely gets into bed, fortifies himself with sleeping pills, and reads science fiction or a detective story until he falls asleep.

In the morning he wakes at eleven a.m., shouting for his manservant and the newspapers. After he looks at the headlines his fit of temperamental indignation begins—he calls this emotional exercise—always with one of his secretaries as a sounding board. That over, he is ready to read his mail, dress, eat lunch, and begin the dictation of the day. Usually he has visitors in the afternoon—they may be a college president, a bishop and a bridge fanatic. He tries to see anyone with a serious purpose.

Culbertson is almost always writing a book. "There are two things I hate," he says, "playing championship bridge and writing. Both require hard thinking considerably below the superficial layers of the cerebrum, and nothing is more painful than hard thinking." He has just finished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and streamlined his line of bridge books. He now has on the fire two books on the questions of world peace, one a science-fiction anticipating the events between now and 1950, entitled *Now It Can Be Told*; the other book is concerned with the workings of American Democracy and world peace and is titled, *War or Peace —It's Your Choice.*

He prefers to have dinner at his desk, then dictate until midnight. But he knows the importance of relaxation, and several times a week dines with one of the strikingly pretty girls he knows, afterward taking her to a movie. When he mixes pleasure with peace he dines with someone like Dorothy Thompson.

Despite the strenuous work regime he still maintains, Culbertson's health is better than it was ten years ago when he had ulcers and worked out his own diet by dictating his reactions to different foods. Then, too, his health may be helped subconsciously by the fact that he has allotted just ten years of his life to being a peace crusader. In 1949 he plans to quit, whether his Plan has been adopted or not. Then he will be Ely the Epicurean, sitting on the riverbank, for the rest of his life. It should be easy to do this for his earnings from bridge mount every year. This year the Culbertsons' gross income should hit $400,000.

Culbertson's outstanding characteristic, aside from his belief in himself, is his enormous politeness. When not working, and therefore not in the throes of temperament, his manners almost add a new dimension to the word charm, and those with him never seem to mind that he converses unrelentingly about himself. Behind all his words is a Russian accent, but only over the telephone or the radio is it really pronounced. Indeed the fact of facing a mechanical gadget seems to throw the Culbertson language, usually straightforward, oddly off the beam. When his telephone rings he answers by saying into it, "That's Ely Culbertson."

Culbertson considers that he has a high sense of humor. Anyone who undertakes to tell him a funny story, however, sees a glazed look spread over his countenance. "I can top that," he says, the instant he gets a chance. Then he tells his story in such detail that the point is obscured.

There are frequent attempts at humor in Culbertson's writing. He is proud of such phrases as, "The more the world shrinks, the more it stinks." For the most part, however, his secretaries prevail upon him to blue-pencil these. He does have humor of a biting variety. When one of his secretaries was required to make a four-page condensation of *Total Peace*, Culbertson said, "You have succeeded in achieving a brilliant failure."

To his secretaries Culbertson is a source of unceasing fascination; he is their hero. "EC has a very human side," says Cinda Hazen, his top Myrmidon. "For instance, he has one favorite relaxation. It affords him no end of pleasure. He watches the maneuverings of the pigeons on the balconies across the street. They play tag, and hide and seek, and flirt and EC thinks they are the cutest things he has ever seen. He will stop in the middle of 'At no time shall any member state . . .' and say, 'Aren't they cute,' and gaze out of the window, transfixed, until they fly away."

Everything in Culbertson's life is measured scientifically for the odds of its success. Today he feels that the chances for his Quota Force Plan are better than even. He is not disturbed by the fact that the cold accuracy of his Plan offers no room for the spiritual appeal usually considered necessary—that the Plan has, to paraphrase a remark about an actress, the sex but not the appeal. "If the cause of peace goes backward," Culbertson says, "we will stick with the UN as it is now. If we advance a trifle we will abolish the UN veto. But if we really advance along the path of peace, as we should, we will have to adopt a concrete plan—and my Quota Force Plan is the only concrete plan there is."

He may be right about the whole thing. ⧻

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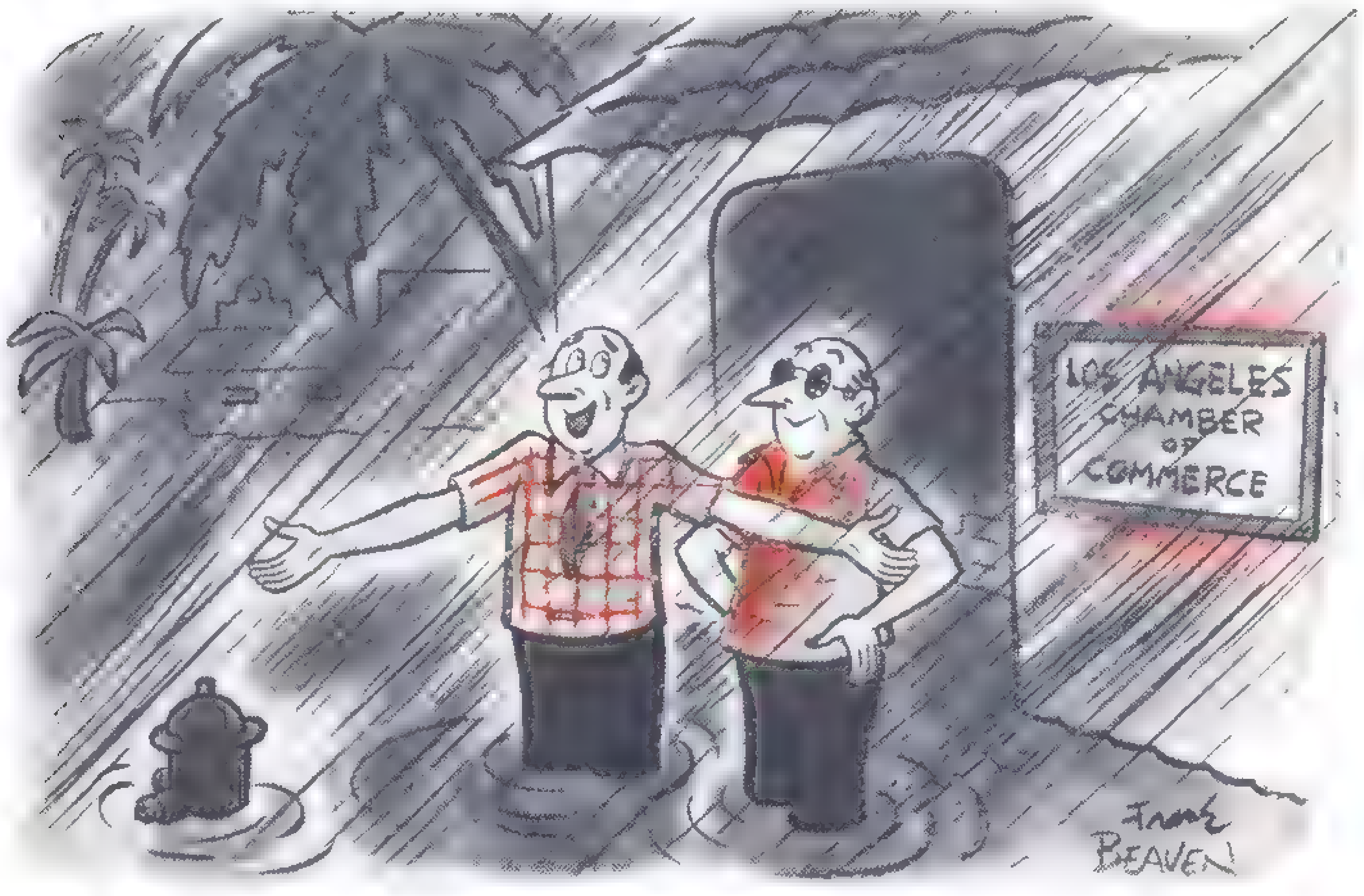
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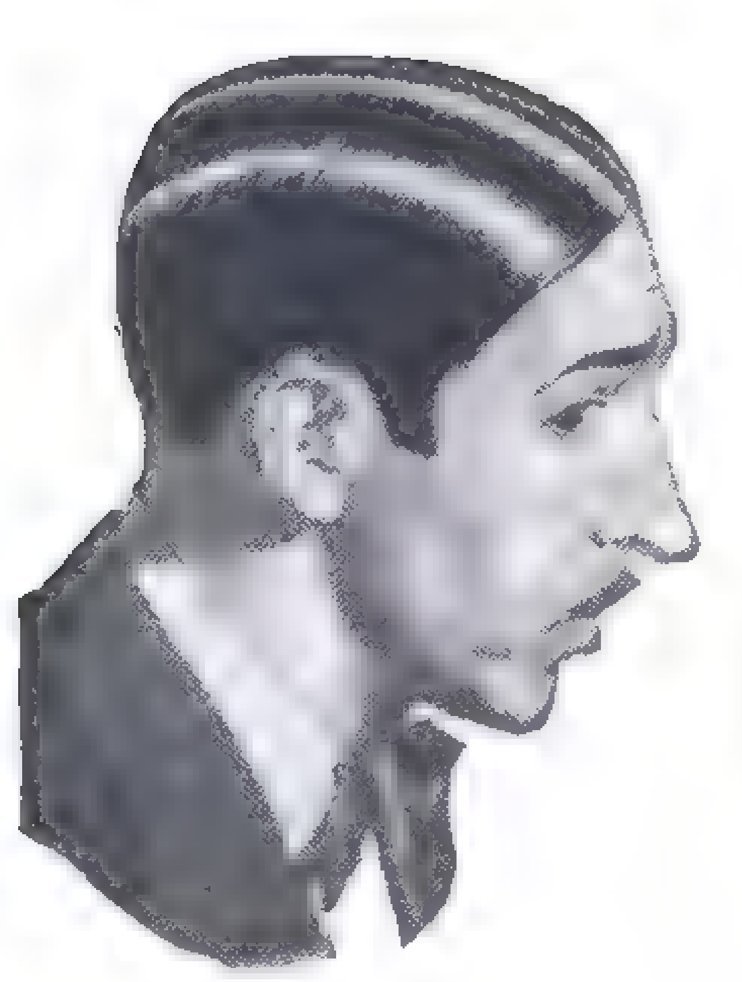

Kreml never gives hair this cheap greasy look. Never leaves hair full of sticky goo. Kreml always feels so clean on both hair and scalp.

Kreml assures that prosperous 'Man-of-the-World' appearance!

Kreml Hair Tonic stands for modern, *natural-looking* hair grooming. Keeps hair in perfect order from morn till night with a rich, attractive lustre yet *never* looks or feels greasy. Kreml actually helps 'condition' the hair in that it leaves it feeling so much softer—easier to manage. Use it daily for a *cleaner scalp*—for *better-groomed hair.*

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Keeps Hair Better-Groomed Without Looking Greasy—Relieves Itching of Dry Scalp—Removes Dandruff Flakes.

Listen to "The New Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" every Saturday night coast-to-coast on ABC network. See local newspaper for time.

To Lick the Cold—Get Out and Ski!

Continued from page 62

south of Reno. At 9,000 feet you'll find a 500-foot rope tow and an Upski 1,400 feet long.

Idaho: Skiing in Idaho means Sun Valley. One of the best developed—certainly the best publicized—snow centers in the country, Sun Valley has everything to make a perfect winter vacation. Timberless, alpine terrain in the Sawtooth Mountain range, four chair lifts, including the gigantic Baldy Mountain lift 11,544 feet long and ascending 3,253 feet, a variety of runs for all types of skiers, excellent slalom courses and jumps on Ruud Mountain; many miles of long, open slopes for cross-country runs.

In addition to its magnificent skiing, Sun Valley offers skating on four rinks, tobogganing, dog-sledding, ski-joring, sleighing, trapshooting, and outdoor swimming in a glass-enclosed pool!

Accommodations are in four main buildings: the de luxe Sun Valley Lodge, the Tyrolean Challenger Inn, the Cottage and the Skiers' Chalet. Rates, European Plan, in the Chalet run from $2 minimum to $5 per day. In the Cottage the rates are $8 single. Rates in the Challenger Inn run from $6 to $10.50 per day; and in the Lodge from $6.50 to the $35 maximum. As with every other top resort, accommodations are tight, and reservations should be made well in advance. The ski season lasts well into May. Ski lessons cost $3 per half day, $4 per day, $11 for three days and $20 for six lessons in classes.

Montana: Best-developed winter sports areas include the Beef Trail area in the Deerlodge National Forest six miles southwest of Butte, and the Birch Creek and Elkhorn Springs sections of the Beaverhead National Forest northwest and west of Dillon. Others are the Bitterroot Forest, Boulder Hill, Custer Forest, Flathead Forest-Belton, Gallatin Forest, Helena—MacDonald Pass and Clark Forest, Lolo Forest and Silver Lake regions.

Wyoming: The Jackson Hole Area in the northwestern part of the state is rated one of the finest ski resorts in the Rockies. Situated a few miles west of the Continental Divide, the area offers excellent ski slopes and a wide variety of downhill runs for all classes of skiers. Average temperatures: February, seventeen degrees; March twenty-four degrees. Skiing continues into April.

Other excellent ski centers in the Wyoming Rockies include various sections of the Medicine Bow National Forest west of Laramie, the Casper Mountain area south of the city of Casper, the Teton Pass area, and developments in the Big Horn Mountains and Big Horn National Forest in Northern Wyoming.

Utah: The state has three major skiing areas. Alta is situated in a deep canyon of the Wasatch National Forest twenty-five miles southeast of Salt Lake City. Altitudes of the fine alpine ski slopes run from 9,000 to 12,000 feet. Three chair lifts, four rope tows, and really superb skiing throughout a wide area. The Brighton development, in the same region, has one chair lift and two tows.

Snow Basin, twelve miles east of Ogden in Cache National Forest, offers runs about two and one-half miles long, with a 3,000-foot drop, a new mile-long chair lift and two rope tows. The Summit Valley area has one tow.

Colorado: Denver is the center of Colorado's excellent Rocky Mountain ski resorts. The Aspen Ski Area at Holy Cross National Forest is one of the major winter sports developments. Ski terrain from 7,800 to 12,000 feet. Main ski course, Roche Run, beginning at the edge of the town of Aspen, is one of the steepest in the world, with a maximum grade of thirty-five degrees. Ski jump. Touring best just below or above timber line. Good accommodations in town.

The Berthoud Pass Ski Area is in the Arapahoe National Forest, 11,315 feet high, on the Continental Divide sixty miles west of Denver. Long run is seven miles in length. Two rope tows. Average temperature, February and March, twenty-five degrees; April, thirty-five degrees. Season runs well into April.

Estes Park is at edge of Rocky Mountain National Park, sixty-eight miles northwest of Denver. All types of runs; practice, novice, intermediate and advanced slopes. Small jump and toboggan slide. Season runs into June at higher elevations.

Glenwood Springs Winter Sports Club is in a beautiful location west of the main range of the Colorado Rockies. Elevation 5,800 feet. Average temperature: February, twenty degrees; March, twenty-five degrees. Ski course one mile long, vertical rise of 1,454 feet. Chair-type tow lifts 4,459 feet long. Excellent slalom and two practice courses.

Pikes Peak Ski Club is especially good during March, April and May. Snow poor for skiing until February 1. Good corn snow into June. Sports area in the Pikes Peak National Forest, twenty miles west of Colorado Springs. Many excellent hotels near-by.

Steamboat Springs Winter Sports Club is an outstanding resort providing top skiing within a thousand feet of all hotels and restaurants. Three fine runs in city limits, lighted for night skiing.

Wisconsin: Just about the best-developed ski area between the Rockies and the Appalachians is found at the Rib Mountain State Park at Wausau. Its 3,100-ft. overhead ski tow is one of the longest in the country. Its open slope 300 feet wide and 2,500 feet long and four trails provide good skiing for all talents. Good accommodations at Wausau hotels, and bus service between town and park.

Pennsylvania: The Pocono Mountains provide 150 miles of varied terrain for the novice and intermediate skier. In the Buck Hill Falls, Skytop and Pocono Manor regions are fifty miles of trails through rolling hills, slalom courses, open slopes and two tows.

New York: With more than 500 miles of ski trails running across the state from Buffalo to Long Island, New York presents varied ski attractions well-promoted by an alert state department of commerce.

In the western part of the state, largest skiing area is at Allegheny State Park in the foothills of the Allegheny Mountains. Three open slopes, one downhill trail, nine cross-country trails—longest of which is eleven miles. Three slalom courses, two jumps and 1,000-ft. rope tow. At Ellicotville are eight open slopes and two rope tows. Ski activities in the south central area are centered around Elmira.

One of the newest ski centers is Mt. Siberia, at Oneonta, which opened last year. Two open slopes with 1,200-ft. rope tow, two slalom courses and six trails. Good accommodations in near-by hotels.

New York State's snow belt, with its deep and constant snows, provides excellent skiing. Included are such well-known winter resorts as Old Forge, Speculator and North Creek. A new center —Snow Ridge, at Turin—is also in the heavy snow area.

The Adirondack region includes the greatest number of touring and cross-country trails in northeastern U.S. Lake Placid is world famous as a winter resort. High up in the heart of the Adirondacks, with fine white snow blanketing thousands of acres, it is served by nine hotels with rates from $5 to $13 per day; forty boarding houses, $3 to $5 per day; and sixty guest cottages, $1 to $5. In the Lake Placid area are five downhill runs, four ski centers with open slopes and rope tows and over twenty touring trails.

At North Creek on the southern edge of the Adirondacks a network of major ski trails winds over fifty miles of country. Three open slopes are served by a 4,000-ft. alpine lift tow and three rope tows.

The Catskill Mountains, too, have excellent winter sports centers. One of the most popular is Pine Hill at the foot of Belle Ayr Mountains, thirty-seven miles from Kingston. Phoenicia is another. On the eastern side is Bear Mountain State Park, only forty-five miles from New York City. Here are two open slopes with an 800-ft. rope tow, ten ski trails and junior and senior jumps. Excellent accommodations at Bear Mountain Inn from $7 to $18 daily.

Massachusetts: The Berkshire Hills long have been a favorite for New York City ski enthusiasts. In the northern Berkshires, Mt. Greylock at Adams, is highest in the state. Its Thunderbolt championship downhill run is one of the steepest and most difficult descents in the east. Bernard's Hill in The Notch at North Adams is a comparatively new development of semiopen slope with very wide trails. One of the best slopes in the Berkshires is Sheep Hill at Williamstown. Farnam's, at Cheshire, has two 1,300-ft. tows and one tow 1,000 feet long. The grounds are lighted at night.

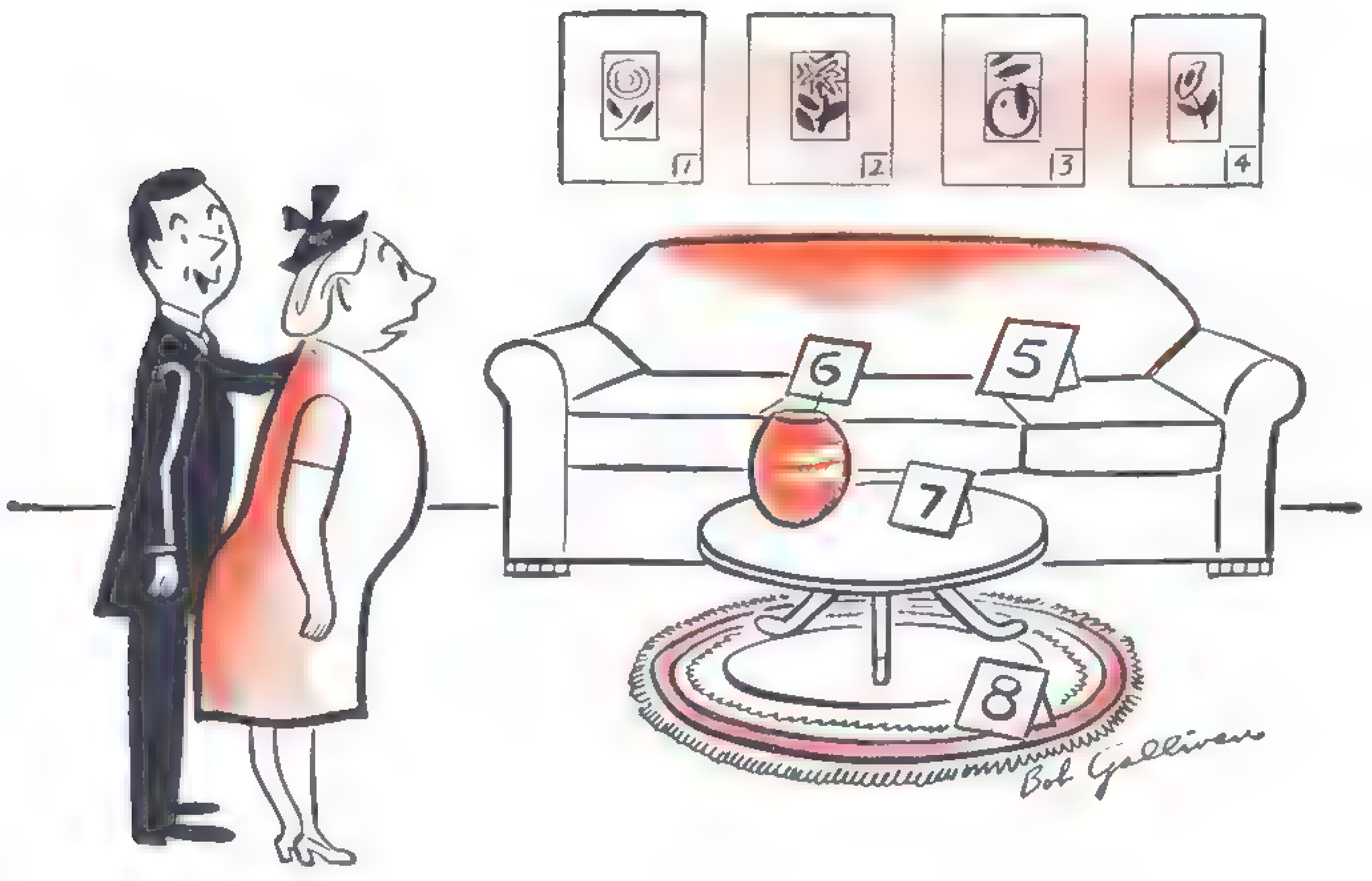
The central Berkshires feature Bousquet's Ski Grounds in Pittsfield, is among the country's finest ski developments, with 200 acres of open slopes, six intermediate and expert trails. Seven tows. In the same area is the Pittsfield State Forest, with fifteen miles of cross-country trails and good downhill sections.

There is cross-country skiing at Lenox in the October Mountain Reservation and the Pleasant Valley Bird Sanctuary. Also beginners' slope, illuminated at night, in the center of town. The Beartown State Forest between Lee and Stockbridge was developed especially to accommodate ski train crowds from New York City.

Great Barrington, in the southern Berkshires, offers splendid facilities on Warner Mountain. Two tows—the first going 1,200 feet up, the other continuing the 600 feet remaining to the top.

Vermont: Up in the Canadian

Continued on page 150



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To Lick the Cold—Get Out and Ski!

Continued from page 149

Border region, St. Albans is a popular center, with short trails on Aldis and Bellevue Hills, and a quarter-mile floodlighted practice and slalom slope. Other developments in this area are at Barton, Craftsbury and St. Johnsbury.

At Stowe, in the Mt. Mansfield region, is one of the finest ski areas in the east, with an extensive system of downhill runs and about forty miles of touring trails on the eastern slope of Mt. Mansfield—Vermont's highest mountain. Chair lift, believed to be world's longest, is 6,330 feet long, with a 2,030-ft. rise. Good open slopes, lighted for night skiing. Jumping hill. Region provides long and relatively certain snow season. Also in this region are ski centers at Barre, Bolton Mountain, Burlington, Cambridge-Jefferson and Underhill Centre.

Ski centers in the west central part of the state include Brandon-Goshen, Hancock-Rochester, Middlebury, Northfield and Randolph-Braintree. At Woodstock, in the Dartmouth open slope region, is the oldest winter sports development in the state. Excellent open slope downhill and slalom skiing, eight tows, jump.

There's an outstanding ski center, too, on Pico Mountain, north of Rutland, which offers a 2,300-ft. "T-Bar" lift, wide downhill trails, cross-country trails, 1,100-ft. rope tow on open slopes and night skiing. In the Manchester-Peru area are forty miles of trails and 250 acres of slopes, cable tramway and three tows.

One of the best-known ski jumping centers is situated at Brattleboro, with a sixty-five-meter slide and many smaller jumps. Near-by is good cross-country running and open slopes. Other ski centers in the lower Connecticut valley region are at Bellows Falls, Chester, Ludlow-Proctorsville, Putney, Springfield and Windsor.

New Hampshire: The state's very extensive ski developments may be divided roughly into ten general regions; Eastern Slopes, Northern Slopes, Franconia Notch, Plymouth, Hanover-Lebanon, Tamworth, Belknap Mountains, Newfound Lake, Monadnock and Uncanoonuc Mountains.

Most popular with intermediates and novices—though there's excellent skiing for the expert also—is the North Conway area on Cranmore Mountain. Here is the famous Skimobile, running 2,730 feet to the top of the mountain, good downhill runs, cross-country trails and open slope skiing. At Pinkham Notch is the famous Wildcat Trail, for downhill experts. Excellent late winter and spring skiing at Tuckerman Ravine and Mt. Washington.

Other Eastern Slopes ski centers are at Bartlett, Intervale, Jackson and Kearsarge-Mt. Warner. Northern Slopes ski developments are to be found at Berlin, Crawford Notch, Gorham, Lancaster and Whitefield-Twin Mountain.

Heart of the Franconia Notch area is the unique aerial tramway which takes skiers up 2,022 feet in less than eight minutes. Extensive trails for all classes of skiers run between 2,000 and 4,000 feet in altitude, providing excellent late-season skiing.

Best skiing in the Plymouth region is found at the Frontenac development, Huckin's Hill and Wendy's Slope. In the Hanover-Lebanon region, including Bradford and Mt. Moosilauke-Warren are many of the excellent facilities developed for skiers of Dartmouth.

In the Belknap Mountains region is the $750,000 WPA-built recreation center at Gilford-Laconia, providing excellent trails, open slopes, slalom, jumps, night skiing, chair tow and rope tows. At Manchester-Goffstown in the Uncanoonuc Mountains region, an electric incline railway takes skiers to the top of South Mountain, from which three trails run down to the base station. Fine skiing is also offered at Tamworth, Newfound Lake and Monadnock.

Maine: Ski centers are situated at Bridgton, which has one of the state's most complete winter sports developments; Fryeburg, Bangor, Camden—Maine's newest and an exceptional ski development—Andover, with an eleven-mile cross-country run; Bethel, Rumford, Showhegan, and Waterville, with a 3,168-ft. open slope, trails, slalom course, night skiing and a 1,700-ft tow, longest in the state.

Canada: Snow conditions are dependable throughout most of Canada, and the ski season lasts considerably longer than in most U.S. winter resorts. An overnight trip from most northeastern U.S. cities, the Laurentian Mountains area north of Montreal is eastern Canada's favorite winter spot.

The main zone of ski activity begins at Shawbridge, forty miles north of Montreal on the Canadian Pacific. The picturesque villages of Piedmont, Mont Rolland, Ste. Marguerite, Val Morin, Val David and Ste. Agathe des Monts—all ski capitals in their own right—follow in a northwestern direction at intervals of two to five miles. Further north the popular St. Jovite-Mont Tremblant district is heavily patronized.

Backbone of a tremendous network of skiways is the famed Maple Leaf Trail, key Laurentian ski artery, more than eighty miles long. Extending from the lower Laurentians at Shawbridge to Mont Tremblant, it offers every type of ski terrain. The Trail, with its many tributaries, add up to more than 1,000 miles of Laurentian ski trails.

The superb Lac Beauport development is ten miles north of the city of Quebec. Excellent runs may be enjoyed on the slopes of Mont Ste. Castin and Mont Tourbillon. Visitors are served by the famous Chateau Frontenac. Also available are the excellent facilities of new Manoir Ste. Castin.

Heading west, we find first-class skiing in the Gatineau Hills, a branch of the Laurentians a few miles north of Ottawa. With excellent ski runs extending right from the edge of town, Ottowa has long been a favorite winter resort.

In Ontario the Huntsville-Muskoka Lakes district offers 100 miles of trails within a fifteen-mile radius 140 miles north of Toronto. Rolling country, with open slopes and well-developed wooded trails. Further west in Ontario is the Fort William area with twenty-five miles of trails on Mt. McKay, championship downhill run, slalom course, jump and a tow.

Only distance from population centers has prevented the Canadian Rockies from winning greater popularity with U.S. ski fans. In their magnificent natural setting, the Canadian Rockies offer the skier just about everything he can find in the Alps, the southern Andes, or any other great international ski center. Long famous as summer resorts, Banff and Lake Louise have joined other Canadian Rockies resorts in winter popularity.

Mt. Norquay is the main zone of Rocky Mountain ski activities. It has a spectacular ski jump, fine downhill runs and slalom courses —all within easy reach of Banff. Other favorite ski resorts in Banff National Park include Mt. Assiniboine, thirty miles south of Banff; Sunshine Valley, fifteen miles away, and Skoki Valley Lodge, ten miles north of Lake Louise.

In Jasper, Canada's largest national park, the skier will find peerless sport in the Maligne Lake Area, Trapper Valley Ski Camp, Tonquin Valley, Whistler Mountain, Columbia Icefield, Mount Edith Cavell and Shovel Pass. Spring skiing is splendid throughout the Canadian Rockies.

In British Columbia, Revelstoke has been a ski center since the beginnings of the sport on the North American continent. Its ski features include miles of trails, sporty downhill runs, slalom and a famous jump. Westernmost skiing in Canada is on Grouse Mountain, a fine ski center high up in the Rockies overlooking the city of Vancouver on the Canadian west coast, and on Forbidden Plateau on Vancouver Island. The latter, with its 100 square miles of all types of ski runs, is a new development.

Much credit for the initiation of city dwellers to the joys of winter in the country goes to the railroads. The Boston & Maine ran the first snow train out of Boston in 1931. The New Haven brought week-end skiing to New Yorkers in 1935 with its first snow train out of New York City, and the New York Central followed in 1936. The Union Pacific has been active in the West, and the Canadian Pacific in its country. Colonial Airlines inaugurated a ski plane between New York City and the Vermont and Laurentian ski areas in 1938.

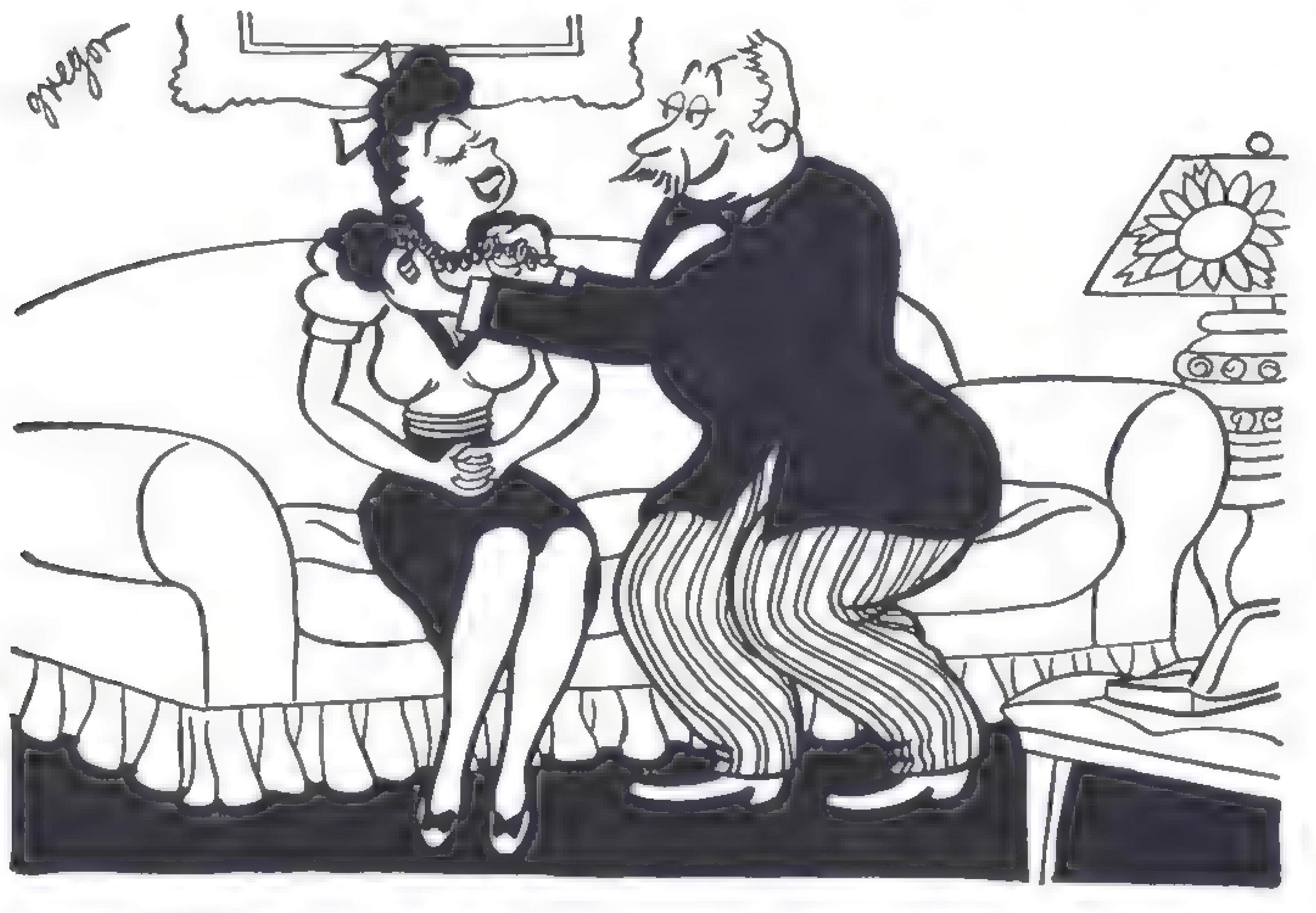
What to wear: As with so many other things, clothes make the man in winter sports; but in skiing, clothes—the wrong clothes —may also break the neck. Well-fitting, properly designed ski boots are a definite safety factor, in that they insure that the motions you make to steer your skis are actually transmitted to the skis themselves, instead of being lost in a loose and twisting boot.

Styles in ski clothes this year differ but very little from prewar. Trousers should be well-tailored "ski instructor" or "downhill" style, of gabardine or other hard-finish, tightly woven fabric. Soft, fuzzy trousers billow out, hold snow when you fall (and you will).

Matched trouser-jacket sets are still popular, but odd jackets of cotton poplin and other materials with detachable hoods are expected to predominate. Sweaters, of course. Some are available in a fair range of colors, with attractive ski motifs. Light wool shirts are also a good bet. Heavy wool ski socks and woolen ski mittens are other necessities. Night wear is very informal at ski resorts—any comfortable sports clothing is suitable for sitting around the fireplace. Take along a pair of fleece-lined slippers, soft zippered boots, or mocassins for evening.

And don't forget sun goggles and sun-tan lotion! (Now do you want to go?) ⵊ

Continued from page 62



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Jazz Forum: Leonard Bernstein Says Yes!

Continued from page 47

ment, or whatever you choose to call it. If he is American, the music will be American in terms of his place in the development of American history. Thus the composers of the Twenties were American in a different sense from, but on about the same plane as, the earlier Indian school. Both were trying too hard.

Let me insert here a point of clarification. I am not, in any sense, being critically facetious about either of these attempts at self-Americanization. Both of these periods form natural and important entities in the history of our music. They were inevitable, like growing pains, as stages of development into a maturity which is only now in sight. And my finding weaknesses in these two self-conscious nationalist movements does not, by any means, imply that I do not have the greatest respect and sympathy for all these musical forbears of mine who had an unprecedented problem with which to wrestle.

I think I have already said that some positive asset emerges out of every movement, however it is based. The man who gave this postwar movement life, controversy and real genius was George Gershwin. His aim, in contradistinction to that of the "serious" composers, was to make of the materials of jazz, with which he was so intimate, a sort of symphonization in the tradition of the European masters, rather than to paste jazz onto already crystallized personal styles and forms, as did Stravinsky and Ravel. Gershwin approached this great merger from the left, so to speak, from the realm of wah-wah mutes and ga-ga chorus girls. Stravinsky approached it from the bulwark of European musical strength, backed up with orchestras with wood winds in fives, and the guardian spirits of Debussy and Rimsky-Korsakov. Neither really reached the middle: Stravinsky's jazz was really Stravinsky *plus* jazz; Gershwin's concert music was Gershwin plus everyone else under the sun. In neither case was a real integration attained. How can one expect that it should have been attained? Both men had sat down quite deliberately to create something, consciously, which can be created only unconsciously.

It so happens, however, that both composers are men of genius. And when this is the case, no historical, geographical or cultist complexities can obscure that shining quality. As a result we have a great composition called *Histoire du Soldat*, which contains a "ragtime" that the average American would dismiss as "corny"; and we have a composition, equally great in another sense, called *Rhapsody in Blue*, which is usually considered formally inept and unintegrated.

By integration I mean that quality in a piece of music which makes it all one homogeneous piece of music. We recognize, for example, that two themes in a Brahms symphony may be German in feeling; but what occurs to bind them together is equally German in feeling, formally and stylistically in step with the themes themselves. That this does not obtain in Gershwin's music constitutes its greatest weakness, in spite of the fact that his melodies are among the most wonderful ever invented by man. But how, after all, could this fault have been avoided? Taking jazz intact, as it were, and baking it into a symphony pie, afforded him no opportunity of developing a consistent stylistic flow; the crust remained crust, the filling, filling. So it is with our *Rhapsody in Blue*, a succession of magnificent and inspired tunes connected in a haphazard way by Lisztian cadenzas, Tchaikovskian sequences, and Debussyan ramblings. And as such it stands today as a great monument to the terrific, but, oh so imperfect, Twenties.

Came the crash. Again, many things stopped happening, and many new things began to happen. Again, a new decade ran itself out, this time at a far slower and wearier pace. Musically, it meant a new conservatism, a new reflectiveness, a reconsideration of traditional values. It was just at this point, that, for the very first time, the moment arrived for the sober absorption of all that had happened, and the consequent opportunity for the development of a real, unconsciously derived, American style. And it is the music of this decade which I feel owes the greatest debt to jazz.

This is the moment which arrives in the writing of any article on an academic subject when one courts the danger of turning it into a baccalaureate thesis. In other words, it is the moment for bringing in and piling up musical examples from music of the Thirties to show what I mean about its debt to jazz. This is obviously inadvisable except in learned journals; and I am confronted by the problem of having to talk about that most ineffable subject —music—without being able to demonstrate what I mean. Furthermore, I have to make assertions without being able to advance tangible proof. Therefore, rather than resort to verbosity to say what a few notes could say so easily, I will try to be as brief as possible; and lacking musical illustrations, you'll just have to take my word for it.

We must first take a strong stand on what we mean by "jazz." Avoiding all the lengthy discussion that usually accompanies attempts to define the word, let us make the simple distinction between the commercial song, as we understand the term on Broadway, and the freely improvised jazz of Negro origin, which we know usually in the few formal variants of the Blues. The "popular song" has had, and can have, no influence whatsoever on serious music. It is created for money, sung for money, and dies when the money stops rolling in. It is imitative, conventional, emotionless. This has nothing to do with the fact that there are many such songs of which I am very fond. I wish I had written *I Get a Kick Out of You*; but I must insist that Mr. Porter has no influence on serious music. I love a Gershwin or a Rodgers tune; but the same truth still holds. There are those who show, for example, the influence of a song like *Fascinatin' Rhythm* on symphonic music. Well and good, but the influence is not original with *Fascinatin' Rhythm.* Those charming, truncated phrases of Gershwin's go back to the improvised jazz, the real source. It is this jazz, then, that we have to take into account.

My old piano teacher, Heinrich Gebhard, used to say that music was divisible into melody, harmony, rhythm, form, counterpoint, and color. To be at all complete I should devote a chapter apiece from here on to considering these six elements. For jazz has influenced our composers on all six counts. But perhaps one will stand for all; a short discussion of *rhythm*, the most important influence, may give you some idea of what I have meant all along by "unconscious."

One invariably associates the word "syncopation" with jazz. Literally it means a shortening, or cutting off. Musically, it means putting an accent on a weak beat, or in an unexpected place; or bringing in a note a little earlier or a little later than would seem indicated. For instance, if we consider a conventional musical bar, of 4/4 meter, we see easily that the strongest beat is always the first, the next strongest the third, then the second and fourth (weak beats). Putting special accents on 2 and 4 (either or both) would amount to a simple syncopation. (This is something they all did over a century ago.)

But that is too simple. Let us go further. If we break this bar up into eighth-notes (eight to the bar), we find we have even weaker beats, and many more of them. For, if 2 is a weak beat in a group of four quarter-notes, how much weaker, then, is the second half of this beat alone in a group of eight eighth-notes! Now put a special accent on this unsuspecting member.

1234′5678

and you begin to get a suggestion of jazz. It was this innocent act, merely the replacing of an accent, which caused the Charleston, the Rumba, the Conga, and many a bump and grind to happen.

Now let us take the rumba pattern as we know it most simply:

123/456/78.

We see at once that these eight eighth-notes now seem to divide themselves into smaller groups of three's and two's. One might rewrite the pattern in the following way:

123/123/12.

Thus, a passage of music in 4/4 time which used to run smoothly in this way:

1234/5678/1234/5678

can now become

123/123/12/123/123/12,

or if juggled accordingly to the composer's whim:

12/123/12/12/123/123/12,

or any other variation of this pattern. This simple procedure opens up new vistas for the serious composer. In the Twenties, when he borrowed overtly from jazz, he used these rhythms as jazz used them, over a steady and monotonous bass which kept the old reliable quarter-note constantly beating. But now that he does not consciously borrow from jazz, these rhythms crop up in a non-jazzy context, without a meter bass necessarily holding them up, but with a life of their own. They have acquired personal qualities—not always hard and percussive, but sometimes graceful, sometimes singing, sometimes even nostalgic. The whole procedure has unconsciously become common usage among American composers. And the startling thing is that very rarely does this music ever sound like jazz! The scherzo movement of my symphony *Jeremiah* would certainly not bring any connotation of jazz to mind; and yet it could never have been written if jazz were not an integral part of my life.

This abbreviated and sketchy investigation into one aspect of American rhythm is certainly insufficient for instructive purposes; but I am hoping that it may serve, for the purpose of this discussion, to point a new way of thinking about the influence of jazz. The whole subject is extremely subtle, and it is all too easy to make erroneous diagnoses. For something *inner* in jazz has entered into our serious music. In every case it is not the superficial "jazziness" that should be sought, but a more profound influence: the cross relations in melodic writing, the peculiarly American sentimentality of harmonization, the intense freedom of the counterpoint, the glorious instrumental color that derives particularly from Negro wind-playing, the healthy, optimistic percussiveness of youthful gaiety, or the neurotic percussiveness of the American citizen when he is on a spree.

For those of you who are further interested I recommend careful listening to and study of the works of Ccpland, Harris, Sessions, Schuman, and Barber, to name only a few. For those of you who are not, don't worry about it. Just listen to the best in jazz and the best in serious American music, and enjoy it. For analyses and diagnoses notwithstanding, the great synthesis goes irrevocably on. #

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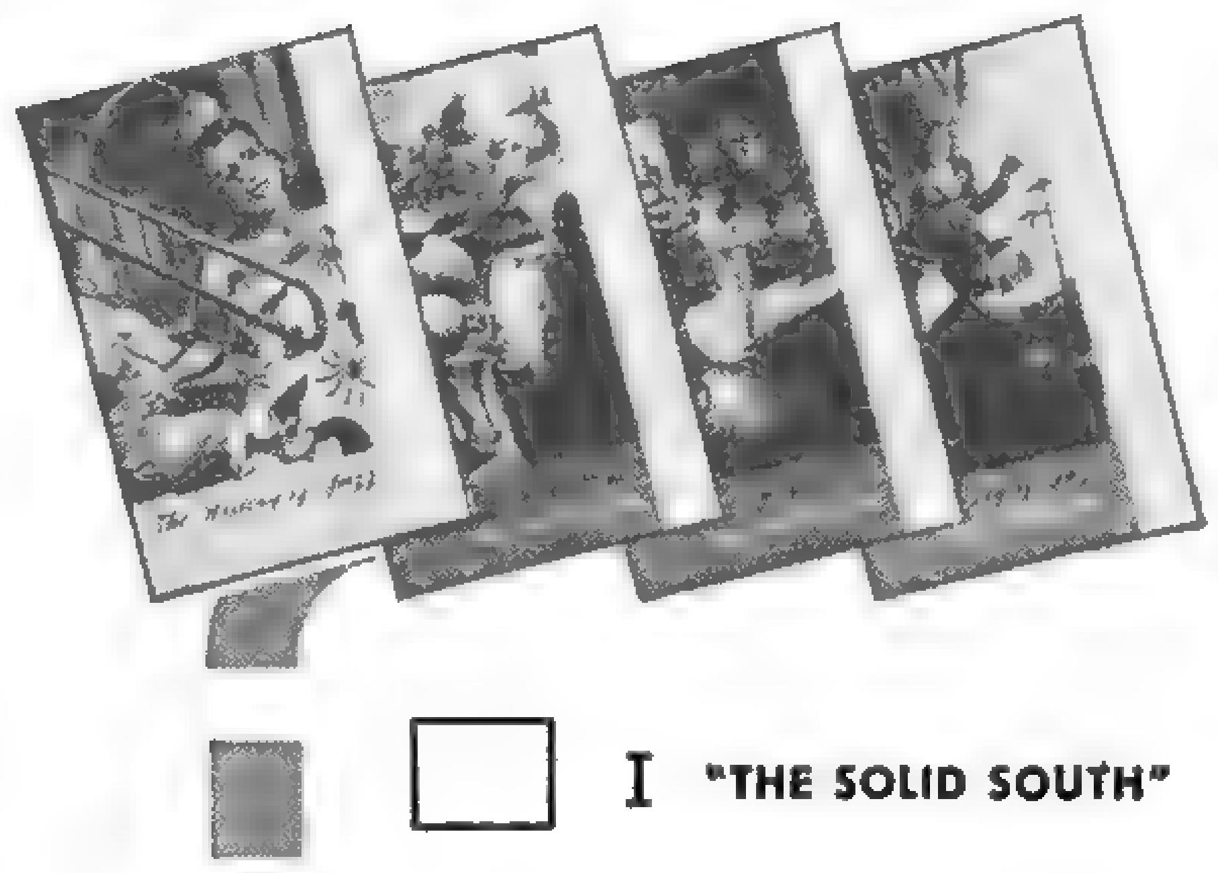

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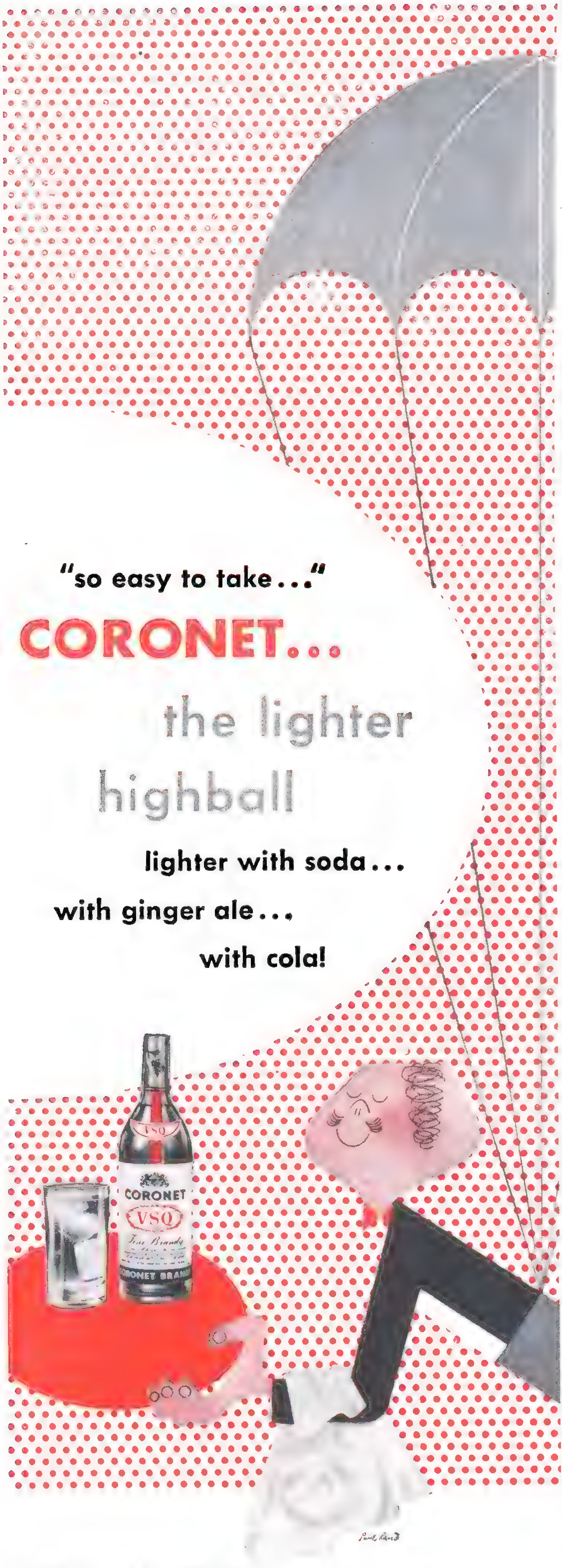

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French Hot Corner

Continued from page 48

St. Louis Blues. *In the Mood* was programmed as *Dans l'Ambiance*, *Dinah* was *Dinette* and *Tiger Rag* became *La Rage du Tigre*."

At this juncture someone needles a very meaty New Orleans *disque* and Sharlee gets that detached, glassy stare common to all connoisseurs of the Hot, beating his palms together the while in two-beat accompaniment. You may as well wait until the record has run its course. You know how it is.

"Before 1940—man, you haven't seen Paris until you see it in real peacetime—we had relied on imported American records and stock arrangements for most of our ideas. Now through necessity we realized that we must develop our own arrangers or else the whole movement would suffer. Many musicians became arrangers and good ones. There were Rostaing, Chiboust, Mengo, Warlop and, of course, Django."

"How were jobs for musicians under the Jerries?" he was asked.

"There was no dancing allowed even though the Germans would have preferred it. From Vichy on down, few Frenchmen felt like dancing at the time three million of their countrymen were imprisoned in Germany. This, of course, hurt night clubs and consequently musicians. French musicians are very independent and our union, the *Syndicat des Artistes Musiciens* is not very strong.

"But everybody got to listen to the jazz anyway. With our first concert in December, 1940, a *Festival du Jazz Français*, we had great success. In twenty-four hours all of the tickets were sold. This enthusiasm and public acceptance continued throughout the Occupation. Now interest is waning. You see, for four years we have heard no new jazz nor have we felt in touch with it at all. I think that this lack of outside stimuli is causing the movement to lose momentum. The musicians are discouraged and disillusioned as are millions of Frenchmen. They are hungry and not too hopeful for the future. It has an effect on their music."

The 3200 franc question (military rate of exchange) was then fired at him. "What does the future hold for jazz in France and Europe—and what do you and the HCF plan to do about it?"

"The Hot Club is very optimistic concerning the future. Of course, we have many obstacles to surmount. The early curfew and dancing ban threw many musicians out of work. They have gone to the Riviera and are not available for sessions, concerts and recording. Few records can be issued due to a woeful fuel and raw material shortage. Radio is in the hands of reactionaries who care little about catering to any public demand for jazz. They are prone to brand as a collaborator any musician who appeared on Radio Paris under the Germans."

It is said that musicians must eat to live and it has never been satisfactorily explained why a musician is a collaborator by virtue of earning his living. Shopkeepers, waiters and tradesmen are seldom singled out for restrictions even though they definitely "dealt" with the enemy. However, if someone has entertained the Jerries, it seems the action borders on high treason. There is no desire to go into the philosophy of resistance here—the fact remains that many millions were forced to earn the means to buy their bread and they did it according to their peace-time profession, the only one they knew.

But you can find many Frenchmen with a hope for a bright new France. Sharlee Delaunay is of this group. He is plugging away at his interminable *discographie* and has many admirable plans for the peaceful tomorrows. Record reissues are contemplated of jazz classics. A total of five hundred sides are to be catalogued, with the early issues including thirty Bessies and, if possible, all the Armstrong Hot Five tone poems. The record annotators will be Charles Delaunay and Hugues Panassié.

A complete jazz library is to be published containing articles, discographies, orchestrations, technical instruction, instrumental techniques, biographies, etc. The first book of this series is to be called *Initiation au Jazz*. Delaunay and Panassié believe that a work of this type is needed not only to enlighten the novice but to broaden the dilettante as well. The mission of the Hot Club has been one of enlightenment. In an unostentatious way they have made jazz accessible to everybody in France. They have approached the dissemination of jazz from the standpoint of how many people they could play it for—not how much money they could realize from it.

The major record and instrument manufacturers, the broadcasters and music publishers have evinced accord with Sharlee's *pièce de résistance*, the idea of a "Jazz City." In one huge building will be housed radio and recording studios, retail music shops, record exchanges, a large music and record library—in other words, a great salon for the musician.

While jazz hardly can be said to be the favorite fare of the French, its growth is very encouraging. There are nearly forty Hot Clubs throughout France and scarcely a month passes without others being added. Much mature critical evaluation and valuable research will be forthcoming from this nation.

Delaunay believes that by hard work and the breaks it will be possible to have many scores of fine jazz musicians here in Europe within the next decade or so. He and the writer do not hold that tradition should be honored to the point of imitation. However, in jazz there are obviously good and bad schools of approach as in any other art form. Using one of these as a background, the sincere novice can evolve his own technique of expression. It would be a bleak future to contemplate if we were to envision everyone fifty years hence playing New Orleans, Kansas City, Chicago, or what-have-you, undiluted by their own individual emotion or inventiveness.

The way our music sounds to the Frenchman and what comes out of his horn as a result of hearing that music, is important not only to the international progress of jazz, but to the American musician and patron. There is much fine jazz being produced in France under severely adverse conditions. It is hoped that the American recording companies will arrange to make it available to the public.

About a month ago there was one of the first few jazz recording sessions since the Liberation. The personnel included André Ekyan, altoist; Hubert Rostaing, clarinetist, altoist and arranger; Leo Chauliac, pianist; Pierre Fouad, drummer; Paul Matteï, guitarist; Soudieux, bassist; and Bellest, trumpeter. They either had taken the Metro or ridden bicycles several miles to the Odeon studios.

Delaunay assembled them, made a few suggestions, Hubert and André and the rest of the combo talked over the score written by Hubert and then they sat down and gave. It was a lovely session. When the red recording light went on they laid into *Royal Garden* with a will. André's heated alto sparked the ensemble and Hubert's inventive, impeccable clarinet was heightened by the superb rhythm. The bassist Soudieux was incomparable.

You could feel in the inspired attack and warm emotion of the group that the hope for the future of jazz in France was well founded. Le Jazz is still hot—and getting hotter as they say down in Montmartre. ##

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 10

challenging Wechsberg

Just finished reading *New York Is Full of Girls* in the November Esquire. This fellow Wechsberg seems to have a new angle on this business of docking (or berthing) ships.

Here's what caught my attention. Quote: "The chain of the anchor woke me up. It rolled over the deck, just above my head, and came to a sudden halt when the anchor reached ground."

Now this took place at a pier (48 North River, New York City—to be exact). Since when do, or did for that matter, ships secured to a pier also use their "mud hooks?"

Please let me know.

S. F. Bresler

Naval Air Station
Quonset Point, R. I.

touché!

Being merely an ex-Army sergeant I wouldn't even attempt a nautical explanation for the phenomenon of the anchor of the *Ile de France* being lowered at a New York pier; though I have traveled through all the seven seas, as the saying goes, I have never been able to understand the simple mechanics of sailing, arriving, docking *et al.*

But I feel compelled to tell Seaman Bresler that it was a standard observation among the French sailors aboard the *Ile*, "In New York we'll have to lower a couple of anchors so *the gangsters Americaines* won't kidnap the ship."

(Those were the kidnaping '30s, remember?)

Joseph Wechsberg

Los Angeles, Calif.

sour grapes?

I have just finished reading Helen Lawrenson's *Sailors Make Wonderful Husbands*. My two-year-old daughter is climbing all over me as I try to write this. Naturally as I have first read Lawrenson's article I'm in no good mood. What would a merchant seaman do in my position? Probably tie the kid in "wonderful knots." Helen concludes: "So if you already have a wife or a sweetheart, you'd better keep her away from the waterfront. Sailors get lonely. And so do bored women." Earlier in the article she was trying to make herself believe this: "At least she can be sure her husband will never form any serious attachments. He doesn't have time enough ashore in any one place." I always supposed wives and sweethearts don't like the idea of their men diverting bored women no matter how much time they had to kill.

Seamen are fantastically generous with whatever money they have, huh? Every sailor isn't married to a woman that earns her own way so he can afford to throw away the little he makes.

Latins *may* make lousy lovers and sailors *may* make wonderful husbands but one thing I know is that Helen Lawrenson makes a hell of a lousy attempt to write wonderful articles.

U. S. Watt

Fenelon Falls, Ont., Canada

Helen, ahoy!

Helen Lawrenson will, no doubt, have many letters from seafaring men, thanking her for her *Sailors Make Wonderful Husbands*. I think she will not hear from many *sailors*: by which I mean men who know how to "hand, reef, and steer"; who know the difference between the lee main royal clewline and the weather mizzen topgallant sheet.

In the name of many an old comrade of my days under square sail in the Cape Horn ships, in the square riggers that now are gone from our sea, I want to express my appreciation to Helen Lawrenson. Her article hits the nail fair and square on the head.

A good many years are gone since, on her deathbed, a woman said to her own chosen sailor, speaking the last words ever she spoke, "No woman ever had a better husband."

Fair winds to you, Helen Lawrenson! Meet me off the Horn! (That was the farewell common amongst sailors in my day.)

Bill Adams

Dutch Flat, Calif.

fair exchange

Any of your readers who want a regular selection of English newspapers might note I like American press efforts, and will exchange.

If any of the American Air Force who trained our class 42K—Georgia—1942—reads this, I trained with them and passed as pilot.

It was over there I first became an Esky addict.

E. J. Sykes

Yorkshire, England

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The Rescue of Old 97

Continued from page 77

engine. Herbert leaned down.

"He's going to make it," he shouted at Charlie.

"He better had," Charlie replied, looking out the side. "We're getting close to the city."

Herbert spoke too soon. When he raised his head again Fred was almost two-thirds of the way to the engine and there was a bridge coming. He shouted a warning, but Fred was too far away to hear.

The bridge-warning device hit Fred, but it didn't knock him down. Instead the strings somehow became entangled in his clothes and lifted him from the catwalk. Dangling and thrashing, he approached the caboose at a dizzy rate and Herbert had to duck as he passed overhead.

Herbert climbed down the ladder. "There goes Fred," he said.

Charlie nodded, watching the rapidly diminishing figure of Fred high above the tracks. "He ought to be ashamed of himself," he said, "leaving us in a jam."

Herbert said, "Who's going to try now?"

A calculating look came into Charlie's eyes. "You have another go," he suggested. "I'll keep a lookout for bridges."

Herbert didn't want to try it again at all but, as Charlie said, they were getting close to the city and the city was the end of the line. And the end of everything, unless they could stop the train.

The catwalk seemed more precarious than ever. Herbert looked at Charlie for encouragement and Charlie waved him on. He couldn't stand upright and progress was slow on his hands and knees, but more and more buildings were flashing past and the imminence of disaster lent urgency to his task.

When he reached the third car and glanced back, Charlie had climbed onto the caboose and down between it and the next car.

The train went through a suburban station crowded with excited spectators waving and shouting. Automatically, Herbert waved back. He couldn't see Charlie.

And then Charlie's head appeared. Charlie winked and called, "So long, Herbert."

The caboose seemed to drift away from the rest of the train. Charlie had uncoupled it. Herbert could see him on the front platform as the caboose, rolling free, began to slow down.

Herbert's only reaction at first was that Charlie had played a dirty trick on him, and it wasn't until some seconds had passed that he realized that he had nowhere to go now if a bridge came along. He was trapped.

As he sat brooding, an advertising billboard went by. 5 MILES TO CLAYTON'S. BUY THE BEST. Five miles to the end of the line! That was less than five minutes, at the speed the train was making.

The engine seemed an incredible distance away, but Herbert almost ran along the catwalk. Twice he almost fell between cars, saving himself with his hands and frantically dragging himself up again. When he was three cars away from the engine, he saw a bridge. He raced over the three remaining car tops, across the coal-laden tender, and dove into the engine. The bridge came so close he could feel wind from it.

The exertion and suspense had been too much for him. On the floor of the engine, he fainted. His last conscious impression was of a strange sound, as if the engine had run out of water and, consequently, steam. He thought too that it was slowing down.

He awoke to see the superintendent standing on the steps of the engine and beaming at him. That made him think he must be dreaming. He looked around. The engine was standing in the station, not fifty feet from the bumpers at the end of the line.

He thought that over and would have fainted again had not the superintendent said, "Herbert, there's someone here who wants to meet you."

Herbert put his head out. The station was full of people. The people saw him and sent up a wild cheer. At the bottom of the engine steps a kindly-looking grey-haired man was standing.

Herbert climbed shakily down the steps and the superintendent said, "Herbert, this is Mr. Patterson, the president of our line."

Mr. Patterson put out his hand. "My congratulations, Herbert," he said. "We're proud of you. You did a fine, courageous thing in going forward to that engine and stopping the train. But for your presence of mind, a serious disaster might have occurred."

Herbert didn't say anything.

"Now, Herbert," Mr. Patterson went on, "there are a lot of photographers here and they'd like to take your picture. Suppose you get up on the tender and pretend to be taking on water for the engine."

Still not sure that he wasn't dreaming, Herbert climbed up onto the tender. The canvas nozzle of the water hose hung from its scaffold-like support. Herbert swung it around and opened the top of the tender's water tank.

"Like this?" he called down.

The photographers were setting up their cameras beside the tender and searching for flash bulbs.

"That's right, Herbert," Mr. Patterson called up. "Hold it."

Herbert grasped the canvas nozzle. It came down slightly and simultaneously water gushed from it into the tender. Startled, Herbert let it go again.

The water rumbled through the bowels of the engine and there was a hissing sound as it reached the boiler. And then, just as the photographers were set, while the superintendent and Mr. Patterson smiled proudly, the train began to move again.

The Trip to Granada

Continued from page 41

door; she looked unlike anyone Pepito had ever seen—beautiful in a way, it seemed to him, yet somehow peculiar. She wore her hair in big curls and wore silver earrings, and her lips were abnormally red. But she couldn't, Pepito reflected, as he looked carefully at her cheeks and neck, have been so very young.

"Sit down, my child," said the woman in a warm, hospitable way. "You'd like something to drink? Well, that's easily remedied." She poured him a big, bubbling glass of green wine. "Where are you going at this hour of the night, all alone?"

"I'm on my way to Granada," said Pepito, "to visit my grandmother. She's dying, but you know, I've never even seen her."

"You're a good boy, that's evident," clucked the woman, pouring him another glass of wine. "How old are you?"

"Nineteen," said Pepito. "Almost nineteen."

"Well, you're getting on," said the woman in a playful tone. "Someday you'll be a man. Someday . . ."

"I'm a man already," Pepito put in with dignity. "To all intents and purposes."

"Well, I shouldn't be surprised, my dear," said the woman, looking him over carefully. "You seem to be quite well developed. Do you come this way often?"

"I've never been here before," said Pepito, "but of course it's only a stone's throw from where I live, now that I come to think of it."

"You must come and see me again," said the woman. "You're always welcome, darling."

Pepito thought that he had never in his life met such a friendly, responsive person; to be sure, there was something a bit odd about the way she stared at him and kept smiling, which reminded him of the way old Aunt Teresa behaved back home when she'd had a drop too much.

The woman began to grow even more hospitable, and she poured out a third glass of wine for Pepito and ran her fingers through his dark warm curls. This surprised Pepito a little, but it occurred to him such deportment might be customary with strangers in the world outside his village, and he kept his mouth shut. He noticed that an odd, sugary perfume issued from the woman's clothes; he began to feel sleepy.

"You're a pretty boy," the kindly woman was saying, "and someday you'll break the ladies' hearts; I'm sure of it. Oh, it's a cruel world! Here you are, sweet as a lamb, and someday you'll be a regular rascal, I suppose, pinching every girl that comes prancing your way. Yes, life's hard for us women. It grows harder and harder. I've never read a book that really told how hard life is for a woman. Every day there's a new torment. It never stops. Even when we think we're happy, even when we lie in the arms of a fine big man who says he loves us, the terrible suspicion suddenly occurs that he doesn't really mean it, or won't mean it six months from now . . ."

"I shall never tell a lie to any woman," said Pepito ardently, rousing himself.

"You're an angel," said the woman, "and I'm sure of it. Have you ever been in love?"

"No," said Pepito. "I don't want to. I'm quite happy as it is."

"You've never kissed a girl?" murmured the woman.

"Well," said Pepito, blinking sleepily, "I could have kissed Maria Rosa one day, but . . ."

Pepito felt the woman's face close beside his own, and he realized that she was kissing him affectionately on both cheeks, but his mind was in a soft, insidious whirl, and he closed his eyes and fell fast asleep.

When he woke up again it was still dark, but something in his bones told him that dawn was not far distant. He was lying on a straw mat beside a window, and when he saw the lace curtain above his head he suddenly remembered where he was.

He grew very worried, and an ill-defined feeling of guilt swept over him. He rose and crept stealthily across the floor; he noticed that the starlight filled the room with a soft pearly haze, and he could see the round wine bottle on the table, and an overturned wine glass. From the further end of the room he heard the low, even sound of someone snoring.

A nameless sense of desolation passed over Pepito, and he felt a pang of regret; the world was so much stranger and more menacing than he had expected, and he realized that there were many things he did not understand. He crept softly through the door into the night.

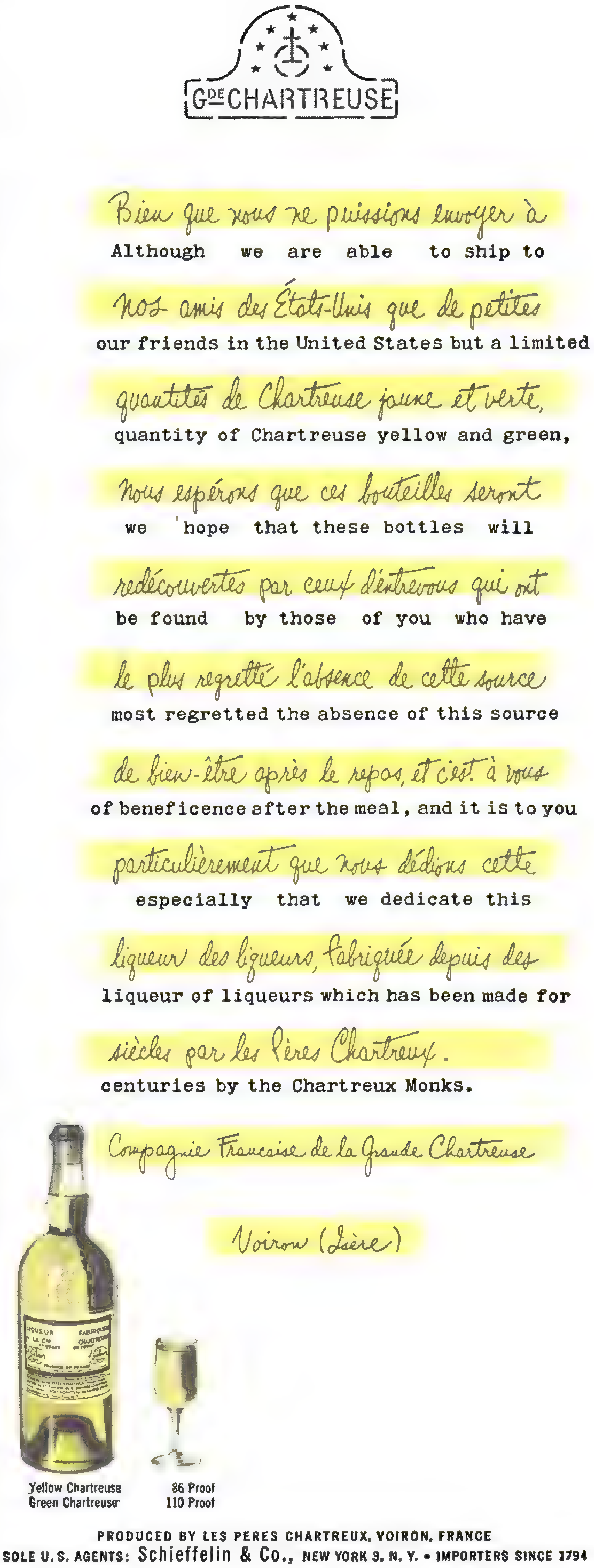
There he saw Ezequiel lying beside the road, fast asleep. As soon as he heard his young master the burro pricked up his ears and raised his head, and uttered a hoarse, low sigh of delight.

Pepito too felt suddenly reassured, and he climbed on Ezequiel's back. And then, with his mind full of faint, disturbing memories, he continued slowly on his way to Granada.

The night was now full of a wild silvery glow, and the towering hills looked like hills of ice rising from a prehistoric sea. Pepito felt his bewilderment fall away, and a new sense of wonder enfolded him now. The world no longer seemed pitiful or senseless but magical and overwhelming. The road wound in and out among the cliffs, and the abyss at his side was so deep and mist-laden that he could not see the bottom.

He began to wonder what Granada would be like. Would it be

Continued on page 158



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The Trip to Granada

Continued from page 157

immense and elegant beyond all thought, with great towers and rows of balconies swarming with people? He felt an anticipation which was both joyous and timid. He wished that he were not altogether alone, but he felt soothed by the companionship of Ezequiel, who took a tolerant, phlegmatic view of all things.

The road now descended into a valley, and he saw a stream rippling downhill through a small olive grove. He began to feel oddly exultant, and when they arrived at the bridge which crossed the stream he came to a halt and led Ezequiel gayly to the water's edge.

A mossy fragrance rose from the water, and he heard the sound of small birds waking up in the boughs overhead.

"There," he whispered, "take your time, Ezequiel. We have all day. And if we don't arrive today, we'll arrive tomorrow." He pressed his cheek lovingly against the donkey's neck, and began to feel a true admiration for the beast's loyal, unassuming character. There was something calm and crystalline in all of Ezequiel's reactions, and there was no need ever to be seriously troubled or saddened by Ezequiel's attitude.

Then he noticed that someone was kneeling at the edge of the stream, under the bridge. It was still quite dark, dawn was slow in arriving. Pepito tiptoed along the mossy shore to see more clearly, and when he drew closer he saw it was a girl kneeling on a flat red stone, laundering her clothes in the stream, scrubbing them patiently against the rock. It was a black dress and a white petticoat she was laundering, and that was all. She herself was quite naked, and Pepito was filled with curiosity, for the only girl he had ever seen unclad was his little sister Isabella, who was only ten years old.

He watched her quietly for some time, and he watched her rinse the dress and twist it dry, again and again, till the last drop of water fell from it. Then she rose and turned to hang it on the bough of an olive tree. Pepito felt a certain cool aloofness all the while, and presently he began to creep back along the shore toward the spot where his burro had reclined to take a nap.

But then he heard a little cry, and when he turned he saw that the girl's petticoat had floated into midstream and was being carried downhill, in his direction, by the current. Pepito stepped into the water and waited gravely for the garment to arrive, and when it did he reached out with a stick

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and plucked it skillfully from the flowing water.

He walked along the shore and placed the petticoat on the ground beside the girl. "Here you are," he said calmly. "If it hadn't been for me, you would never have found it again. Be more careful next time! My name is Pepito."

"Mine is Pilar," said the girl.

"Pepito Diaz," said the boy with dignity.

"Pilar Martinez," said the girl, blushing.

"I'm on my way to Granada. Do you know Granada?" he inquired.

"I've been there once," said the girl. "When my sister Anna got married."

"It's a big city, is it?"

"Immense," sighed the girl.

"I suppose one ought to be careful down there?" said Pepito, earnestly.

"Oh, yes," said Pilar brightly. "They'll cheat you! They'll murder you!"

"Well," said Pepito uneasily, "I don't expect to stay there long."

"Don't," pleaded the girl. "Don't stay there long! You'll surely get into trouble, Pepito!"

"You live near by?"

"Oh yes," said Pilar, shyly, "just on top of the hill over there." She pointed. "In the house with the blue lintels."

"I see," said Pepito. "Well, perhaps I'll come and see you on my way back."

"Please do," said Pilar graciously, "and I'll give you an almond cake. How soon will that be?"

"Tomorrow perhaps," said Pepito. "How old are you, Pilar?"

She was standing under the olive tree, holding on to the boughs with her arms upraised. Pepito began to feel that there was something lovable and unusual in the smooth rounded shape of her body and the ivory-white skin, on which the drops of water were still shining brightly. It was growing a little lighter, and the morning was not far away.

"I am sixteen," said Pilar. "And how old are you, Pepito?"

"Eighteen," said Pepito proudly. And then he murmured: "I think

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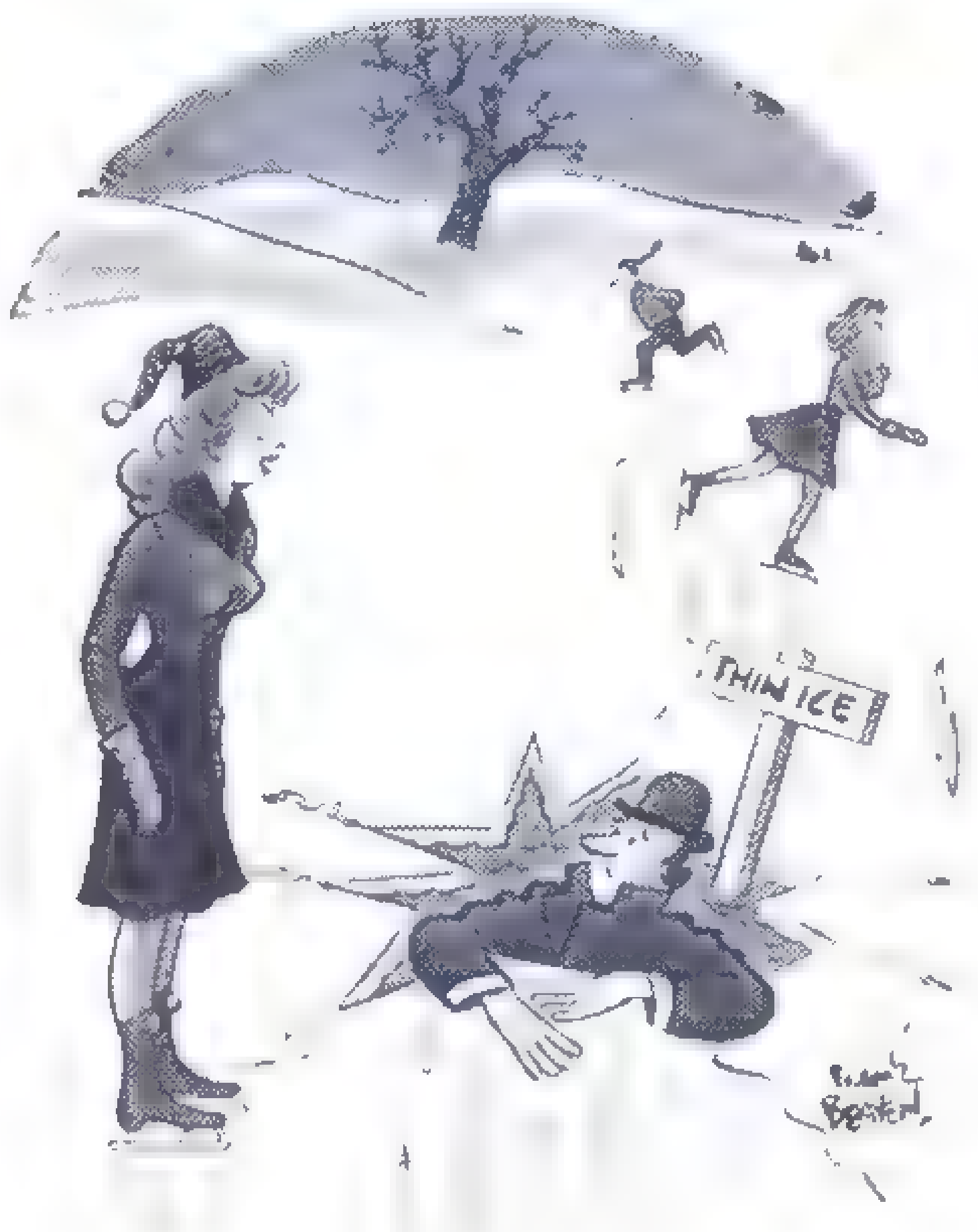

"I'm afraid it'd be too cold for me"

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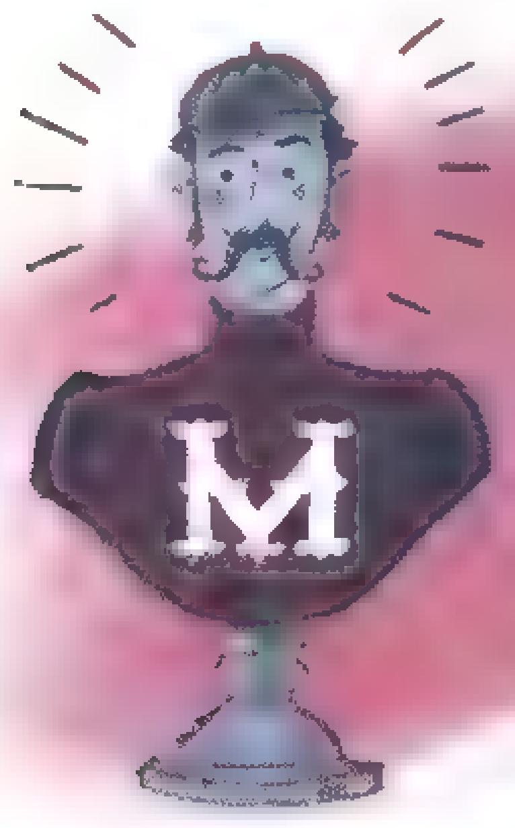
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The Trip to Granada

Continued from page 159

you are very beautiful, Pilar."

Pilar turned her head away and lowered her eyes, but he could see that he had made her happy by saying that; there was a shy, hidden smile on her lips.

"Most people," said Pepito with gravity, "are very, very ugly. Perhaps in Granada they are beautiful. I don't know. I'll tell you tomorrow, on my way back. At any rate, in the village where I live there is no one who is beautiful. No one at all . . . Have you any brothers or sisters, Pilar?"

"No," murmured Pilar, stepping into the shadow of the tree and touching the rim of her dress, to see if it was drying. "I live alone with my two aunts and my uncle . . ." Suddenly she raised her hands to her face, and a deep sadness entered her voice, and it occurred to Pepito that she, too, might be a lonely person.

He came up and placed his arm tenderly around her shoulder. "You must not let life trouble you, Pilar," he whispered. "I have been learning many things lately. Life is strange, one must learn not to think about it too much . . ." He placed his curly head on her shoulder and said, "I've learned a few things from my burro, Ezequiel. I've learned how to be calm and patient . . ."

He felt her bare young body trembling a little. "Are you cold, Pilar?"

"No, not cold, thank you, Pepito."

"Tell me, Pilar, you are beautiful," he said solemnly, "have you ever kissed a man?"

She glanced at him in a curious way, with a mingling of terror and a sweet, maternal tenderness. At last she smiled and said, "No, Pepito, but you may kiss me if you wish."

He turned his head and kissed her very softly on the cheek.

"You may kiss me on the mouth, Pepito, if you wish." She raised her eyes and smiled at him.

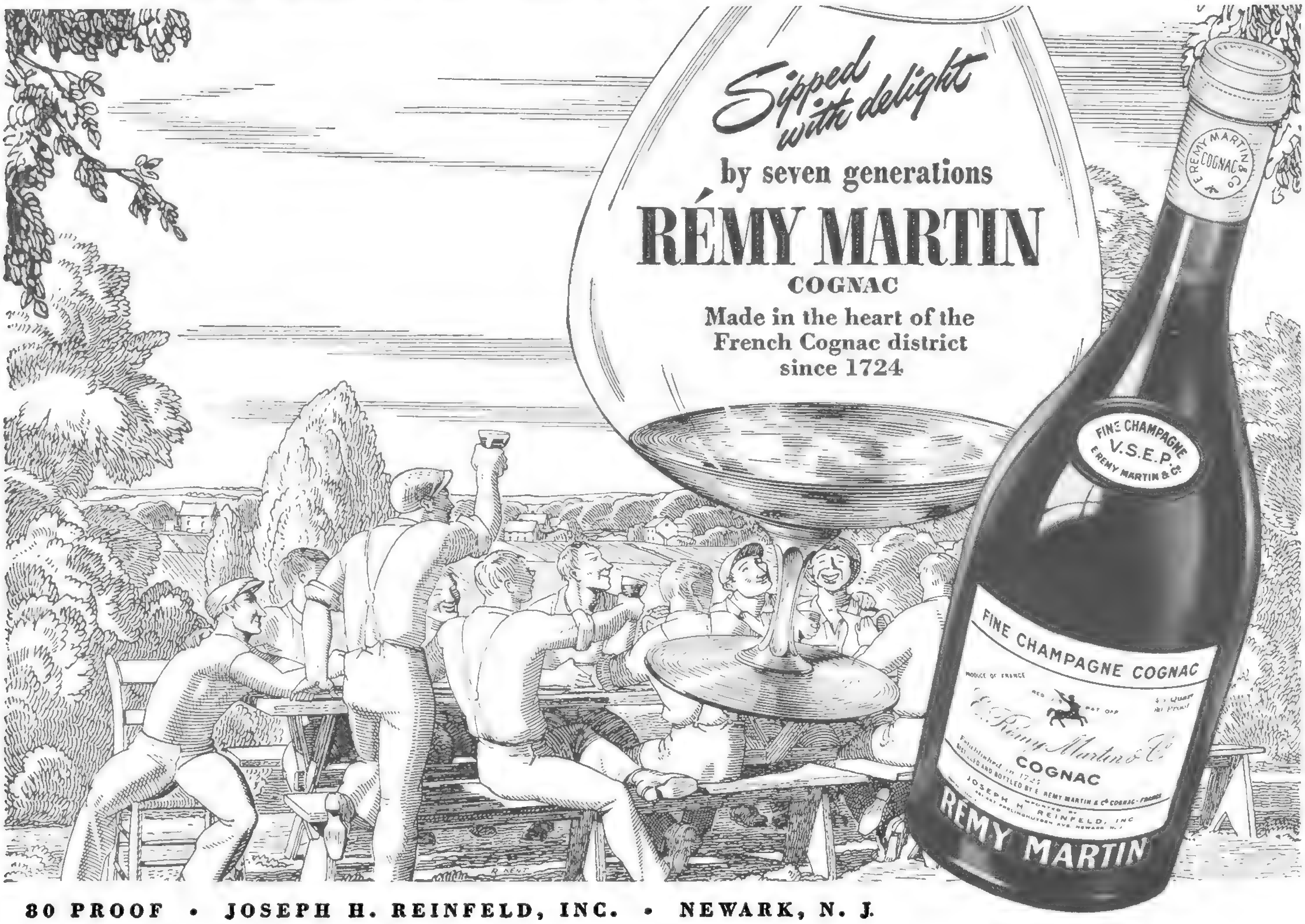
And Pepito felt a deep stirring in him when he looked into her eyes, and he drew her instinctively to him and placed his lips very lightly on hers, and then drew away.

"Again, Pepito," whispered the girl.

He kissed her a second time, and his heart beat wildly, and he drew away again.

"Farewell, Pilar," he cried in a low, trembling voice, "tomorrow, tomorrow . . ." And he hurried back to the place where Ezequiel was waiting for him and they climbed back to the road together and started once more, through the rosy morning light, on their way to Granada. ⧺

Continued from page 41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How to Break a Leg

Continued from page 84

studying the trail carefully, trimming his turns here and there and planning his route for the race. Dusk was gathering when he decided to make one more run with a few members of the Harvard ski team. His wife was waiting for him at the finish line. The air was frosty and everybody had worked up a good appetite. After a while Mrs. Constant saw the Harvard men skid across the finish line. Everybody stood by, waiting for Constant. They figured he probably took a couple of light falls, or perhaps was re-skiing a troublesome bump he wanted to master.

A few minutes later, with the darkness setting in fast, the waiters stopped waiting. Sprains and breaks are common on a steep, twisting, heavily wooded trail like Taft, so they started back up the mountain with splints and a toboggan. It was nearly dark when they found him. He was under a tree thirty feet off the trail. Dead.

There were no ski tracks leading to the scene of the accident. Hitting a bump at terrific speed, Constant had been flung several yards through the air. He hit the tree as you might dash an apple against a stone wall. And he was a good skier, too. Very good.

But hazard is part of the sport. Skill and knowledge diminish, but never eliminate, the possibility of a crack-up. The danger is always there. It doesn't lurk. It stands right up to you and grabs at you as you go by. Remove it and the thrill is gone, especially for a fast downhill man. He likes them tough like Taft. On a busy Sunday the tricky Taft is littered with humbled skiers picking themselves out of the snow. But after you've once skied Taft at a good clip, you'll probably find other trails slow and monotonous.

Unless it's the Nose Dive.

This one ranks with Taft for difficulty and has a couple of spots that are downright murderous unless you're in good shape and know what you're doing. Nose Dive, near Stowe, Vermont, drops 2080 feet in less than a mile and a half. It has seven high-speed turns near the upper end of the trail, known as "the Corkscrew," which are a challenge to run at high speed. About halfway down is a cheerful spot called Shambles Corner, which consists of a sharp turn at the bottom of a steep pitch. A large and considerably ski-scarred birch tree stands at the critical point on the inside of the curve. The number of casualties there has become a matter of concern and it is planned to remove the birch and widen the turn, according to Charles Lord, its manager.

If you get by Shambles Corner,

Continued on page 162

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How to Break a Leg

Continued from page 161

all you have to worry about is the finish where there is a near-vertical drop of seventy feet. The problem there is to keep your skis on the snow. If you go over too fast, you'll find the tips of your hickories sticking into the snow at the base of the drop where it flattens out sharply. It has to be taken deftly or you wake up with a mouth full of slush.

As trails go, Nose Dive is short, but it is a favorite with the experts. Milton Hutchinson, a member of the Mt. Mansfield Ski Club, set the record in 1940 with a time of 2:17:6. That was a year of some great races. Half a dozen racers, including Ted Hunter and Serge Gagarin, can show you scars to prove it.

The West, too, has several fireball trails. The outstanding one is Roche Run, near Aspen, Colorado. In one-and-a-third miles, the trail drops 2200 feet. After a short start, the runner encounters what is known as the Little Corkscrew. A little further on he hits the Dipsy Doodle and finally shoots through the big, and more famous Corkscrew—three steep sharp S curves. The aspens are still quivering from the impact of daredevils who tried to pop the Cork too fast.

The last portion of Roche Run is known as the Schuss. This is inappropriate, for according to Friedl Pfeifer, director of a ski school there, it has never been schussed. The Schuss crosses two roads—which are hard to ride at forty or fifty m.p.h.—and the trail ends at the outskirts of Aspen. Pfeifer still chuckles over the time Hal Coding, a Sun Valley instructor, tried to take the Corkscrew straight and dropped down the dizzy pitches at a terrific speed.

"When he came to the second road," recalls Pfeifer, "he left the ground and took off. As far as I know he hasn't landed yet."

Toni Matt, Headwall schusser, also holds the record at Roche Run. He did the one-and-a-third miles in 2:22. The record has been standing for five years, and in the opinion of the experts, it is unlikely it will be broken soon.

There is a fine downhill trail on Mt. Baldy at Sun Valley. Called the Warm Springs Course, it has a tremendous *steilhang*, or long steep pitch that gave Dick Durrance, the former Dartmouth star, one of the narrowest escapes of his career.

Schussing the *steilhang*, Durrance found himself going uncontrollably fast toward a clump of trees near the end. Unable to turn, he hit a bump which swept him into the air, heading square for a large trunk. It might have been a

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gory preview of the Constant disaster, had not Durrance lifted his skis up and out toward the tree. What happened then has been the substance of many furious arguments ever since, but it is claimed (by the Durrance followers) that he ricocheted off the tree as though he were rubber and, landing, sped off in a new direction. They say there are still ragged scars where the steel edges bit into the bark. At any rate, Durrance sped on. With less than 200 yards to go, he unaccountably took a mean spill. Recovering and getting back on his skis took a precious second, yet he crossed the finish line first. All that only goes to prove that you can survive a brushoff and a fall and still win a race, which is a good thing to remember in a lot of things beside skiing.

By now it should be pretty well established that downhill running on a steep, sinuous trail is no pastime for the timorous. The names alone are enough to terrorize the fainthearts—Thunderbolt (Mt. Greylock, Massachusetts), Hell's Highway (North Woodstock, Massachusetts), Spit Cat Spit, (Phoenicia, New York), Fire Trail, (Mt. Washington, New Hampshire), Wildcat Face (Alta, Utah), and Whiteface (Lake Placid, New York), which was presumably labeled after the mountain it descends, but might aptly describe the complexion of those who ski it. But if you have any doubt about the rewards of conquering these slopes, borrow a phrase and ask the man who runs one.

Some of their greatest pleasure comes from anticipation and preparation. They study the trail as a golfer studies an important putt, or as an artist examines his subject before using the brush. They know that they can get better speed on snow that is not exposed to sunlight, so they contrive to run as much as possible in the shady stretches. They will arrange to hit their turns high and early—rather than low and late—to come out with a real head of steam for the straight stretch. Rather than use a tow, they will walk up the trail several times to memorize the contours of bumps, the precise condition of the snow where they plan to turn, the number of inches from trees by which they can take the shortest route.

The ceremonial rites of waxing, too, are scrupulously observed. Two contestants can make the difference between two grades of wax sound like a controversy on the atomic bomb. The usual routine is to take your skis to your room the night before the race and there, in high secrecy, spend an hour more or less applying the wax with tender care. Walter Prager, ski coach at Dartmouth and one of the most courageous racers of the last decade, probably achieved the pinnacle of preparation down the 7000 vertical feet of

Continued on page 164

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How to Break a Leg

Continued from page 163

the Parsenn Derby Course before the race several years ago. Knowing that most of his left turns would be made in the shade and his right turns in the sunlight, he put steel edges on the right side of his skis and brass edges on the left. After spreading on a number of base waxes, he applied dry snow wax on the left vertical half of his skis and wet snow wax on the right vertical half. He won the race.

Prager, now thirty-seven years old—superannuated for downhill racers—still competes and does creditably. In last year's nationals, he placed fifth in a field of over 100—five seconds behind the winner, although he played it safe all the way. Being married and having a good job, Prager prefers to think of his future. "It has reached the point," he says, "where I'd rather live than win."

The latest refinement in downhill racing involves premeditated breathing. Since the race will only take two to six minutes, depending on the length of the trail, a highly excited and eager runner is likely to forget about breathing most of the way down. The natural consequences of a shortage of oxygen are quick fatigue and fuzzy brain, causing the runner to forget where he planned to turn or to pull his speed. Now, the scientific racers spend half a minute before they start, gulping huge breaths of air, and force themselves to breathe on easier stretches.

Even with all this forethought, most racers finish in condition for pulmotor. Their legs are knotted, the color is drained from their faces, and they wheeze like leaky boilers. It is unbelievable, until you've seen them, that such an advanced stage of exhaustion can be achieved in such a short time. While they streak down the trail with flawless, fluid ease, hitting the turns with calm, deadly accuracy, their insides are knotted and they are pouring out energy in prodigal proportions. By the time they cross the finish line and walk away, many of them are wobbling like infants learning to walk. The strain of a race requires legs with strength of mules and resilience of a ballet dancer. Durrance can dip 100 times on each leg.

Once you're in shape and have acquired the skiing skill to run them, you will find that trails like Taft, Nose Dive, Roche Run and Thunderbolt offer you the very finest in downhill skiing. You will come to recognize that each has a beauty and character of its own, and eventually you may even feel a proprietary devotion to them not unlike that of a ballplayer toward his home park, or a skipper toward his yacht.

But remember, fellow, look out for those trees. ++

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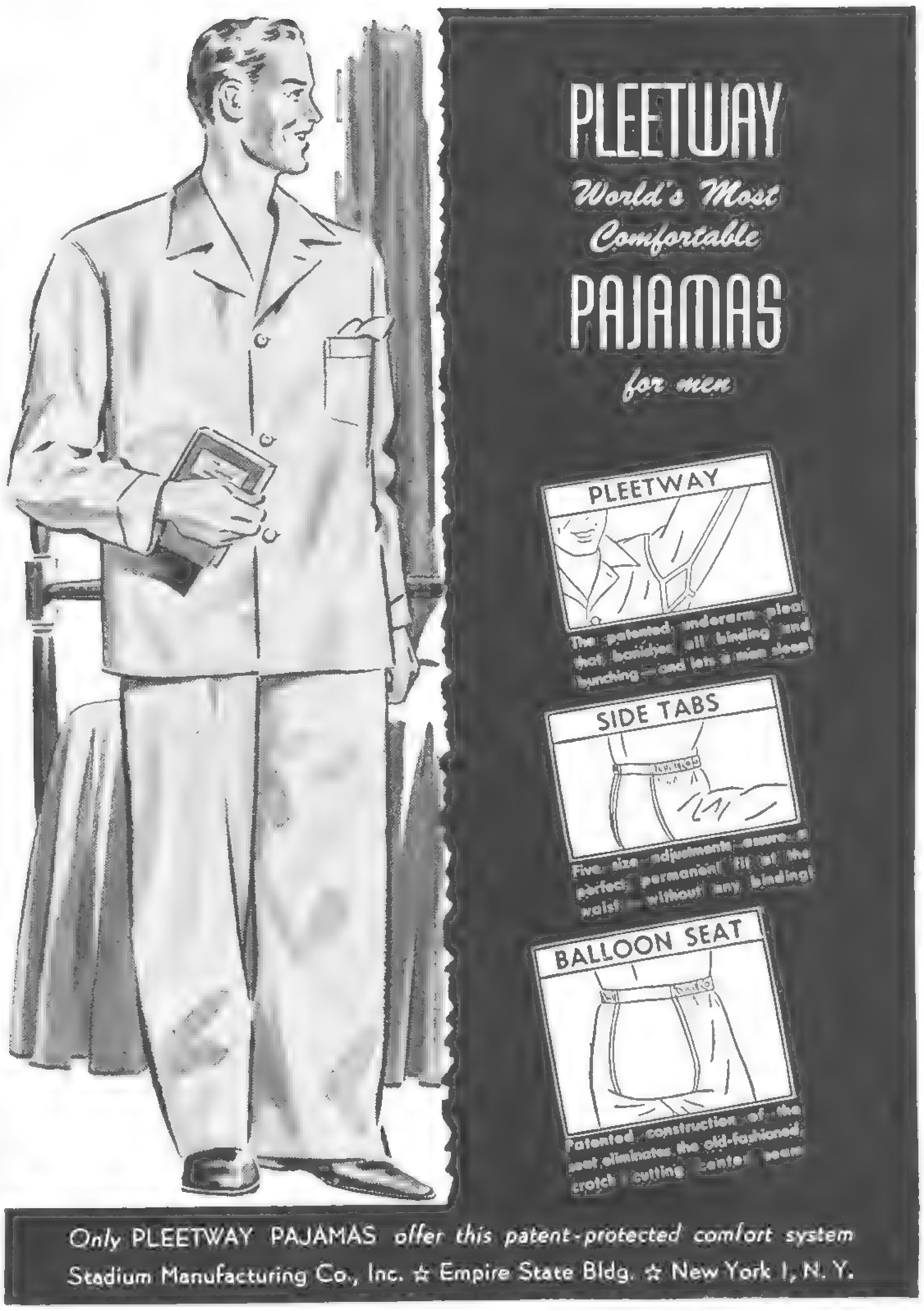

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Million-Dollar Horse

Continued from page 72

was an epic loss. Dan Patch won the next heat in the remarkable "maiden" time of 2:16, then went on to win the third and fourth heats, and thus the race. In those days the first horse to capture three heats was the winner. Never again, to the close of his career, did the pacer lose even one heat in a fair field. One other lost heat was recorded the following year, but under circumstances so suspicious that Dan Patch's driver was severely grilled by the judges.

After half a dozen of those effortless wins, Dan Messner began to suspect that he was a trifle beyond his depth. The sudden death of a well-known colt by poisoning convinced him ownership of a miracle horse was not for a country storekeeper. He listened to an offer of $20,000, and Dan Patch became the property of M. E. Sturgis. Johnny Wattles wept.

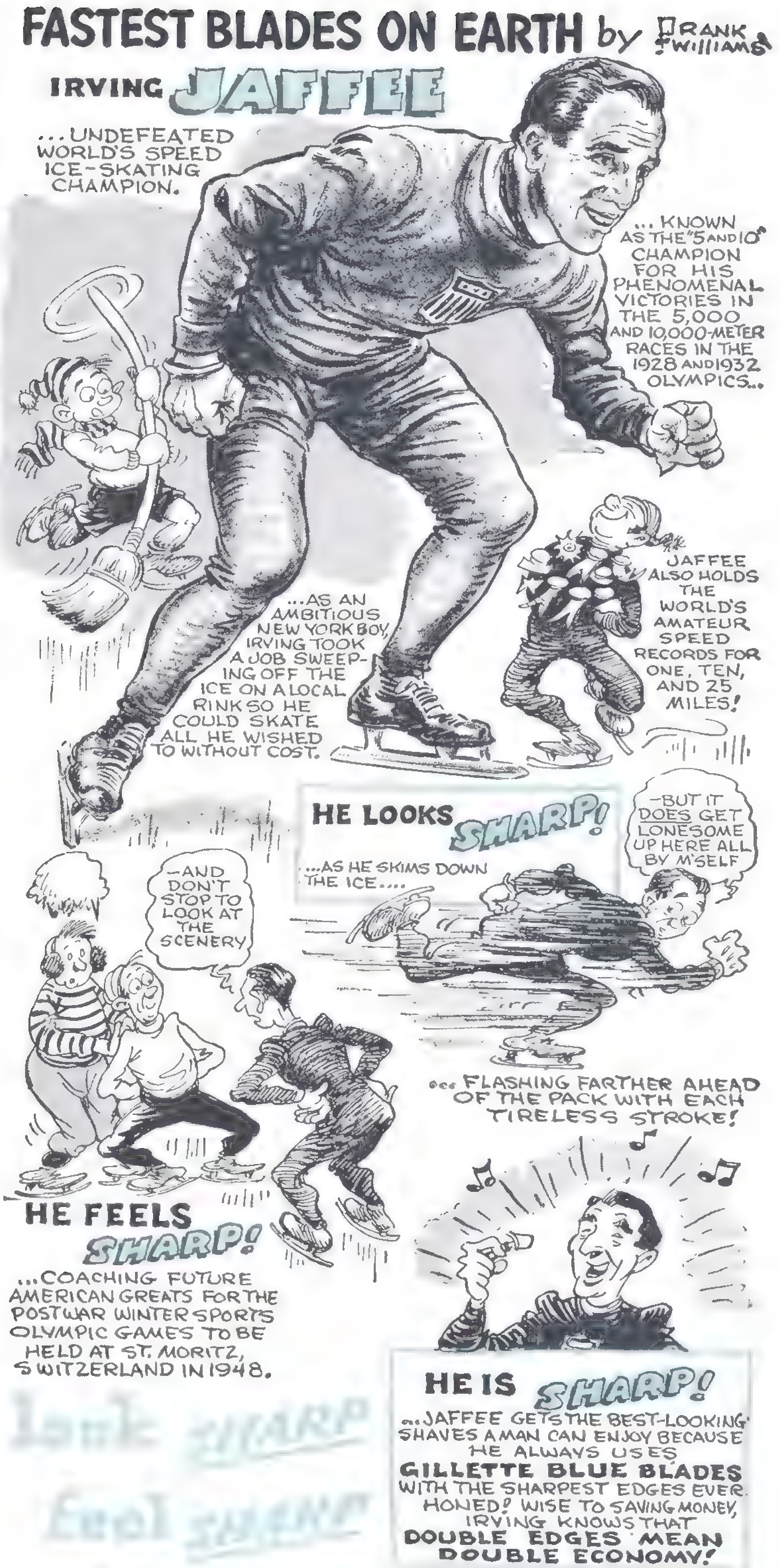
In 1901 and 1902, The Patch racked up an unbroken winning streak of eighteen races around the Circuit, and at Providence, Rhode Island, on August 29, 1902, he became the second horse to break two minutes for a mile. His mark was 1:59½, a scant quarter-second short of the world mark set by Star Pointer in 1897.

With the aging Star Pointer in retirement, no horse anywhere could give Dan Patch a run for the money. Sturgis began to notice that track managers shifted uneasily when he filed his entry for coming events. Fans loved The Patch, but they clamored for real races, with suspense and close finishes. Those who liked to bet could find little fun in wagering on the second-place winner. Amazingly, though, Dan Patch's days of greatest fame were ahead.

Throughout the latter part of the 1902 season a quiet, soft-spoken individual in frock coat and black derby was noticed trailing the horse around the circuit. He held a stop-watch on the races, but turned a deaf ear to gamblers' tips. He neither smoked, drank, nor showed up at the track on Sundays. In December, he was identified in a startling news item. Marion Willis Savage, a Minneapolis stock-food manufacturer, had paid Sturgis the stupendous sum of $60,000 for Dan Patch!

Sixty thousand dollars still is the record price for a pacer. Sturgis had a hunch that he had given the purchaser a mild shellacking, not suspecting for a minute that he was to be overheard less than three years later pleading with Savage in The Patch's stall: "Look, M. W., you gave me three times what I paid for the horse. Say the word, and I'll write you a check today for three

Continued on page 166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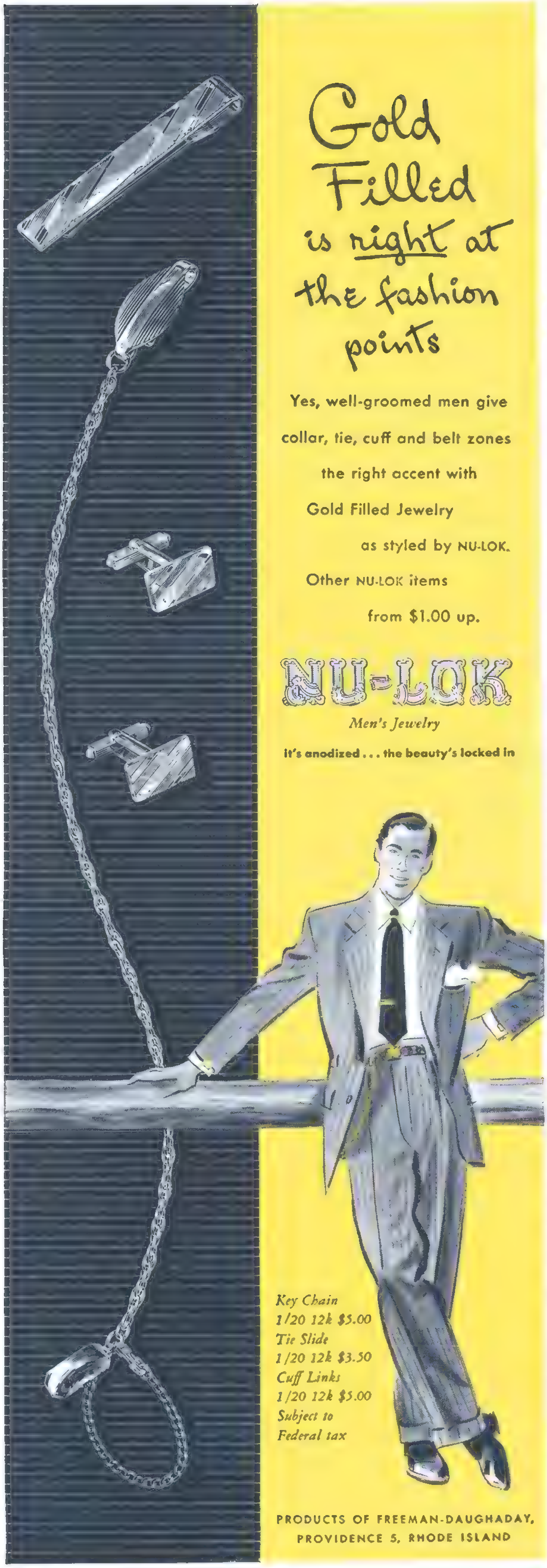

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Million-Dollar Horse

Continued from page 165

times what you paid me." The offer was turned down.

Farm-bred Marion Savage, founder and owner of the International Stock Food Company, was a born promoter. He had built his firm into a million-dollar concern, but saw a vast untouched market for his product. In the Spring of 1903 he introduced a new advertising technique: he advertised his wares with a race horse—a horse that turned out to have a miraculous sense of drama.

Preceded by posters picturing the bay pacer and featuring International Stock Food, Dan Patch was entered in a trial against time at Brighton Beach, Massachusetts, on opening day of the 1903 Grand Circuit. The spectators grumbled and settled back in their seats, for such events were notoriously dull. This time a surprise was in store.

The pacesetter, a running horse hitched to a modified type of sulky called a speed cart, galloped along in the lead, with the star of the show immediately behind. A second bangtail ran neck and neck with him on the outside. The runners strained and their drivers urged them on, but the big bay matched them pace for gallop. The crowd sat up. As the three horses swept around the final turn and approached the straightaway, the second runner began to drop back. Dan Patch swung out and edged up, foot by foot, to overtake and pass the pacesetter. Suddenly a fresh runner charged onto the track. He fought to take the lead—but the steady clop-clop-clop of the pacer never faltered. The crowd was in a frenzy. It roared its enthusiasm as The Patch crept into the lead and finished first.

That summer the eastern racing crowd went wild over Dan Patch. His eye on a wider audience, Savage then entered the horse at a number of state fairs in the Midwest and Southwest, cheerfully accepting opening day or Saturday—both traditionally poor drawing days—as Dan Patch Day. He would sign for a percentage or accept all of the gate receipts above the highest sum taken in on the corresponding day of any previous year.

To each area, on the signing of a contract, Savage dispatched an army of advance men, to plaster the countryside with bills describing "Dan Patch, the Wonder Horse." Advertisements in local farm journals invited readers to send postage for the pamphlet *The Racing Life of Dan Patch* (stock-food literature to be included free), and thousands rushed to the post office. Evenings, the local folk congregated in barbershops, drugstores and pool halls to praise the pacer that had shown his heels to the best horses any of the eastern slickers could round up, that was "gentle as a wo-

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man and wiser than most men."

And wise The Patch was. There were no starting judges in exhibition races, the take-off being left to the judgment of the driver—in theory. But Driver Harry Hersey, who held the reins in some of Dan Patch's fastest races, said that *he* never controlled the start: "When Dan was ready, he just gave a certain jerk on the reins, and that was my cue."

Before the campaign ended, every villager, every farm family had determined to see the Miracle Horse, come Dan Patch Day at their state fair. Trains were jammed and dust clouds swirled for miles over the roads leading to the fair grounds. At one fair the entire countryside was drained of its inhabitants on Dan Patch Day. That evening the managers discovered that they owed Marion Savage $21,000 as his share of the gate!

And if some spectators came to scoff, they left the grounds hopelessly smitten with the intelligent, lovable horse. His trick of bowing right and left—"If you've been there before, he'll recognize you and bow," the advance agents promised villagers—made them come back and back.

In 1904, The Patch traveled 10,000 miles in his private railroad car, played to 600,000. On his return home that winter, he was met at the Minneapolis station by a brass band and escorted down Nicollet Avenue by 2,000 paraders.

The Patch reveled in his gaudy role. He was known as an out-and-out camera hound, but with such frankness and naïveté that nobody ever held it against him. Murray Anderson, his trainer for years, calls attention to the fact that among the thousands of "still" shots of Dan Patch, it is almost impossible to find one in which he is not facing the camera.

As he stepped onto the track, the band playing, Dan Patch liked to turn his head and scan the crowd. "You know what he was doing when he turned that way?" asks Ed Hanson, long a handler in the Savage Stables. "Counting the gate, that's all. Just go through the books and see how he always made his best marks before the big crowds. There were 80,000 at the Allentown track the day he set two world records for a half-mile course. At Lexington, Kentucky, in 1905, some 45,000 saw him do 1:55¼, for thirty-three years the fastest accepted mile in harness. Then there was that day in 1906 at Hamline track in St. Paul . . ." That was the day—some say there were 93,000 in the crowd—when Dan Patch stepped off a mile in the phenomenal time of 1:55, a mark which, barring an unrecognized 1:54½ claimed in 1913 for the trotter Uhlan, has never been broken and wasn't equaled until 1938.

Meanwhile, the turf governing bodies had legislated against exhibition trial records, especially behind a windshield. The authorities called the sailcloth stretched between the wheels of the paceset-

Continued on page 168

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Million-Dollar Horse

Continued from page 167

ting sulky a windshield; owners of exhibition horses, nearly all of whom had adopted the sailcloth, called it a dirt shield, a protection from flying clods thrown up by the pacesetter. Thus the 1:55 mile at Hamline, done behind a dirt shield, was never officially recognized. Savage, highly indignant, renamed his farm the International 1:55 Stock Farm.

Down the years, record after record fell beneath the hoofs of the genial bay. As the hero walked off the track after a triumph, people tried to reach him to pluck hairs from his tail as souvenirs. Old Man Nash, the "official" farrier of the Savage stables, sold thousands of "genuine Dan Patch horseshoes" at $1 each. "Dan Patch," exclaimed *The Horse Review*, "is so phenomenal as to defy comparison."

But Dan Patch's fastest race, up to a point, did not result in a record. At Lexington, Kentucky, in the Fall of 1908, The Patch passed the half-mile mark in 56½ seconds! The crowd gasped, for the bay customarily paced both halves in approximately equal time, and this, at that rate, would be a 1:53 mile, something the experts had always thought impossible. The third quarter was rattled off in 28½ seconds, bringing the time at three quarters to 1:25. At Hamline track, the day of the phenomenal 1:55 mile, the stop watches had said 1:27 for three quarters. And Dan's last quarter was usually his best.

But suddenly reliable old Cobweb, the pacesetter, broke in midstride. Plainly distressed, he swerved to the right, so that The Patch had to swing far out to round the leading sulky. The mile was finished in 1:56¼. After the race Cobweb's handlers discovered he had broken a small blood vessel over his eye. A minor accident, one that would not happen once in a million times, had prevented what might have stood for all time as the fastest mile in harness.

Finishing an exhibition mile at Los Angeles in 1909, Dan Patch went lame. Next day, in a newspaper piece headed "The Curtain Call of a Champion," a reporter wrote a tender story of the hush that settled over the multitude when the great pacer limped up to receive the floral wreath, of the tears that swam in many an eye as he hobbled off toward the stables.

In 1910 Dan Patch was retired to stud on the International 1:55 Stock Farm. There he held court in a palatial stable. And there, by a curious coincidence, Marion Savage and Dan Patch were both stricken ill, each with a mysterious heart ailment, in July of 1916. Just as mysteriously, a week later, they passed into the other world together. ###

Continued from page 72

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The Shuckster

Continued from page 91

about it. Nevertheless, I resented it that That Man had taken matters into his own hands.

"And what, may I ask, are the blondes and brunettes going to do? Are you going to turn it into a world of redheaded women?"

"Certainly not, my dear. This miraculous new shampoo comes in four shades. We're thinking of calling them Platinum, Gold, Copper and Blue Steel. It's a natural for packaging, display and copy. But we still haven't a name that's really it."

I looked at myself in the mirror and decided I liked me a redhead too. I made a mental note of which clothes in my wardrobe have to be discarded now that I am a redhead, and wondered how much of the $75,000 I could count on. I felt like a hussy and I loved it.

"That's just the crowning touch you needed, darling, to make you the most distractingly lovely creature that ever happened!" And he made a motion, not very subtly, for me to share a chair with him.

I was in the process of doing just that when he jumped up.

"I've got it!" he glowed. "We'll call it 'Coronet.' A halo of gold—platinum—copper—blue steel—the regal look—the Midas touch—magnetize your personality. The possibilities are endless. We might even cap the bottles with coronets in the right colors."

"Well, I do feel like a new woman," I bubbled. "Maybe it has something, after all."

"Just so you don't feel like a new man."

It was after I took out the bobby pins and during my going-to-bed brushing that I found out. Not only had my hair taken on the color of copper wire, it had acquired the texture too. No matter what I did, the hairs sprang back in the little corkscrews.

I tried putting water on it. That didn't help. I tried Vaseline, but nothing happened. I still looked like something you might dream up for a comic strip if you had a really bad hang-over.

"You and your scientists!" I wailed from the bedroom.

"What's the matter?" And he came wandering in with his murder story still in his hand.

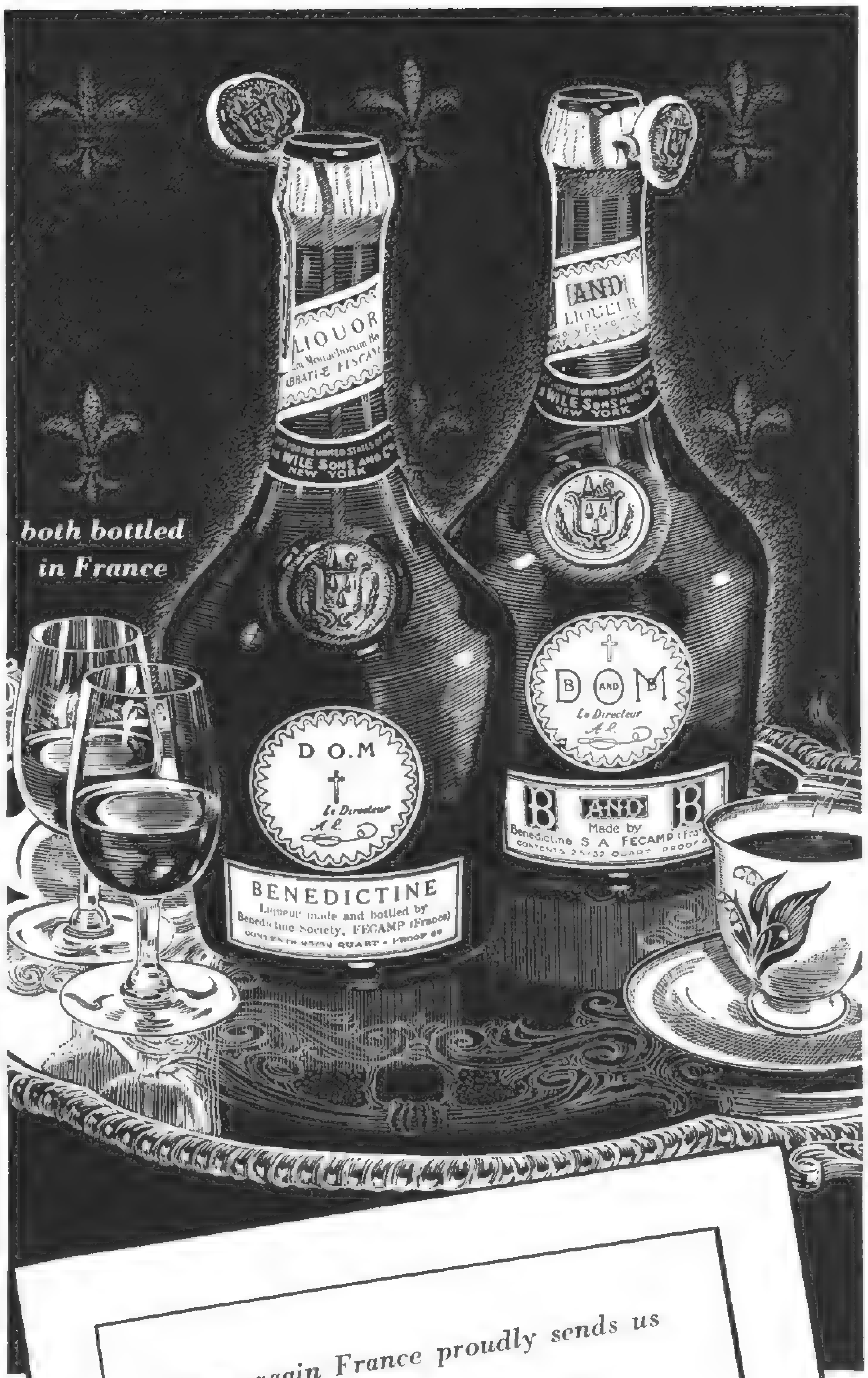
"Look at me! So help me, I will never try another bottle of anything to give you the consumer's point of view! What do I do now, my little genius, join a circus? Or maybe you would care to double as Mr. Titian and let me pose for you."

"Now take it easy, darling. We'll try a little of this—"

So he tried a little of every bottle in the medicine chest, and my hair still stuck out like Medusa's snakes.

We finally just gave up and went to bed. He muttered something about having the formula checked. Then, just as he started to turn out the light on the bed-

Continued on page 170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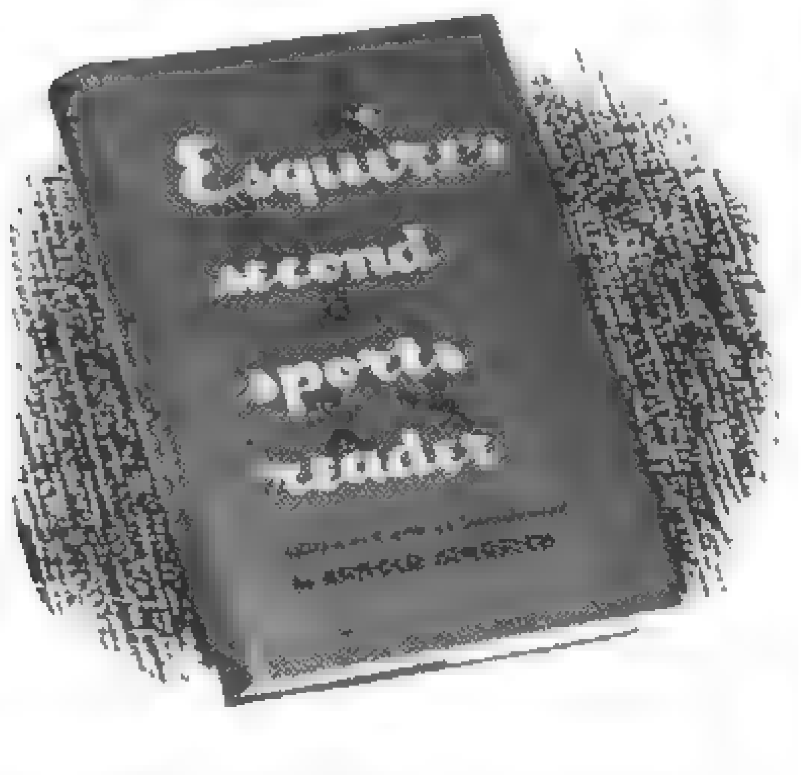

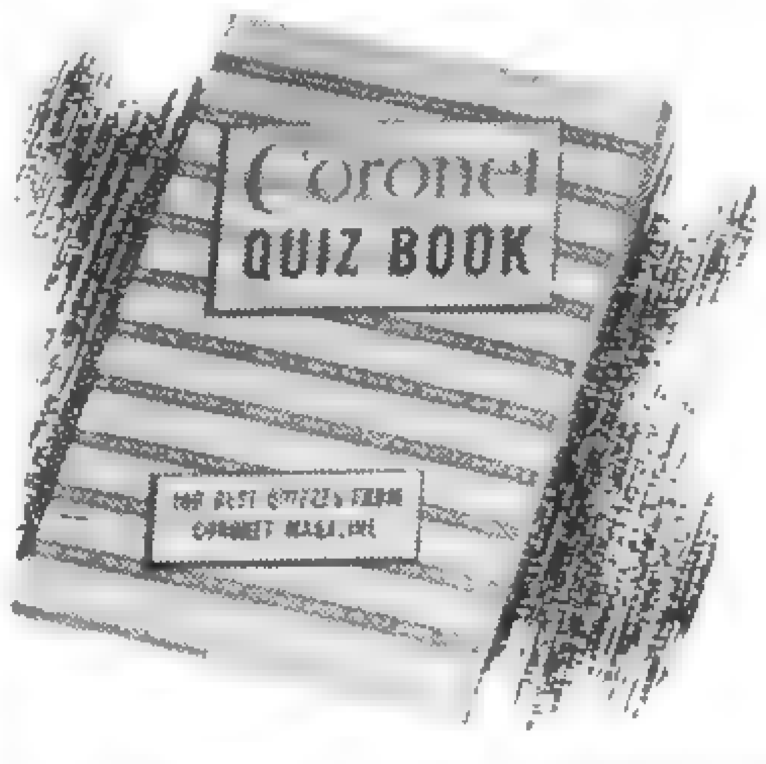

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The Shuckster

Continued from page 169

side table, he saw my head resting six inches off the pillow.

"Ha," he said, "the hair that never lets you down!"

"Ha, indeed," I said, "just wait until tomorrow and I have my hair shaved off. Then it won't be so funny."

We omitted a good-night kiss.

I was just finishing the breakfast dishes the next morning when he telephoned.

"Put down that razor!" he said frantically. "Hold everything. I told them what happened to you and they'd already discovered it and have a new formula all ready. I'll bring it home tonight."

"I'm not sure I'll live that long. The mailman and the laundry man have already seen me, and I'll probably be burned at the stake for a witch before then."

"All right, I'll bring it home at noon."

"I don't see why I couldn't have married a nice calm man with a nice calm job. Things are always happening to me on account of you. I'm going to marry a moron next time."

"Now just relax, darling. Everything's going to turn out all right. By the way, I love you."

"I hate you," I said, after I heard the click at his end of the wire.

When he did come home with the little jar of Formula Two at a little after four, a grime wave at the apartment was still in full sway. I never did get myself together enough to zip through my little household tasks. He, however, still looked debonair and man-about-town, and obviously my condition wasn't worrying him at all.

"Here 'tis," he said gaily, "what'll you give me for it?"

"What I'll give you if you don't hand it over right this minute is something you might better think about." And I grabbed it out of his hand and whipped into the bathroom for my third shampoo in twenty-four hours.

As I was washing, my hair felt like hair, and when I got out of the shower, it looked like hair too. I felt a little contrite about being so nasty, and I decided that by tomorrow, the whole thing would be hilarious.

As I was putting in the last of the bobby pins, he walked in with a bourbon and soda in each hand, and it was cozy and wonderful.

"You've had a rough day," he said, "where would you like to go for dinner?"

So we made plans about where we'd go for dinner—whether the music or the food was more important, and what I'd wear. He showered and shaved, and I laid out my new grey dress.

And so my hair finally dried. I went gaily to my dressing table, humming ever so slightly off key, the theme music of the trio at the Steak House. Then it happened. I could not budge a single hairpin. They were stuck, just as

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though they were part of my hair.

I put my head down and cried. I was contemplating murder when he finally came to find me.

"Hey, what's going on?"

I let him touch my hair.

"Oh," he said. "Oh." And he went to the telephone. And he called that lovely $75,000 a year client, and he said such things to him as no nice girl will admit she's overheard. Then he calmed down.

"A mistake?" I heard him say.

"And it's all right now? You're sure? Well, I don't see how we have any choice. Obviously, she can't go around looking like this the rest of her life . . . All right, first thing tomorrow morning. By special messenger. You have the home address, haven't you?"

Then he said to me, "Darling, they're sending the new formula first thing in the morning. He swears it's all right this time."

I looked at him blankly.

"Want me to scramble some eggs?" Scrambling eggs is not one of his greatest talents, but I didn't care, and he did, and they were just as bad as I thought they'd be.

When the messenger came next morning, I took the jar from him and buried it under my college gym clothes in a drawer at the back of my closet. Then I called Ellen.

"Ellen," I began, "you've been performing miracles for me for seven years now. And this morning you just have to make time to perform a super miracle. I'll tell you when I see you. Twenty minutes? You're an angel!"

Ellen worked on me for two hours before she thought of nail-polish remover. And after she did, it took precisely forty-one bottles to get that goo out of my hair. After that, she cut it and she washed it and she set it. And when I left the shop, I looked like a civilized human being again.

I even felt civilized. I felt so civilized that I called my man and asked him to take me to lunch.

He said, "Are you in a good humor?"

"What do you mean," I laughed.

"The Charles Harrison room at 12:30," he said.

And it was in the Charles Harrison room that roughly 300 men turned to gawk at me when, perched atop a bar stool, he screamed, "Darling! You look wonderful!"

He rushed up and kissed me right there in front of all those people and said, "Formula Three it is! Most thrilling beauty discovery ever to come out of the laboratory! Darling, we're rich. You're beautiful! I love you!"

And I just smiled sweetly at him. I went home and buried that jar of Formula Three somewhere in the 1400 block along the beach. And at this point, I've practically forgotten about it.

After all, is it my fault that 800,000 women are using "Coronet" after only a month? I *could* say it is, but I would rather not. My husband is a genius. #

Continued from page 91

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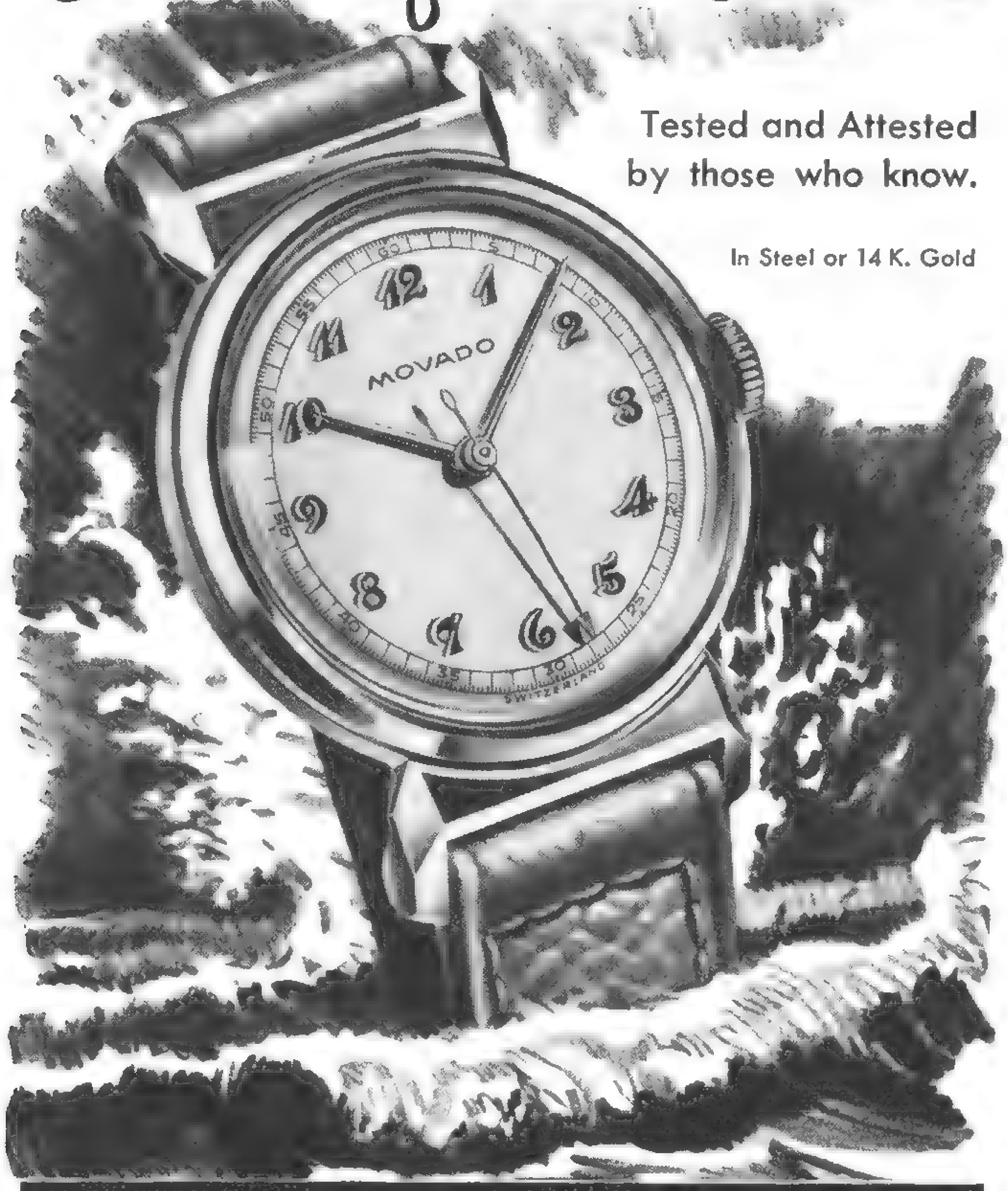

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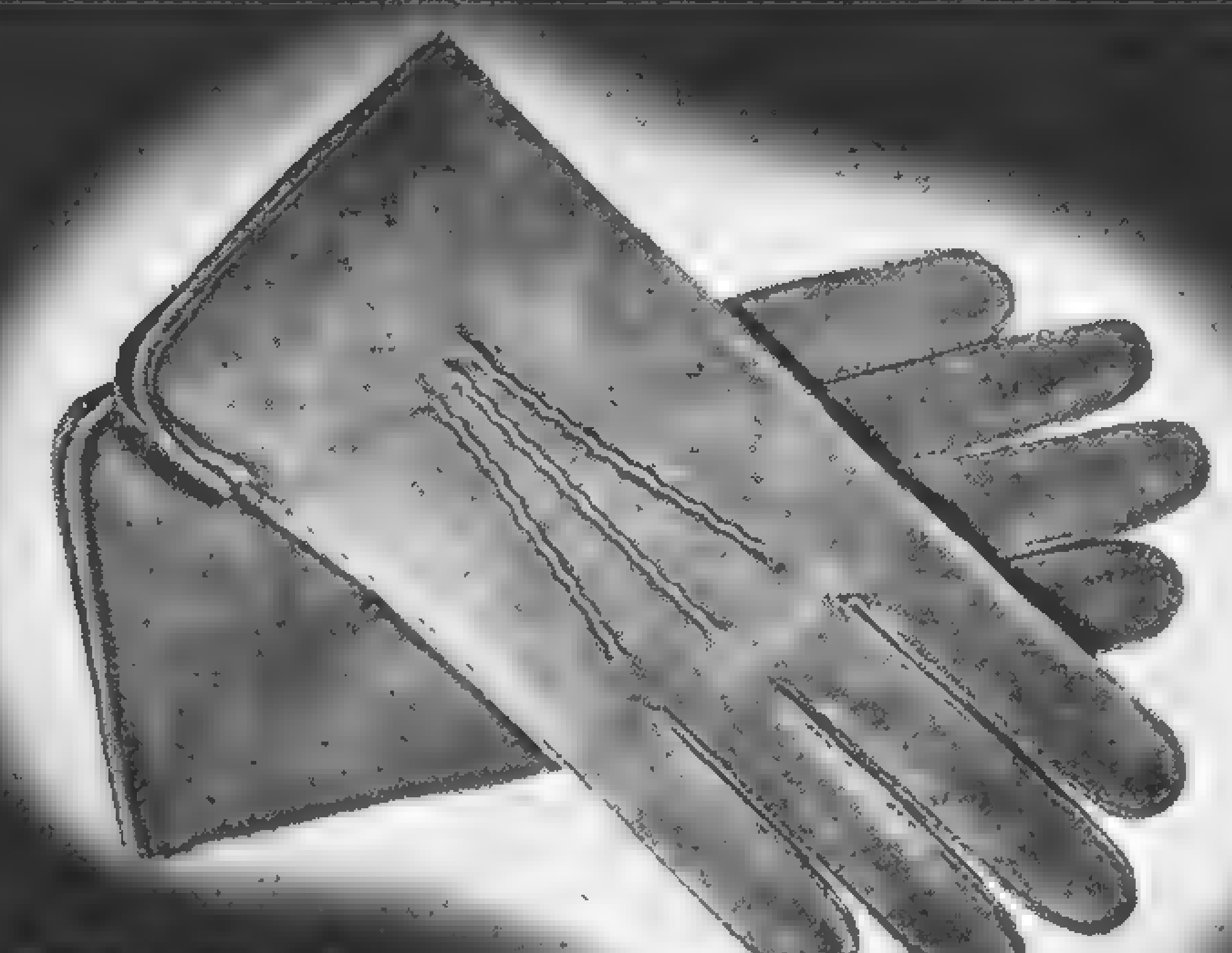

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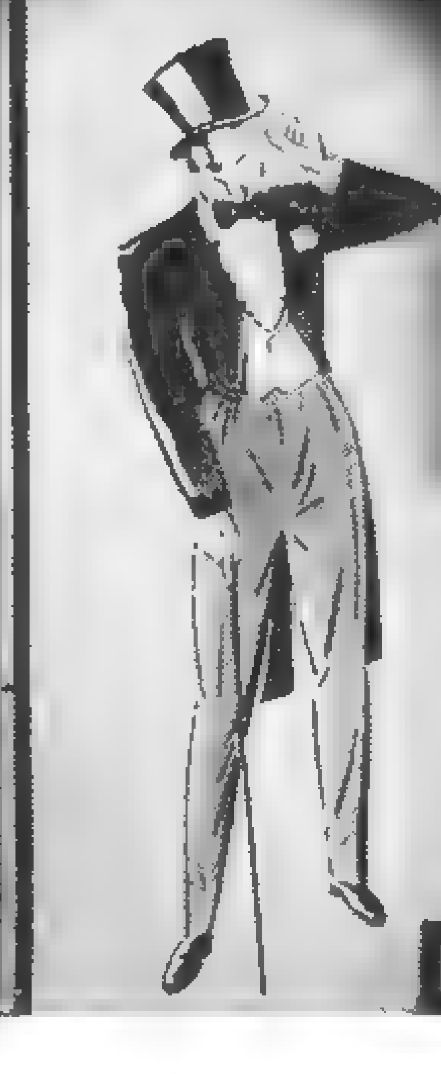

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Captain from Connecticut

Continued from page 58

toward the displaced persons in Germany whom it liberated this time.

De Forest manages, in perhaps a dozen scattered references, each from a paragraph to a page in length, to rescue from oblivion the memory of Gen. John W. Phelps, his brigade commander, who was distrusted by his commanding officer, that thieving old politician, Major General Ben Butler, because even before the war he had been an Abolitionist. This was the equivalent of that blot on an officer's dossier known in the most recent war as "premature anti-Fascism." Phelps, a Vermonter, was an old martinet, who worked the devil out of his men but held their respect and a kind of grudging affection. Cromwell must have had officers like him. He made his amalgam of amateur officers and immigrant soldiers into a unit with pride in itself, but Army politics eliminated him before he had a chance to lead it into battle. The leaders of New Orleans society gave balls which were attended by Phelps' brother officers—a tactical procedure that is followed by German hostesses now. Old Phelps wouldn't fraternize. But while New Orleans garrison officers, encouraged by Butler, sent all sorts of booty North—De Forest tells of a lieutenant who sent his wife a $100 tortoise-shell fan from a house in which he was quartered—Phelps wouldn't let his men steal as much as a sweet potato.

De Forest's regiment, since it was one of Phelps', was posted successively in a number of fever-ridden camps between New Orleans and the enemy forces up the river. His comments on the rear-area boys living soft in their requisitioned mansions in the city, with quadroon chefs, Creole mistresses and bedroom furniture imported from Paris, reads exactly like the things combat officers used to say about Algiers and Naples and Grosvenor Square. The weapons of war may change, but its gripes remain the same.

Fat pork stewed with hard biscuit was the Union Army's counterpart of the C-ration meat and vegetable hash that made Africa look its darkest. But instead of the Atabrine that the medics fed the Army in this war to keep off malaria, the Civil War soldiers took whiskey. A soldier in the Union Army counted the week end lost only if he was sober. "The men became much more sober after we took the field," De Forest concedes, "partly of course because whiskey was harder to get.

"We tried fifty men, found forty-five of them guilty, gave two dozen ball and chain, and docked the pay of everybody," he reports after sitting on a court-martial. "It is worth noting that every solitary case of misbehavior originated in whiskey." Again, he

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notes, "One-fifth of the regiment keeps drunk all the time. Meanwhile the general takes things calmly; he says the men must have whiskey or die of country fever; even quinine won't save them without whiskey."

Twenty per cent drunk was normal for the Twelfth Connecticut; on a rainy night a few weeks later, when the general held a night exercise, a false alarm of an enemy attack—De Forest's men turned out "jabbering, reeling and scuffling." He saw at once what was the matter: payday had worked its usual mischief: *one-third* of them were as drunk as pipers. "Lately a lieutenant reeled into my tent, dropped heavily on a bed, stared at me for a minute as if to locate me, and said in a thick voice, 'Capm, everybody's drunk today. Capm, the brigade's drunk.' " Out of his new knowledge of military law, gained on the court-martial, Captain De Forest informed his wife: "Intoxication in itself is not a military offense, and not punishable. . . ."

"The evening resounds with mosquitoes," he tells Mrs. De Forest, home in New Haven, "a tent hums with them like a beehive, audible rods away; as Lieutenant Potter says, they sing like canary birds. When I slip under my mosquito bar they prowl and yell around me with the ferocity of panthers."

The way I heard it in the oasis of El Guettar was, "The mosquitoes turn over your dog tags to see if you're the blood type they like," and in Normandy, "One of them big mosquitoes touched down on the air strip this morning and they give him 120 gallons before he took off." That was the same camp where a soldier said, "I woke up last night and found two mosquitoes had drug me out of my slit trench and was holding me down with their feet on my chest while they argued what to do with me. 'Shall we take him out to the swamp before we begin?' one of them asks, and the other says, 'Hell, no. If we take him out there those BIG mosquitoes will grab him.' "

The prize bit of mosquito lore in that camp was contributed by the French liaison officer, a tough little man who had served in the Foreign Legion in Indo-China. "Out there," he said with nostalgia in his voice, "everybody has a native mistress—just the size to fit under the mosquito net with one. In the night she kills the mosquitoes that have infiltrated through holes in the net. You can hear the hand-clapping all night in the barracks; it sounds like a premiere at the opera." This is a digression, meant to prove that soldiers still talk about mosquitoes.

If I have used so much space in talking about the section of the book called Camp Life in Louisiana, it is not because there isn't a lot of fine description of battle in *A Volunteer's Adventures*. De Forest makes the siege of Port Hudson come alive as very few episodes in military history ever

Continued on page 174

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Captain from Connecticut

Continued from page 173

have an opportunity to do, since there have been infinitely more nasty fights than De Forests to record them. Port Hudson was the companion position to Vicksburg; Federals and Confederates knew that if one fell the other would have to surrender. Actually, it held out a couple of days longer than Vicksburg. The long, dirty slugging match in front of its fortifications, conducted without much generalship on either side, but with bitter courage by the fighting men, turned the survivors of the Twelfth Connecticut into grim, skillful veterans. "In general, the terror of battle is not an abiding impression, but comes and goes like throbs of pain," he wrote describing his own sensations, which he learned to mask. Later; "We have come to be monstrous hardhearted. . ."

"By dint of continual practice many of our fellows became admirable marksmen. During one of the truces the Confederates called to us, 'Aha, you have some sharpshooters over there!'—The garrison gave us full as good as we sent."

The soldiers of the Twelfth had beaten the men opposite them, and when they joined Sheridan's Army for the Shenandoah Valley campaign in 1864, they were astonished by the pessimism of the soldiers who had been whipped so often in Virginia. Grant, who, like the Twelfth Connecticut, had a winning record in the West, had been brought on to take command of the Army of the Potomac. Men who, like De Forest, had served in his old theater of operations, thought he was pretty hot.

"Don't you believe in Grant at all?" Captain De Forest asked a colonel of a corps that had been pushed all over Virginia and Maryland for years. (De Forest's comments on the corps' dirtiness, discouragement and lack of discipline remind me of things First Division officers used to say about inferior outfits in 1944.)

"Yes, we believe in Grant," replied the colonel, "but we believe a great deal more in Lee and in the Army of Virginia."

De Forest's account of the battle of Cedar Creek is brilliant. That was the occasion when Sheridan made his famous ride to reach his routed army, re-formed it and won a complete victory, all in one day. But I prefer the letters written from the swamp camps and Port Hudson. By the time they reached Cedar Creek, De Forest and his men—"city toughs, many of them Irish," he called them in an early letter—had become too efficient to be interesting. They and hundreds of thousands like them were so good that it was inevitable they would force a peace. It is the history of successful armies. The soldier's trade is one a man has to learn well so he can earn a chance to forget it. ⧺

Continued from page 58

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A Man Comes Back

Continued from page 95

war. A new world was rising in front of his eyes—a world in which no one action and no one word kept place in his mind. It seemed to him like a nightmare without an end.

"What's the matter?" she asked, watching him. He looked at her across the table and said nothing. She lighted an oil stove and put a pan on it. Then she went out through the curtain and Carlo stood alone. "I feel fine, I feel fine," he said to himself. "I feel fine. There's nothing wrong with me." He repeated these words many times for fear his mind should go out.

A little while later, the girl came out through the curtain. She was wearing a big woolen pull-over.

"It's pretty cold here," she said.

Suddenly she stopped and looked towards the entrance of the cave. Carlo glanced over his shoulder. There was a man standing there. Carlo got up while the girl went towards the man.

"We've a guest today," she said to him, putting her arms around his neck.

"Where does he come from?" the man asked.

The girl shook her shoulders. She was looking closely at the man. Then she kissed him.

"I'm from a German P.O.W. camp," Carlo said.

"Is that all?" Luigi said with a bitter sneer on his face.

"His house is destroyed and his town too," the girl explained.

"In Italy all people boast of their misfortune as though they were heroes," Luigi said.

Carlo went towards him. Luigi was a young man, about twenty years old. He was poorly dressed but clean-shaven. His hair was pomaded and shining. He looked pale and ill and weary.

"Why don't you go and say it to the government?" he said. "I'm a refugee too, and I'm living here like a dog! I'm not a refugee only. I was a partisan."

He spoke very angrily and bitterly, and looked straight ahead while he talked. The girl separated herself from him and went to the depth of the cavern. Carlo looked at her face while she passed him and saw tears in her eyes.

"Italy seems to have lost its spirit, at least in these devastated country places," Carlo said after awhile.

Luigi put his arm on Carlo's shoulder.

"I'm sorry. I would not be rude. It's very difficult living in our country," he said.

Carlo felt sick for him. Luigi stood there biting his lower lip. Then he told Carlo in a voice hardly above a whisper:

"Come in and sit down."

The lunch was short. While they ate, Carlo noticed that Luigi drank only cognac instead of water and that the girl's fingers were yellowed by nicotine. The talk had not been very brilliant. Nei-

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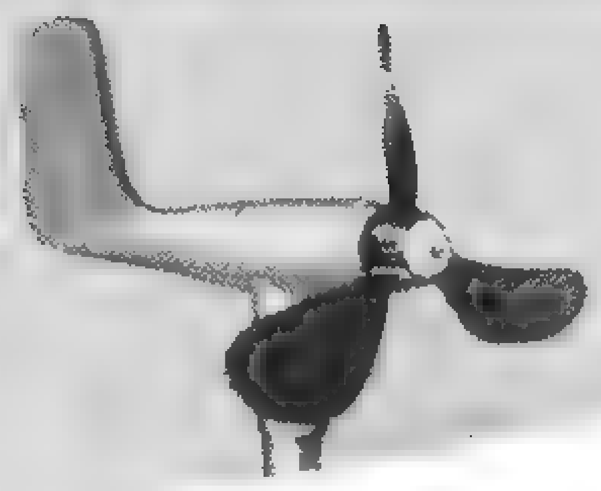

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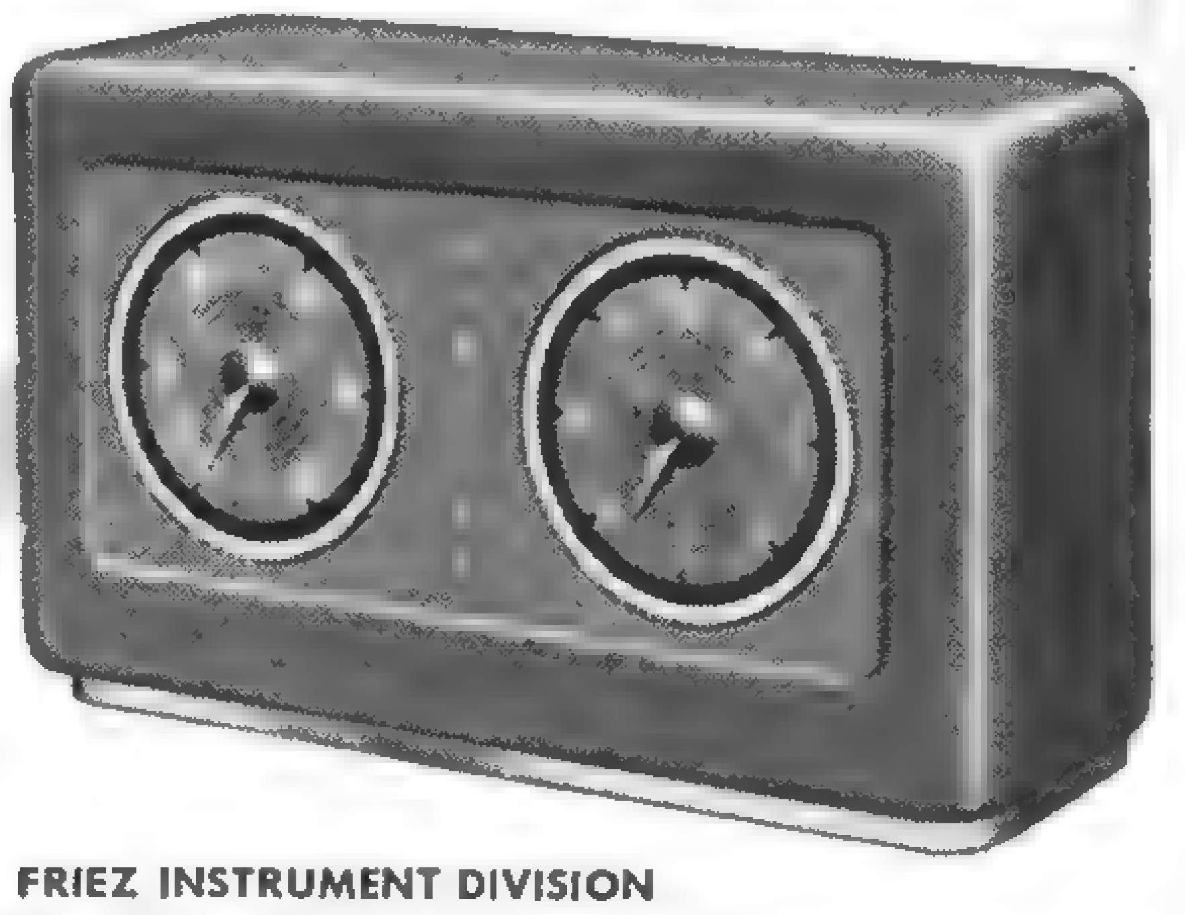

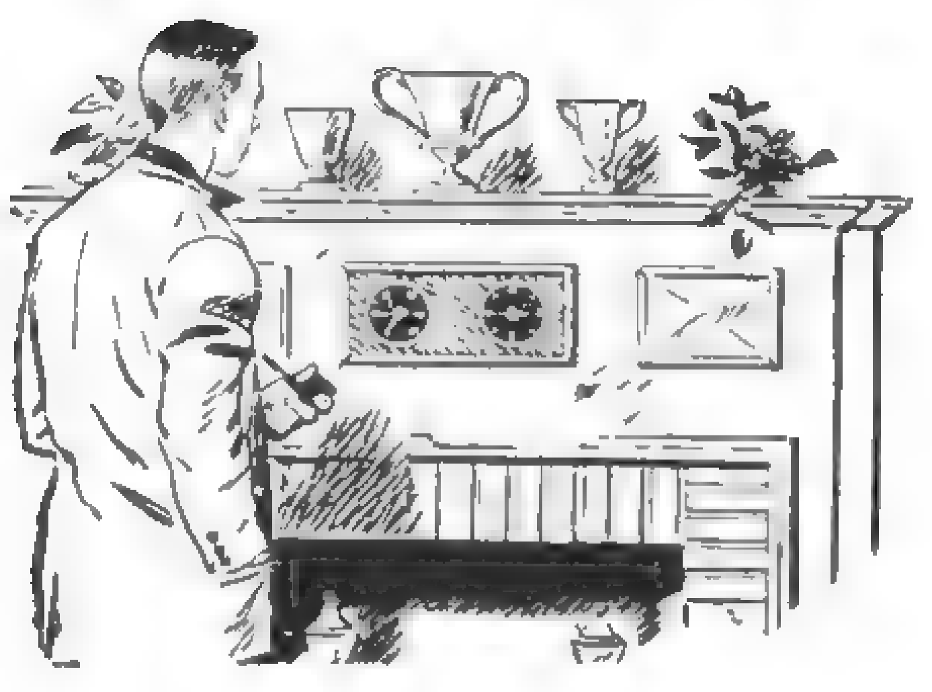

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A Man Comes Back

Continued from page 175

ther the girl nor Carlo said anything. Luigi only spoke a few words. The silence was so deep that Carlo could hear a finch warbling outside.

Luigi pushed the table away and leaned back in the chair. He lighted a cigarette for the girl and one for himself.

"What are you going to do?" he asked Carlo. Carlo looked at him. He had asked himself that same question many times but he had been unable to answer it. His house was destroyed. San Rocco was destroyed. The surrounding country was destroyed. The tragedy which had overtaken him was much too big, and he had acted up to now like a body without a soul.

"What are you going to do now?" Luigi asked again.

"I don't know," Carlo said at last.

"You lived in this town?"

"Yes. It was a lovely place."

"That's all right," Luigi said, "but that will not aid you in anything."

"I'm an ex-war prisoner, and the government . . . "

"Shut up!" Luigi interrupted "Don't talk about it. Rome is full of lies and politics."

"I'll look for a job."

"Where? All is dead in Italy. Trade, manufacture, agriculture—a country lacking these things is a dead one. Hunger and poverty and destruction—that is all. I was in Rome. I saw many hand-painted 'viva' signs, the double V in black or red or blue painted down the walls. Each party has its color. There are too many parties and colors in the world. Red shirts or black, brown or green or blue have never saved anyone."

"The government will take care of us."

"Rats!" Luigi shouted. "Everybody must manage."

Carlo looked at the girl. She sat very silent against the wall, her hands clasped on her knee. She seemed to be thinking. "She's a very young girl," Carlo thought.

In that moment, suddenly, some shots echoed far away. Luigi and the girl got up and stood listening.

"I know those revolver shots. It's Antonio's *Berretta*," the girl said.

Carlo looked at Luigi. He was more pale and his eyes flashed.

"What is happening?" Carlo asked.

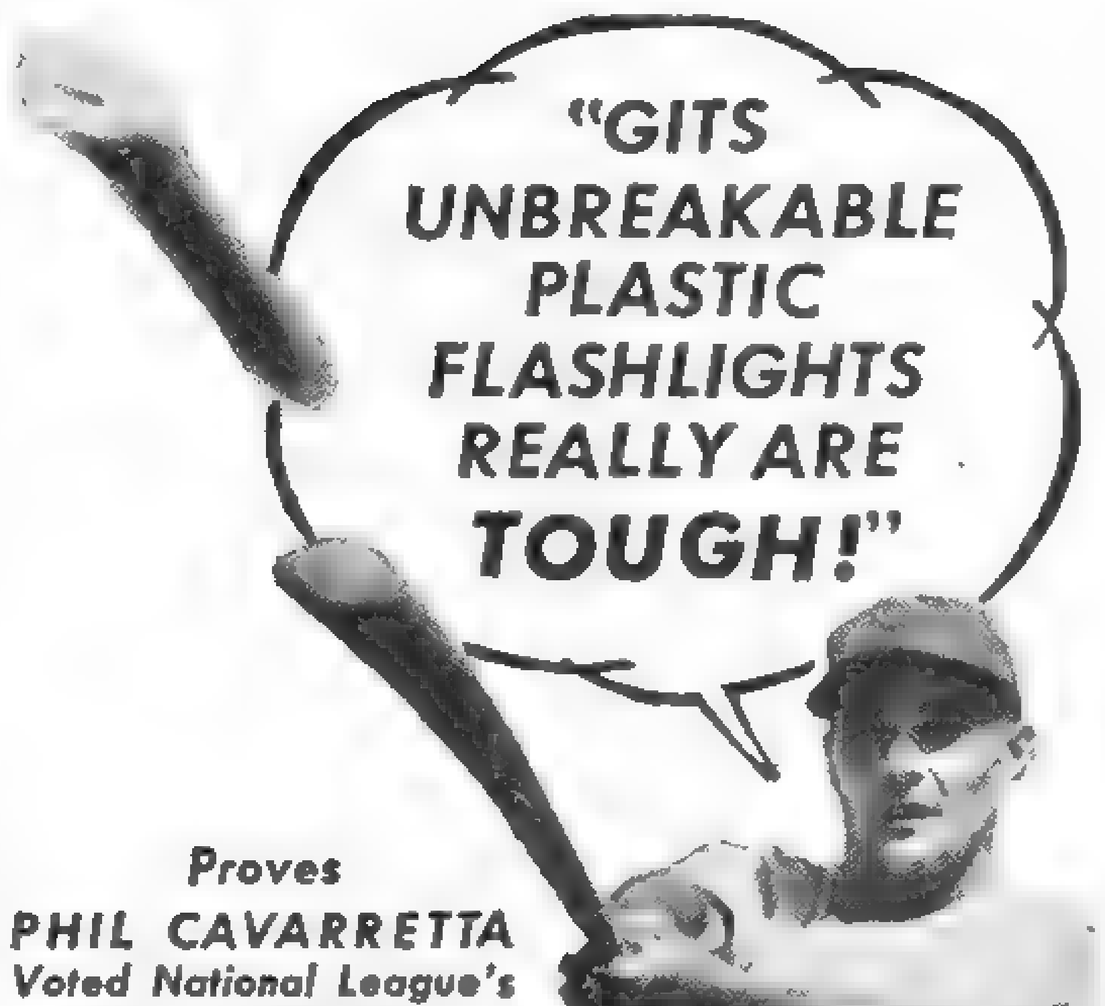
Neither Luigi nor the girl answered him. Both were watchful, their faces turned towards the mouth of the cave. Some other shots cracked, nearer this time.

"Maybe Antonio was stopping a truck," the girl said.

"And this time the drivers are saying something," Carlo added.

"That damn Antonio!" Luigi said. He went to the entrance, followed by the girl and Carlo.

It was very hot and the light, though not as strong as before,



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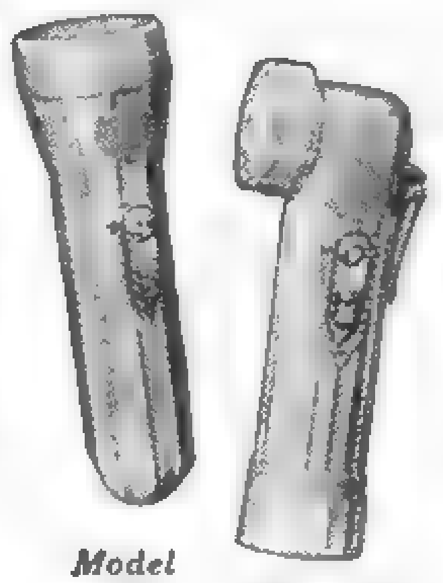

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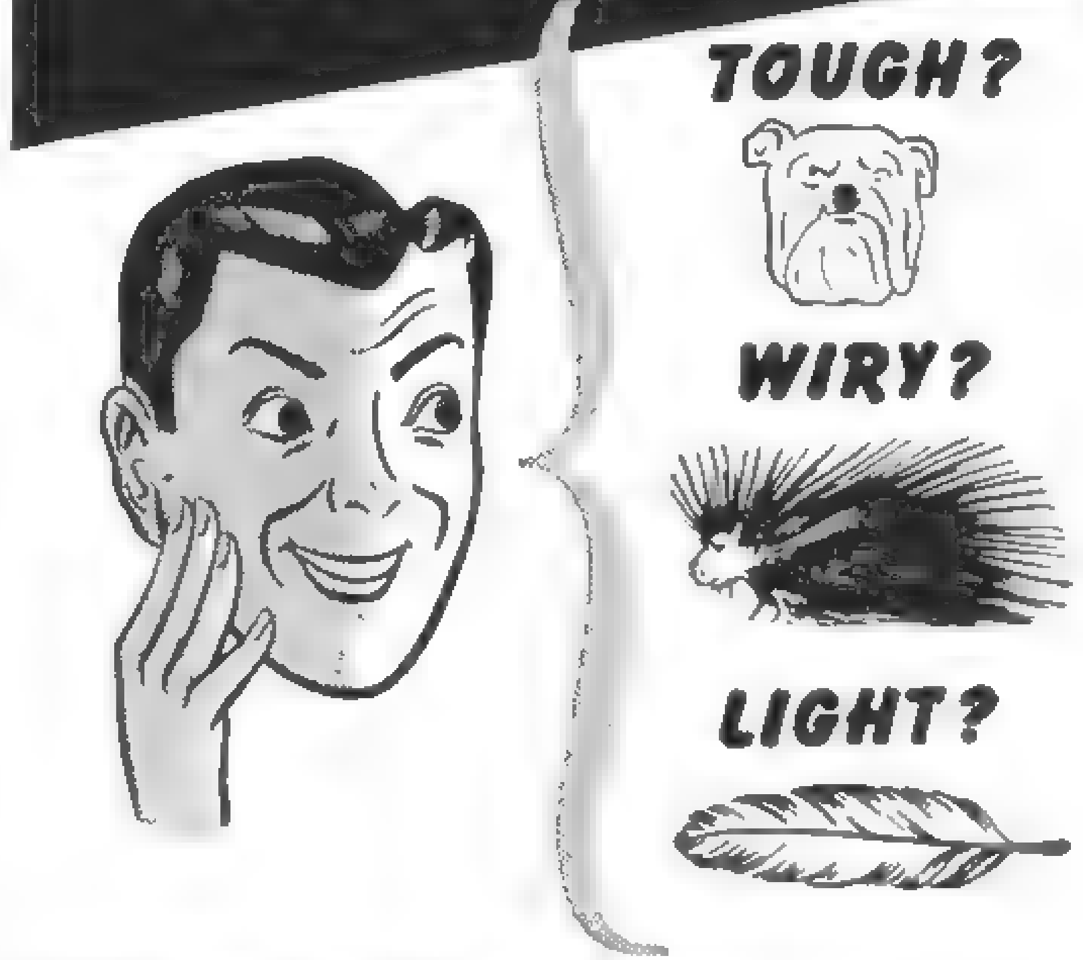

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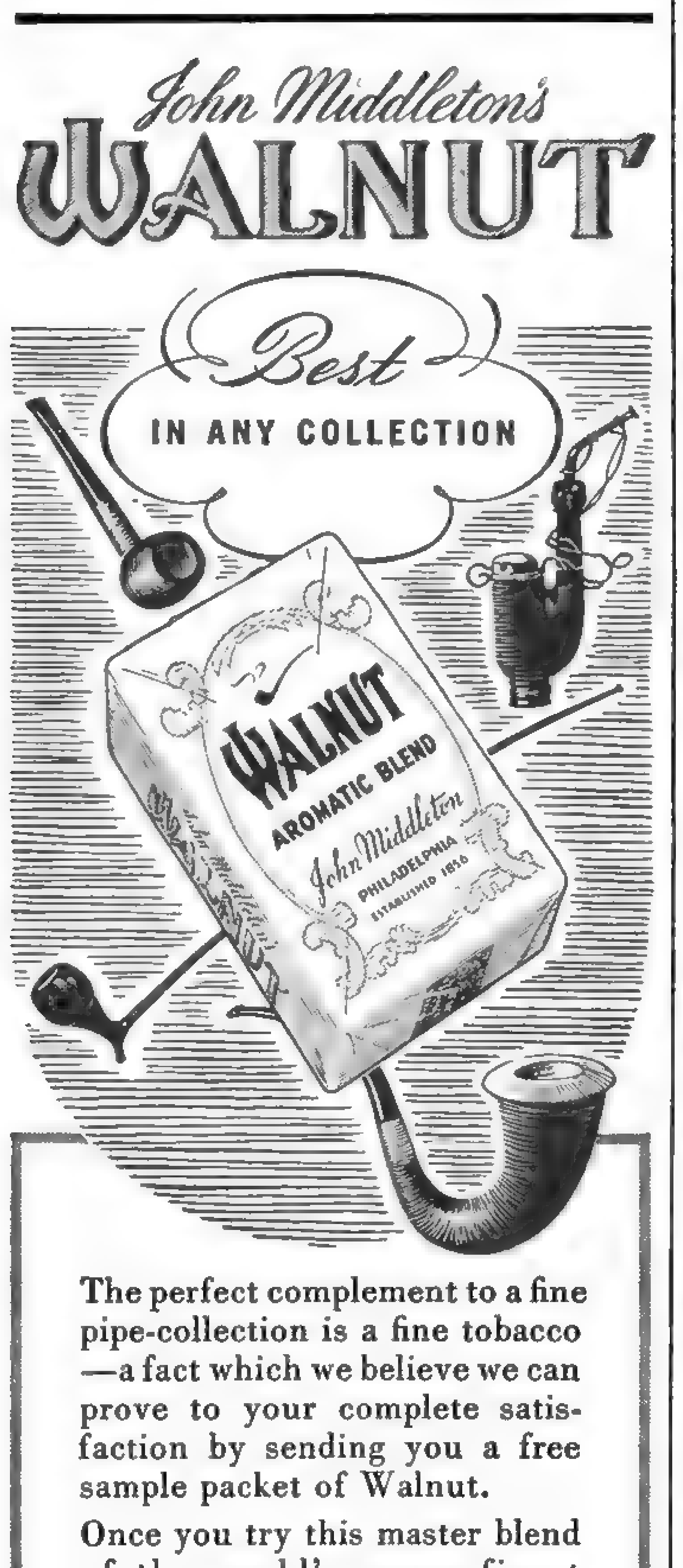

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was very hard on Carlo's eyes.

"I told Antonio to be watchful," Luigi said angrily.

"Maybe it's about Giacomo," the girl said. Then she turned to Carlo. "Antonio and Giacomo are friends of ours."

"The hell they are," Luigi said.

Another shot was heard quite close. Suddenly a man appeared from over the top of a little hill in front of them and ran towards the cave.

"Hey! Giacomo!" Luigi called.

The man continued running until he came near him. Carlo saw his pale, frightened face. The man stopped.

"Antonio has been wounded. He's there in the road." Luigi pulled out his revolver and Carlo heard the click of the safety button when Luigi took it off.

"I'm going there," he said, and went running with the man towards the hill from which Giacomo had come.

"Be careful!" the girl cried.

At the same time Carlo started to run behind them. He didn't know what was making him do it. His mind lost itself and he was unable to think of any reason for it, even when he noticed himself in the main road in front of a motorcar and a bloody man felled on the ground.

He heard Luigi shouting something to him and saw a man in the car, leveling a revolver behind the glass. The door was closed. Carlo grasped the handle and opened it.

Just in that moment a strong music struck his ears. He stood still while the melody, rising from the radio in the car, overtook his mind. That music was the same which had haunted him many times, that sad and painful melody which turned round in his memory like a slow whirlwind.

He looked at the man in the car and saw for the first time a pale and trembling woman curled up near him. "She's afraid," Carlo thought. "This man is afraid. All people are afraid. And I am unable to remember this music." These thoughts passed swiftly through his mind. He tried to move but felt his legs heavy as stone.

The man discharged the revolver. Carlo saw very clearly the fire shining and dazzling his eyes but he did not hear the shot. He heard only that music whirling around him and rising stronger and stronger. He noticed Luigi on the other side of the car, shouting something to him, but he could not hear the words.

And he could not hear his own voice when he said: "It's Tschaikowsky's symphony—the *Pathétique.*"

At last he had succeeded in recognizing the music. He smiled, glad of it, while he heard the *Adagio* in his ears and mind. There was a shining light in his eyes; he shut his eyes and he felt tired, very tired.

A while later, the car started and the music ended. But the melody stood in the air above Carlo's lifeless body. #

Continued from page 95

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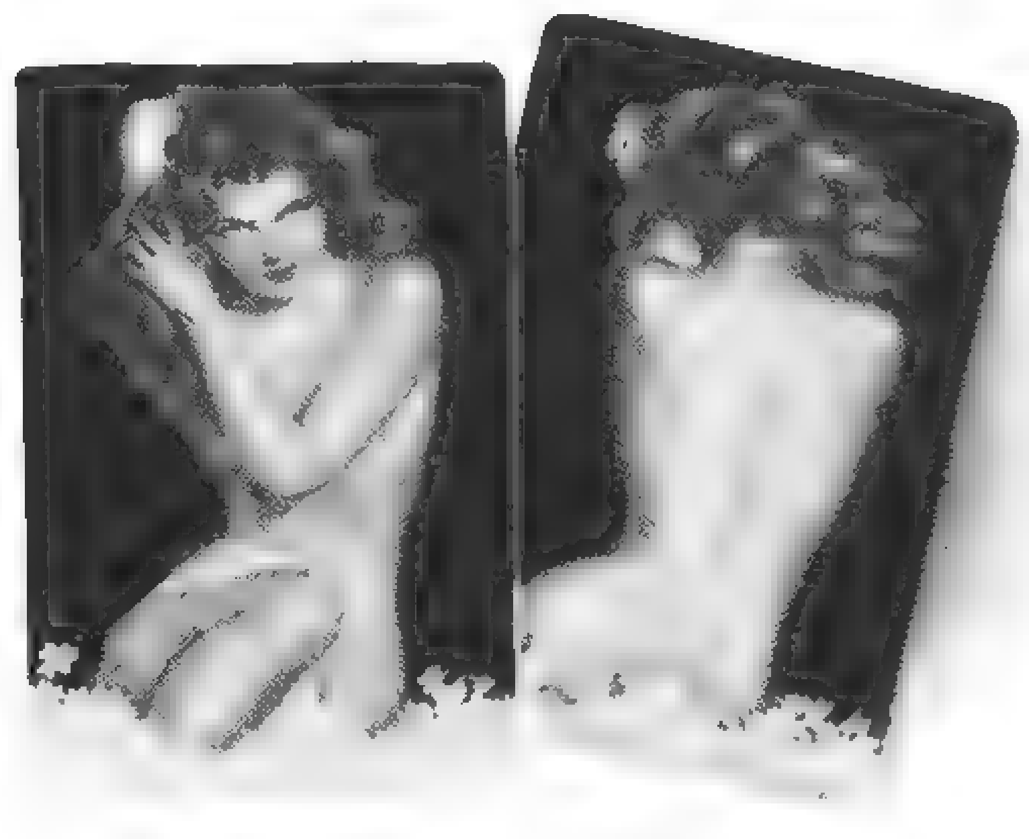
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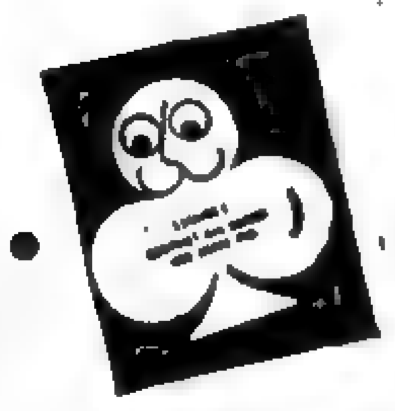

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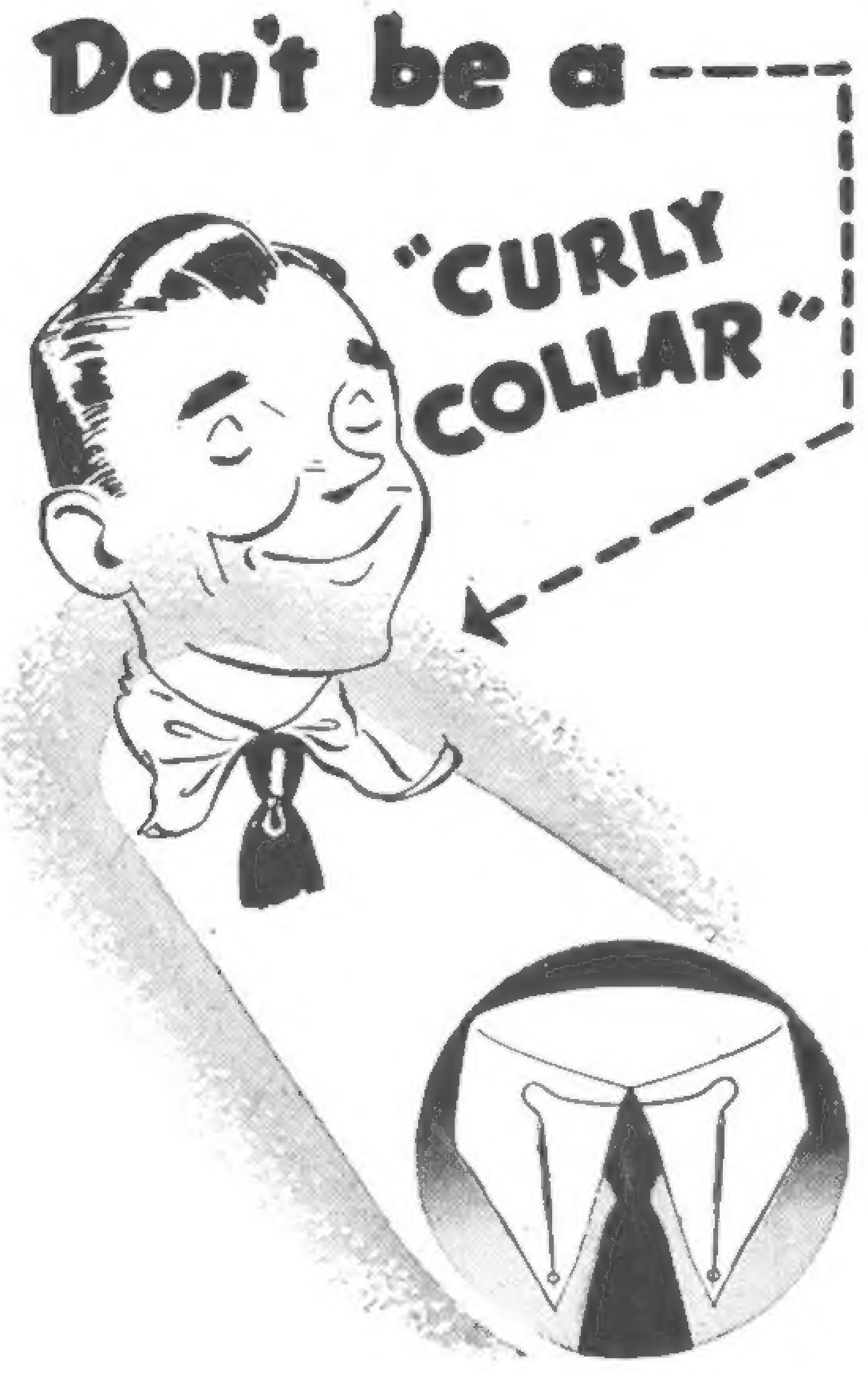

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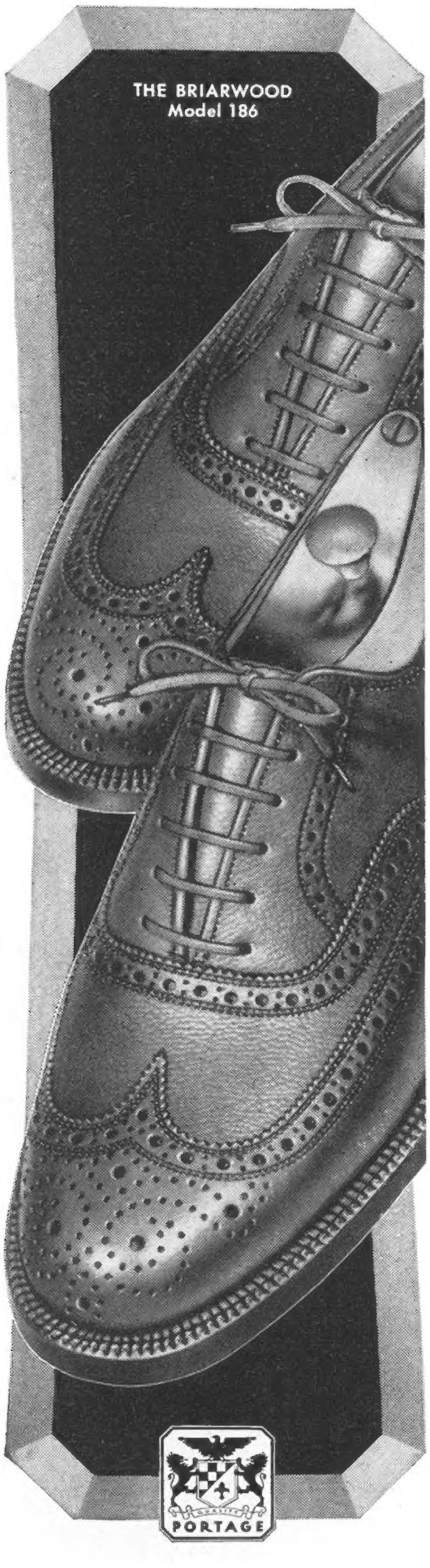


PORTAGE

Basketball Bonanza

Continued from page 87

stronger than coke being peddled on basketball nights. The "no smoking" rule is also rigidly enforced. And bookies, if any, operate undercover while hiding out from city police and ushers. In short, it's college ball which only coincidentally happens to be played in a professional arena.

In further keeping with campus tradition, sections in the lower balcony are reserved for students of the "home schools," much the same as they are on the campus. There's a fly in this ointment however, because students for whom the teams are supposedly playing (?) are relegated to far-corner seats at the ends of the Stadium. Indications are that this unfair practice will be remedied before the present season is over.

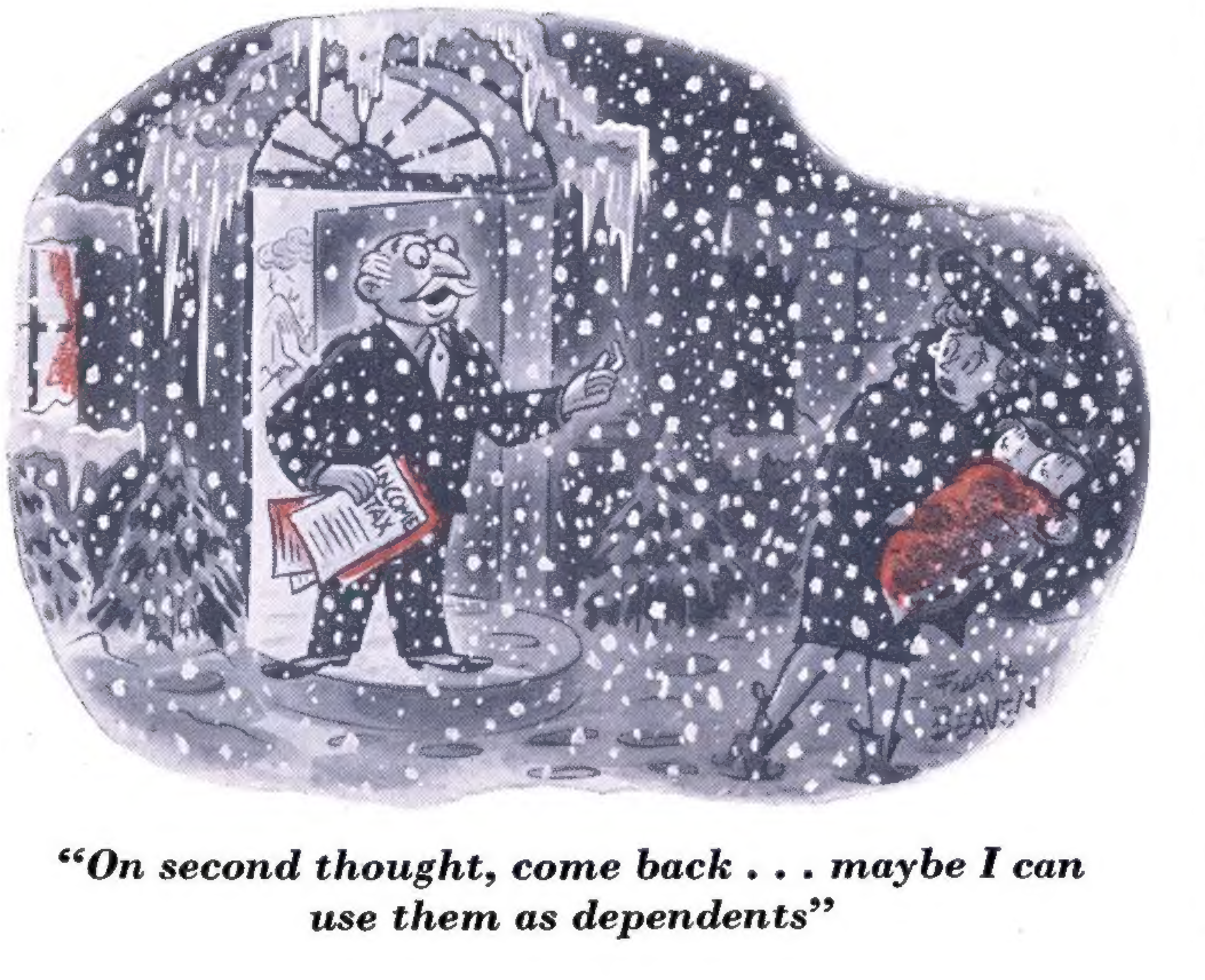
Given the talent and drawing power of De Paul and Northwestern, the co-partners are able to attract squads from all over the country. Far Western schools, exemplified by Southern California and Oregon, have battled for victories in intersectional competition on the well-groomed removable floor. And power-laden, "big" Midwest teams are Stadium regulars. Stadium double-headers include such high-scoring outfits as Oklahoma A & M, Marquette, Kentucky, Bowling Green and the Big Nine schools all setting their eyes on the elevated hoops. Notre Dame makes enough personal appearances each season to keep even its synthetic alumni happy and with good reason. The South Bend boys stole the show several times during the 1945-46 season.

Other intersectional duels on the current year's billing include such teams as Texas and Rice Institute which make their Stadium debuts, followed by one of the strongest cage squads in the country—the North Carolina Tarheels.

Although the Stadium is willing to stage all kinds of high jinks between halves to keep the fans entertained, it puts its hopes for continued spectator success on sound basketball alone. Last year, Max Morris, the Northwestern two-point machine, was dramatically embraced on "his" night by his sweetheart who had been brought down from Minneapolis secretly, and it was a fine show. Similarly, kid teams are frequently thrown on the court to do battle at half time while the crowd roars. These dramatics don't upset the fundamental premise: the Stadium provides the best basketball and means to keep doing just that.

When the boys want to recruit a top team, they'll go to almost ridiculous extremes to do so. During the past summer it appeared for awhile that Henry Iba, coach of the twice-crowned national collegiate champions, Oklahoma A & M, would be unable to schedule his sharpshooters in the Stadium this year. Letters and wires by the score failed to budge Mr. Iba who insisted that a tight schedule just wouldn't permit the trip. Iba was on a ranch enjoying a vacation somewhere near Laramie, Wyoming. It was impossible to reach him by wire; only a special service line to be opened by the phone company in that territory would produce the contact. Morse ordered the special line put through (at Iba's expense). Iba was reached and the Aggies are again in the Stadium double-header family.

Now with the 1946-47 season under way, those in charge are free to tackle another problem which has plagued their otherwise happy moods. Northwestern is building its own field house which it expects to occupy before many more seasons roll around. Although the Wildcat teams will continue to perform on the twin-bill program, field house or no, it's a cinch that some Western Conference duels will be conspicuous by their absence. To offset this loss, De Paul is grooming another school to fill in. That would be Loyola of Chicago, a college which has been playing grade A basketball for years, and which is in pretty much the same boat today as De Paul was back in 1941. Loyola makes its bow at the Stadium this year. And everybody is expecting the best for this season and many to come. ⧻



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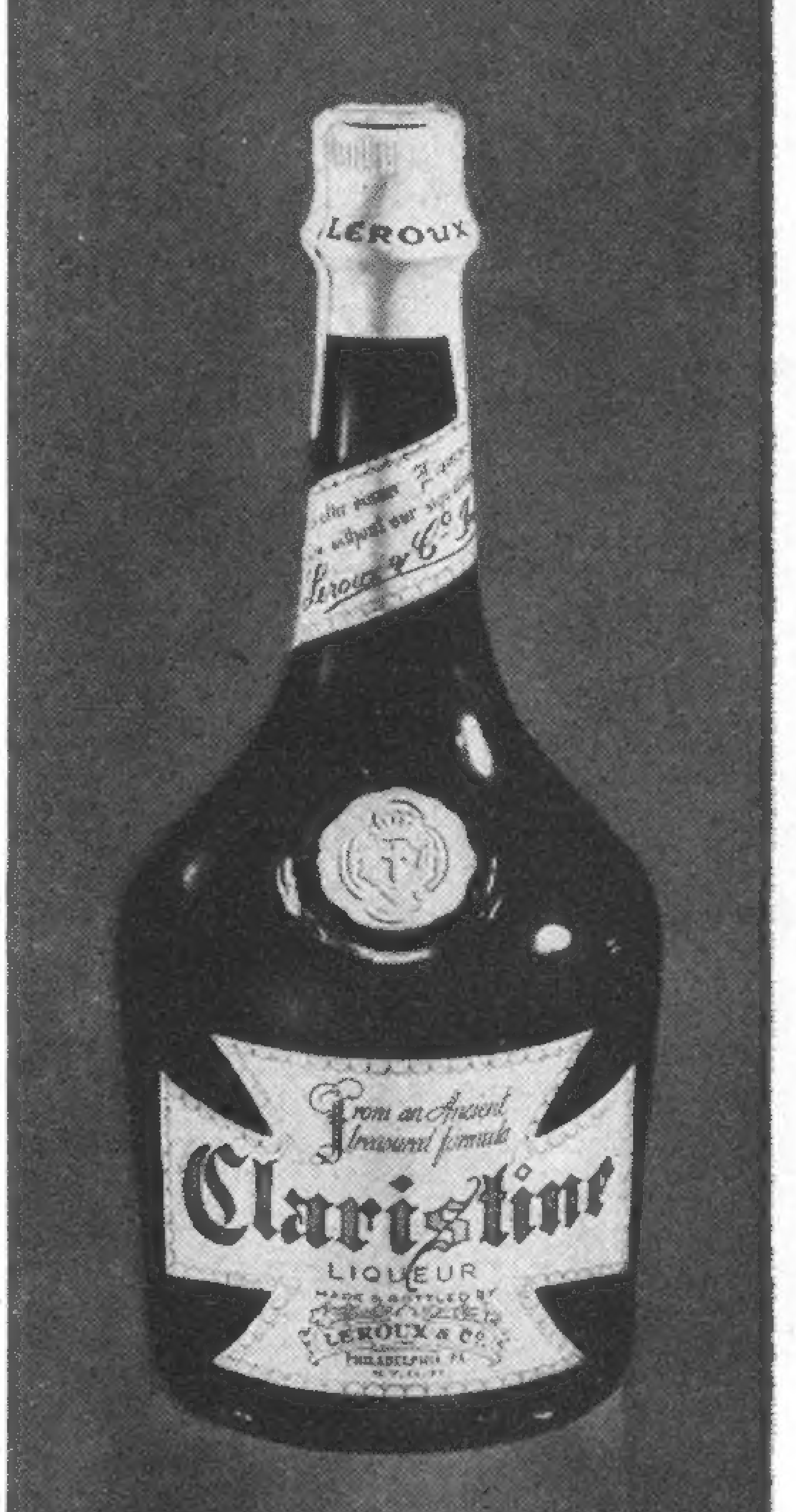

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